













# The Post and The Padlock

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CHAPTER 10  
THE BETTING ROOM

Best title in the Room

HOWEVER strange and interesting may be the "subjects" which delight the eyes of the St. George's student in the Anatomical Museum, the lover of morbid anatomy may find an equally rich field of contemplation if he will walk a little farther down the lane at Tattersall's, and scan the alphabet of faces who congregate in and round the Rooms. He will there, amid that hoarse and multifarious miscellany of men, and under extensors which are at times unpromising, find as clear cutting wits as ever nestled in a brain-pan, and he can only regret, as he sits on that strange "bench of the grand-world school," that men who were framed for better things should be so unitarian in their devotion to the odds. The room, which bears silent witness to these ceaseless flirtations with the goddess Fortune, is 15 by 28 feet, and capable of holding about 400 persons. In the middle of it is a sort of circular counter, round which and at the fireplace the business is principally transacted; but in summer the room is nearly deserted, and speculation adjourns on to the steps and green outside, and holds communication with its less favoured votaries through the iron bars of the gate. At present, although the numbers fluctuate con-

siderably the Room is about as many subscribers as it can hold: a great increase on the number who adjourned there in Attila's year, from their small trying place lower down the lane. Candidates are elected by the committee of the Room; they must find a nominator and a seconder, and the names must be up for at least a month. Above the fireplace at the end of the room is a painting of Eclipse, from the easel of the grandfather of the present Mr. Garrard (whose *oxydized* silver race cups are not favourably regarded by country race-goers, from the belief that "they must be *old uns*"), representing the immortal chesnut when he ruminated near Epsom in his proud stud-days. A brood-mare and Young Eclipse are also there, with two or three of the series of great winners; and a couple of engravings of Lord George Bentinck, and race-lists and notices fastened up near the fireplace, complete the *tout ensemble* of still life within. The left-hand side-windows open out on to the green, where the Ring, weather permitting, stand or saunter about on field-days; and masters of hounds, &c., earlier in the morning, try the paces of a hack they may have been cycling in some of the 120 stalls in the adjacent yard; but on off-days it is more associated in our minds with a walnut-tree, an Alderney cow, and a pail. Such are the leading features of the great betting mart, whose quotations are to racing men what those of Mark Lane are to the farmer, Lloyd's to the insurer, the Stock Exchange to the broker, or Greenwich time to the horologist.

The whole system of betting has undergone a complete change in the last sixty years. Betting between one and the field was the fashion which Turf speculation assumed in the days of powder and periwigs, and Ogden (the only betting man who was ever admitted to the Club at Newmarket), Davis, Holland, Narden, Kettle, Bickham, and Watts, ruled on the Turf 'Change. With Jem Bland, Jerry Cloves, Myers (an

and fainter, since Mr. Ramsay died and Lord Eglington retired. The finest modern races in its calendar are those between General Chassé and Inheritor at Ayr, and Lanercost and Beeswing, twice in one afternoon, at Kelso. Still, even then the plaided and snooded spectators were anything but demonstrative: the real current of their sporting being set towards "A Graham" and the slips, and Philip, Chanticleer, and Zolwab sink into historical insignificance by the side of Waterloo, Gilbertfield, and Hughie Graham.

Seven or eight of the English counties seem to care as little about race-horses as they do for griffins; and perhaps the most genuine Olympic taste is to be found among the quoit-loving Cumbrians, in whose Carlisle race-festivals wrestling plays a very prominent part. Although their style is so widely different, to that of the Cornish men, who still hurl their traditional scorn at Devonshire, in the ballad, which tells that

"Abraham Cann is not the man  
To wrestle with Polkinghorne,"

they are not one whit less enthusiastic in the praises of Weightman, Chapman, Jackson of Kinneyside, and the other "Belted Wills" of their ring; and, in fact, it is only when the afternoon is pretty far spent, and his enraptured backers have borne off the prize-belted Milo to the booth which he specially deigns to honour, that the starting-bell tinkles out its summons. The Northumbrian "black diamonds" always enjoy most being above ground, and in a clean face and shirt, when X. Y. Z., Beeswing, or some other local star, requires the stimulus of their gruff voices "t' coop;" and it would have been as judicious a step to abuse Edwin Forrest's acting before a "Bowery boy," as to breathe a word against "t'ould mare's" fame, when one of them was within ear-shot. The

crowd which attends Manchester Races is something past belief; but they seem to go much more because it is the conventional mode of passing the Whitsuntide week, than from any constitutional interest in race-horses. Before there was a railway from Liverpool to Aintree, the very mud-carts used to be pressed into the service for the day, and sixpence there and sixpence back was the tariff. A fiddler and twelve or thirteen mates, male and female, were squeezed into that narrow compass. On one occasion (1813), we were passing along the footpath, when a troop of these Bacchanals sturdily refused to alight at the entrance of Liverpool; but in an instant the linch-pin was drawn, and they were all shot out. Their fiddler, nothing daunted, rallied them like another Tyrtæus, and the dancing went on merrily in the dusty road, till the next vehicle rudely broke the ring. We doubt whether one of them had looked at a race that day.

A blood-horse, on the contrary, has always been the idol of Yorkshiremen, who were the first to chronicle his deeds; and attendance on his race-course levees is an honest broad-bottomed custom which they will never resign. Before the South Yorkshire line was opened, the Sheffielders, man and boy, thought nothing, year after year, of walking through the night to Doncaster, taking up a good position next the rails, which they never quitted from ten to five, and then walking the eighteen miles home again; and till within the last four years, a Devonshire man used always to make a St. Leger pilgrimage both ways on foot; and accounted for this strange whim on the grounds that his "grandmother was Yorkshire." They do not care so much to come if it is an open race, but love best to see a Derby winner stripped to hold his own. On one very den, rous occasion, when there was a very great crush, 'Change-ardware youths," on their return to the sta-

tion, rushed pell-mell at the carriages, and said "they did not care where they went, as long as they went somewhere." Accordingly they wandered to all parts of the compass; some got to Wakefield, others travelled unconcernedly off towards London, and some astounded the natives of "Old Ebor" that evening, with their marvellous recitals of the Yorkshire triumph of the day. Still the West Riding does not raise men of the late Michael Brunton stamp, with heads like a stud-book, and ready, like him, with an offer, then and there, to back his opinion at "six to four" on a legal point, when he chanced to differ with the Richmond bench, or the clerk to the magistrates, during his mayoralty. It is in the North and East Ridings that the racing taste of the county is most especially apparent. Little oval country courses, dotted with white posts, and approached by wide rustic gates, through which generation after generation of country families—who vied with each other in importing the best blood, and toasted a perfect bedc-rol of winners, from Buckhunter to Catton—have driven proudly in their day, open on you by the wayside in nooks where you least expect them. A bitted, curvetting blood-yearling meets you there still; but a sheeted regiment of racers, with their saddle-bags on their backs, and their tiny grooms at their heads, marching in Indian file, on their way to a meeting, is a sight which is rare in these railway days. The inns all along the Great North Road, where, twenty years ago, the postillions had to sleep spur on heel, when a great division, or the Twelfth of August was at hand, and the ostler muttered "Horses on" in his dreams, are nearly all merged into farm-houses; but racing recollections will hover about them, albeit the bar-snuggery has become a cheese-room, and Herring's St. Leger winners, which once adorned their walls, are dispersed into all lands. These were the texts on which the jolly landlord dis-



coursed without any bidding, to favoured groups by the hour, till the mail bagle was heard in the distance, and the guard and the coachman bustled in, to deliver themselves of the news, and receive "something hot" in exchange. "What's wor?" was invariably the first question from April to November; and Boniface as invariably remarked to the company, "I told you so." For racing news, and, in fact, for every other kind, guards were at that date as good as a telegraph. Only in 1813, a quiet clerical friend remarked to us that he could get no rest all night in one of the Lancashire mails, because the guard would roar out "THE CURR," in reply to some speaker, at nearly every house they passed. He looked seriously into this mystic and somewhat personal pass-word in the morning, and found that a colt of the name had just won the Champagne Stakes; but even the satisfaction of knowing that sixty miles of querists had been put out of pain, did not atone for his night's rest.

As Mr. Orton has been unable to trace the accounts of York races farther back than 1709, we may presume to fix that as the year of turf memory. Under Henry II.'s auspices, the fame of Epsom faintly dawned, while Smithfield became resonant with the hoarse yells of both spectators and jockeys, as "the hackneys and charging horses" ran their matches of an afternoon. Before Henry VIII.'s, or rather James I.'s reign, races were not placed on a regular footing. Turks, Arabs, and Barbs then began to scatter their image over the land; but their luckless juniors found themselves in a rough world, if we are to judge from the volume of maxims which a horse-breaker of the Elizabethan age published in Norfolk. "If a horse does not stand still or hezitate," he observes, "then al rae him with a terrible knyfe, and beate him yourself with a good sticke, upon the head, between the ears; then stick him in the

spurring place, iii or iiii times together, with one legge after another, as fast as your legges might walk; your legges must go like two bounding hilles." Other racing sovereigns had not sent their studs farther north than Newmarket; but Queen Anne, who, as Dean Swift wrote to Stella, "drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod," was a firm supporter of York. Although her Pepper and Mustard both failed to win back the gold cup which she gave to be run for by six-year-olds (12st. each), in four-mile heats, her Star was successful, after running sixteen miles, for a £14 Plate, the very afternoon before she died; the Lord Chamberlain politely finishing second with Merlin for the "Ten Guinea Stakes." One hundred and fifty-six carriages were counted on Raveliffe Ings that day; and Lord Fauconberg's coach-and-six formed only one out of thirty such equipages, when the meeting was removed to Knavesmire. Balancing the respective merits of these princely turns-out, was long the chosen pastime of the Tykes between the heats. This high-born company must have been much more easily pleased than their descendants; as, although one "Monsieur Dominique, musician," gave "a purse of guineas for hunters," and extended their 1750 meeting from Monday to Saturday, there were only fifteen races, including heats, and only twenty-eight horses to run for them.

We do not care to inquire with Southey whether hyænas really "prowled over what is now Doncaster race-ground, and green lizards, huge as crocodiles, with long necks and short tails, took their pleasure on Potteric Carr"; nor to make nearly as crab-like running to the days when Robin Hood roamed with his merry gang of outlaws through the dells of Bainsdale, and looked in at Roche Abbey to taste the Hatfield eels with the jolly abbot; nor to peep in fancy under the cowls of the Cistercian friars, as

they stealthily move down Baxter Gate. We simply like to think of those grave old card-parties, which "The Doctor" loved one hundred years ago; of the joyous old bells, which seemed to ring in his ear, "*Daniel Dove brings Deborah home*," when he drew on his small-clothes on his wedding morning; of the grand organ "*whosh pipes*," as its foreign maker observed, "*were made for to speak*" by one of our greatest English composers, and which was apostrophised by the excited curate in his sermon on its opening Sunday, as "*thou divine box of sounds*"; and lastly, of the right jolly corporation going down to Potterie Carr about the time when Flying Childers was nearly drowned there in his foalhood, to see four-mile races between Galloways from 12 to 2, and then returning to the platters and tankards of the Mansion House, for a misty-even hours' discussion on the winners and the Pretender. This worshipful body had begun to take its pleasure with its friends and faithful burgesses on the Town Moor, towards the close of the sixteenth century; and had even built a stand there; but disputes ran so high, and were so often settled by an appeal to the rapier, that it was finally agreed, "for the preventynge of sutes, quarrells, murders, and bloodshed that may ensue by the contynynninge of the same race, the stand and stoopes shall be pulled upp, and imploid to some better purpose." This fell decree continued in force until 1703, when the racing spirit of the corporation once more rose within them. They forgot how their great-grandfathers "did swear that oath at Doncaster," and began to subscribe four guineas annually to a Revival Plate. No return-lists are extant which tell the results of this daring experiment before 1728. Even in 1751 the meeting only consisted of three days, with a solitary race on each. A new Grand Stand arose some seven-and-twenty years later, under the auspices of the Marquis

of Rockingham, who won the first St. Leger; the cry of the Corporation barriers began to be heard in the land, and their merry proprietors rode stoutly at their sterns, or "ate in dreams the custards of the day," till they found themselves saddled with a debt of £99,700. Their estate at Rossington, whose partridge and pheasant preserves had year after year been laid under contribution for the Mansion House kitchen-range, which was rarely allowed to cool, fetched nearly that sum at the hammer; and their less toothsome and more business-like successors have turned these sporting propensities to better account, and make an annual seven or eight per cent. out of a £25,000 race-course outlay.

Although its general history is wrapped in much obscurity, the turf had made no small advance when one Reginald Heber published the first number of the *Racing Calendar*, in 1751. The preface, which is in itself a literary curiosity, announces "the sacred estimation" in which the publisher holds "my munificent and voluntary subscribers"; and, further, promises the most lucid details of cocking matches, "where and who were the losers of them." The races in Hyde Park had long been done away. Sir Philip Neil, and his four Flemish mares, which were fed with Rhenish wine and cheese-cakes on one of those gala-days, were forgotten. Snipes, unconscious of General Oglethorpe's fowling-piece, were still drinking in the marshes on the present site of Conduit-street. Wild fowl were almost tempted to linger at evening among the bulrushes of the willow-walk of Pimlico. Islington still gloried in its cheese-cakes and its custards. Roystering benchers had ceased to lose dice between the boards of the Middle Temple floor; and Mrs. Hudson, of Covent Garden, had not yet devised her "stabling for one hundred noblemen and their horses." The apprentice lads chased ducks on the Moor-le-field ponds all Sunday morning; and

then paid pennies to the old women, as they came out of church, to tell them where the text was, that they might have wherewithal to answer their church-going masters at dinner; and the short, sharp bark of the fox still broke on the ear of the waggoner, as he drove his lumbering wain at midnight, past Kensington Gardens, and stopped for a draught at the Half-way House bowl.

Two or three were still living at Newmarket who could remember how the Court hurried back to London at the news of the Rye House Plot; and how Nell Gwynne held her infant out of the window, as her royal lover passed down the Palace Gardens to his stables, and threatened to drop him if he was not made a duke on the spot. Although he had, both by word and gesture, roasted little Sir Christopher Wren for thinking that the apartments at his Hunting Palace at Newmarket were quite high enough, there were none at Whitehall that he loved better. One day His Majesty might be "seen among the elms of St. James's Park, chatting with Dryden about poetry," and on the next, "his arm was on Tom Durfey's shoulder, and he would be taking a second to his 'Phyllida Phyllida,' or 'To horse, my brave boys of Newmarket! to horse!'" The races had not degenerated since the Merrie Monarch and his minstrel crew crossed that threshold for the last time. A writer of Queen Anne's reign speaks of "the great concourse of nobility and gentry on the Heath, all biting one another as much as possible"; and draws no very flattering contrast between them and the horse-coursers in Smithfield.

When Heber commenced his labours, the sport at Newmarket principally consisted of £50 subscription plates, and matches over the beacon. The Rev. Mr. Goodricke and John Hutchinson, the Manton trainer, had not as yet made the match which brought two-year-old racing into vogue. Ancaster,

Gower, and Patmore, were names of renown in its lists; and "Old Q.," who had then hardly seen seven-and-twenty summers, and was able to go to scale at ten stone with his racing-saddle, had already established his fame as one of the best gentleman-riders of the day, by his perpetual matches with Mr. Duncombe. "Brown-and-black cap first" was the Judge's report in the Second Spring of 1757, when he rode a match against the Duke of Hamilton; but he could not draw his weight to half-a-pound, and was disqualified accordingly. It is difficult to conceive how one who always "set-to" so well, conformed so readily to his flippant era, and could, when he was only forty-two, be found writing to George Selwyn at Paris, and assuring him that "I like the muff you have sent me much better than if it had been *tigré*, or any other glaring colour." Muff or no muff, he stood manfully by his brother sportsman in the Regency business, and lost his office as Groom to the Bedchamber in consequence—a slight for which a man with so many friends cared but little. He scarcely missed one York Meeting for half a century, and did not wholly quit the turf for his bow-window in Piccadilly (where Lord Campbell, when a law student, used to behold him with awe), till he was verging on eighty, having then owned race-horses for about sixty years; and he now rests, not many paces from Tom Durfey, and Beau Brummell's poor relations, in a vault beneath the communion-table of St. James's Church.

The North was the Marquis of Rockingham's especial battle-ground: and in 1759 his chesnut, Whistlejacket (J. Singleton), defeated Brutus in a 3,000 guineas match over four miles, at York. Another seven years' cycle brings us to the death of Brutus's jockey, Thomas Jackson, who was (as his tombstone remarks) "bred up at Black Hambleton, and crowned with glory at Newmarket"; and the

commencement of Singleton's triumphs on the six-year-old Bay Malton, for whom, in spite of Lord Rockingham's offer to give 7lbs., no competitor could be found either over the Flat or the Six Mile Course. Eclipse was then only an obscure three-year-old, in the hands of a City meat salesman; and Bay Malton had quite lost his form, when this king of the chesnuts came out for his two seasons, 1769-70. The establishment of the St. Leger, Derby, and Oaks in 1776-80, was coëval with the short and brilliant career of Highflyer, at whose christening feast Charles James Fox "assisted" with as much vivacity as he did in after-years, at the house-warming of the banker-poet of St. James's Place. Dress, gambling, politics, and horse-racing, all fought for absolute dominion over the kindest heart that ever beat. He was a macaroni of the first water, and not only rejoiced in red-heeled shoes, but undertook a journey from Lyons to Paris with the Earl of Carlisle, for the express purpose of buying waistcoats, which formed their sole theme there and back. The Savoir-Vivre Club would have been as nothing without him, and he was the first to propose that every man they ruined should be allowed a £50 annuity on condition that he never took up a dice-box in it again, and thus caused the club "to play against their own money." He was, too, a heavy bettor, and a constant visitor at Newmarket, where his portly frame was ever to be seen on his hack, tearing wildly past the Judge's chair, close up with the leading horses, and until the late Mr. Clark defended a disputed decision by the remark that he "ought by rights to have placed a tall gentleman, in a white macintosh, first," Lord George Bentinck keenly pursued the precedent. Colonel Hanger had not long ceased to be the bully of its coffee-room, about whose portals it was his wont to lounge, with a ratan, which, in grim playfulness, he christened

"THE INFANT," when Sam Chifney, senior, took his rank among the first jockeys of the day. Sam wot as little as they did, when he saw a pale, sharp-featured stable lad of Mr. Vernon's try his weight (3st. 13lb.) for Wolf, in the May of 1783, that he was the Frank Buckle for whom Fate destined "all the good things at Newmarket" and elsewhere during the next half century, and whose very whip would become a coveted race-prize among the German Barons. The Prince of Wales only enlivened Newmarket with his presence and his practical jokes for a brief space, but his love of the turf ended only with life. His Escape and Selim troubles, added to the thoughtless manner in which he compromised himself with the Duke of Bedford, about the "first call" of Chifney, were recollections quite bitter enough to make him adhere to his '91 vow, that he would set foot on its heath no more; and even the great North and South Matches, between Hambletonian and Diamond, and Filho da Puta and Sir Joshua, did not tempt him down. Hambletonian, the greatest of the four, ceded the championship of the North to his stable-companion Cockfighter, and the name of "Darlington" began to be one of dread to owners with the new century, and his Haphazard, who set Sir Solomon, Cockfighter, Chance, and every other horse north of the Trent at defiance for four seasons. The racing spirit of the Tykes flourished apace as the century rolled on; and even Sydney Smith, who was flung so often over his horse's head into an adjacent parish that he began to consider it "a great proof of liberality in a county, where every one can ride as soon as they are born, that they tolerated him at all," fulminated in vain from the Malton pulpit, in 1809, "against horse-racing and coursing, before the archbishop and sporting clergy of the diocese." The most noted equestrian feats of his *Edinburgh Review* chief, Jeffrey, seem to have come off in this



neighbourhood. He may or may not have ridden "Pete; the Cruel," but it is written of him in his friend's life, how he mounted his "little jackass" in the garden at Foston le Clay; and, furthermore, when he went in for Malton, some one-and-twenty years after this sermon, he is careful to note how he "was helped up about eleven o'clock on to the dorsal ridge of a tall prancing steed, decorated with orange ribbons, and held by attendants in the borough liveries." We know not how he behaved on such occasions, but we never walk down Rotten Row during the season without feeling it a mercy that the master-spirits of our land, who will persist in riding, are still spared to us year after year; and deciding that as a body the bishops ride a great deal better than the great laymen, and sit much firmer and shorter in the stirrup.

Epsom had already conferred that *prestige* on Sir Peter Teazle and John Bull which waxed stronger and stronger in their stud days. Sir Charles Bunbury confirmed the popular belief that he was the best judge of a race-horse out, by winning both Derby and Oaks with Eleanor. The Fitzwilliam "green" achieved its second St. Leger with Orville; and even Sancho's and Staveley's success could not prevent the decay of the Mellish fortunes, nor postpone the farewell carnival which he gave to royalty in what had been his own, but was then merely his borrowed, house at Blythe. The matches of Sancho and Pavilion were the talk of clubs, coffee-rooms, and ale-houses for weeks, and were perhaps still more heavily betted on than that between Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur; while the luck of the Duke of Grafton with the Waxy, of Lord Jersey with the Phantom, of Lord Egremont with the Whalebone, of Lord Exeter with the Sultan, and of Mr. Watt with the Blacklock and Dick Andrews blood, are still proudly dwelt on by breeders. The Squire of Riddlesworth

was fated to draw very few of the Emilius prizes for himself; but his memorable connection with the brothers Chifney in the Sam, Sailor, and Shoveller days, had done enough for his name. The rapid rise and fall of these brothers, when Shillelah dealt them a reeling blow, and Emilius sent no more Priams to the rescue; Pierse's St. Leger victories with "the Bedale horses," and the still more wizard-like career of Mr. Petre, on the same ground, under the auspices of John and William Scott; Sir Mark Wood's rare brace of mares, one of whom bore part in an Ascot Cup race of little less interest than Zingance's; and Lord Westminster's Cup monopoly with Touchstone, are all proud landmarks in turf history, until Lord George flung aside the flimsy mask of "Mr. Bowe," and avowed himself the owner of Grey Momus and Crucifix.

The Bentinck era comprises the seasons of 1839-45, when the hoister of the "sky-blue and white cap" banner ruled the destinies of his much-loved turf with all the genius and energy of a Napoleon. Even Westminster Hall acknowledged the polished skill with which he welded together all the links of evidence in the Running Rein case; and considering how often (unless rumour is a sad liar) five and six-year-olds were broken twice, that they may bear a hand in two and three-year-old races, it was well that he then arose in his might to give such khavish times a wrench. During one of those years, he had forty horses in Kent's hands; and a notion that the stock of his Bay Middleton must take the turf by storm, led him into playing a deep game with them, which would have ruined half-a-dozen less clever turfites thrice over. Farintosh had no less than 33 engagements in the 1842 calendar, for which the forfeits alone amounted to £2,590, and his loss in stakes and expenses on this colt must have reached

the precise instant when every horse was on the move, as he walked by their side, flag in hand, at the starting-post; but his riding practice hardly corresponded with his precepts. He was ordered to be fined for not being ready, when he rode his Cup Course match at Goodwood in 1844 against Lord Maidstone on Larry McIlale; and many a jockey-boy put his tongue in his cheek, when he saw him making the running, and shaking and punishing his roarer Captain Cook right furiously, long after the colt had hung out distress signals. The maxim of "*Cave de resignationibus*," which an ancient head of a college was wont to impress on all his departing B.A.'s, loses none of its point in turf matters; and hence the troubled sea of politics brought him even less rest than the ever-varying eddy of the odds at Tattersall's. Mr. Disraeli has placed on record, in his memorable "blue ribbon of the turf" passage, how he gave a "splendid groan" in Bellamy's, when he realized the bitterness of his defeat on his cherished West India motion, and the Derby triumph of his still more cherished Surplice, in the colours of another.

His lordship's stud averaged between thirty and forty during the time Mr. Mostyn had it; and this gentleman's winnings in stakes are said to have been about £22,500 in 1847—a sum which has, we believe, never been exceeded. In value, the £6,325 Derby of 1849 still keeps the lead, while the £3,378 which was taken at the Doncaster Grand Stand in Stockwell's year, is said to be the largest sum of the kind on record. The subscribers to The Dutchman's Derby numbered 237, and the luckiest of handicaps was the Chester Cup of 1853, when 131 out of 211 horses accepted. This Cup also brought out 41 starters in 1852, which is more than have ever been seen at a starting-post in the memory of man, before or since the handicap era; that inevitable result of

railway facilities for "getting a length," set in with such intensity. None of these "great facts" bear date in 1855; but taking Weatherby as our guide, we may characterise the turf of that year, as a vast institute for sport, comprising 144 meetings in Great Britain and Ireland, which were attended by 1,606 horses, of whom only 680 were winners, fed by £60,000 of added money, inclusive of the value of cups and whips, and diffusing £198,000 in added money and stakes, "be the same more or less."

Few modern racing men, until "The Squire of Wantage" appeared above the horizon at last, have been able to keep up a regular series of turf successes, year after year, with the most carefully chosen blood, to say nothing of cast-offs. Still, however unlucky a man may be, if he does not come to a resolution to part with his stud, there is certain to be some hidden yearling or two-year-old in it, who would have retrieved his luck. Surplice would have compensated Lord George for many a defeat; Kingston was not fated to carry the "purple and orange cap" of Colonel Peel; the Duke of Richmond sold Wild Dayrell back to Mr. Popham; and the Marquis of Exeter had all but parted with Stockwell and his whole stud at the Northampton meeting of his St. Leger year. Phryne and Barbelle together have been the fruitful mothers of upwards of sixty thousand pounds, in sales and stakes, to the Eglinton and Cawston stud racing accounts; but perhaps no stable ever produced so many good runners in one season, as Sir Joseph Hawley's in 1851. Three out of the four bore part with Clincher, in the clearance which the "cherry jacket" made of race after race at Doncaster on the Cup day in Newminster's year; and "B. Green" kept well to the fore with "his dauntless three"—Beverlac, Flatcatcher, and Assault (the latter of whom was tried to be the best)—throughout their two-year-old season in 1847. One of the strangest gleams of

luck visited Lord Glasgow, when he swept away five matches and a forfeit on the 52 Houghton Saturday, Lord Exeter also sent an express to Burleigh in 1843, and brought Reversion from his Burleigh paddock, who, fat and unprepared as he was, contrived to break down Tedworth for an £810 stake, before they had reached Choak-Jade; and not a man was at Doncaster in 1849, who does not remember how Semi-franc was equally hastily summoned from the Easby straw-yard the moment it was ascertained that Belus could hardly move a leg, and how, after bolting all over the course, he lost the cripple, who hobbled home in the course of the afternoon, long before they got to the Neatherd's house. When Chatliant and Attila bade each other defiance, at four years old and the A.F. post, the betting was merely on the point which would break down first; and the crowd and the pair were luckily put out of pain, by a compromise in the presence of the starter.

For actual excitement during a race, we never saw anything equal the deciding heat for the Voltigeur St. Leger, as the crowd pressed on to the course from the bend, and left to all appearance scarcely a four-yard space for the horses. Poor Bobby Hill's state of mind was wondrous to mark. He had been dreadfully put out, because some of the crowd had ironically asked him to put some brandy into the water which he had brought for his horse from Middleham; and even alluded to the private hay and corn, and the cow which had been specially put in the Turf Tavern box, to air it over-night. Burning for revenge, he had stationed himself close by the judge's chair, to hear his doom, and even then his admiring friends would not let him alone. "*He's beat Mr. Hill,*" said one of them, as the vast crowd closed in behind the twain from the distance, and the roar of a hundred and fifty thousand iron lungs rent the air. "*is 'er beat?—is 'er beat?*" retorted

the little man, skipping frantically upwards, to obtain a good line of sight;—*“Ye mau’nt tell me,—ye had’nt tell me; I know him better—Job’s a coming!”* Sure enough, Job was coming; and then Bobby’s yell of *“I, that’s right! Which wins now? Oh, my horse. my horse!”* might have been heard to Bawtry, as he dashed through the crowd, butting his way like a bull, to get to his favourite’s head. Voltigeur-spotted handkerchiefs were waving everywhere; hats were recklessly flung away into mid-air, as if their owners intended to trust to a natural growth or a wig for life; and it was all Leadbitter could do to keep order among the countless enthusiasts, who would try to wipe some of the sweat off the winner with their handkerchiefs, and keep it as a toilet memento.

After the Dutchman’s defeat on the Friday, the scene was quite different. The crowd seemed to be paralyzed, and utterly unable to believe that such a giant had fallen at last; his backers wandered about, as pale and silent as marble statues, and Marlow stood near the weighing-house in a flood of tears, with Lord Eglinton, as pale as ashes himself, kindly trying to soothe him. The pace at which The Dutchman, after getting his pull, fairly flew over the hill, was such as we have never seen, either before or since; and the only animal that ever seemed to us to go so fast was Officious, in the early part of an Ascot Vase race. The Richmond men became quite alive, as evening drew on, to the greatness of their victory. Such a strange night of jollity was never witnessed in Doncaster before, and the inns were overflowing to the very kitchens. Strolling into one of the latter about midnight, we espied a large group of grave clothiers; one or two of them smoking pipes, to which the monster cigar at the Exhibition seemed a trifle in length; while others, with eyes solemnly fixed ceiling-wards, insisted on waltzing with the cook and the other domestics. We

are bound to state that the former seemed by no means to dislike this pleasing recognition and *finale* of her labours. "You're going to bed, ain't you?" we said to an enthusiastic double-event Richmond man; but—"Go to bed, indeed! You arn't half a man. Who'd go to bed when Voltigeur's won the Leger and the Cup?" was the scornful reply. At Chester they have hardly this bed option; and he was a lucky fellow at one time who did not object to being bodkin, or taking his turn between the sheets on alternate nights. A visitor once vowed to us that he slept with his head on a door-mat in the passage for three entire nights; and we quite believe him.

Much as was said and written about The Dutchman and Voltigeur, we are inclined to fancy that neither of them, in their best day, were so high-class as Teddington and West Australian; but still, it is worthy of notice that these four, and Virago and Stockwell, who was taken out of training long before he was on the wane, were foaled in six successive seasons.

We have thus traced the shifting Turf drama through all its varied phases, up to the ever memorable era of Wild Dayrell—"the right horse in the right place at last." Hunting men may sneer at him and his class as being, one and all, in the condition of the Frenchman's purchase, "who had three legs var good, but de odder not *qu-u-i-t-e* so good"; commercial men may be scandalized at the strange union of odds and Consols which so often salutes their ears on 'Change, when one of "The Baron's" horses is in the betting, and ponder in private over Roz's query, whether horses are really "made more lively by being scratched"; John Bright may oppose the Queen's Plates in supply, and express his supreme pain and disgust when the House adjourns in honour of the Derby; and even Stewards in high places may not give the most carefully weighed deci-

sions in the world ;—but, despite of all its imperfections, racing is the only sport which acts like a loadstone on the masses, and furnishes the never-failing nucleus of an English holiday.

NOTE—The following is the Newmarket song, or rather recitative, of Tom Durfey's, alluded to above :—

“ To Horse, brave boys of Newmarket ! to Horse !  
 You'll lose the Match by long delaying ;  
 The Gelding just now was led over the Course ;  
 I think the Devil's in you for staying.  
 Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Starters ;  
 Bets may recover all lost at the Groom Porters ;  
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,  
 Take the odds, and then you'll be rich ;

“ For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride,  
 And hold a thousand pounds of his side, Sir ;  
 Dragon would scower it, but Dragon grows old ;  
 He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,  
 As lately he could :  
 Age, Age, does injure the Speed, Sir.

“ Now, now, now, they come on, and see,  
 See the Horse lead the way still ;  
 Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,  
 Five hundred pounds upon the Brown Bay still ;  
 Plague on the Devil ! I fear I have lost,  
 For the Dog, the *Blew Bonnet* has run it,  
 Plague light upon it !  
 The wrong side the Post ;  
 Odzounds ! was ever such Fortune ?”

*Pills for Purging Melancholy*, 1699.



## CHAPTER II.

## TRAINERS AND JOCKEYS.

There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until, on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse."—*Bracebridge Hall*.

As a trainer, and judge of the horse, John Hutchinson, the breeder of Hambletonian, held the very highest place among his brother-Yorkshiremen in the eighteenth century. His first venture on Miss Western for "The Guineas" at Hambleton, when he was only fifteen, included every halfpenny he possessed in the world; and when he had led his chesnut charge home, and counted and jingled his winnings in his hat for minutes, he tossed the whole of it on to the corn-bin, and exclaimed—"There, thank God I shall never want money again!" Early betting success is happily a reed, which pierces a young man's hand, if he leans against it; but in this case, the ejaculation proved prophetic, and when he died at three-score-and-ten, in the November of 1806, he left a very large fortune behind him. Lord Grosvenor and Mr. Peregrine Wentworth were his earliest employers, and his own best horses were trained on Langton Wold, except during three of the summer months, when they changed the venue to Hambleton. Among the other well-known Northern trainers of the period, were Isaac Cape, of Tugill; Hoyle, of Ashgill; Christopher Jackson, the trainer of Matchem and John Pratt of Ask-

rigg's horses; Scaife, who played the same good part by the Rockingham and Fitzwilliam studs; George Searle, the genius of Slcdmere; Tesseyman, the steerer of Euryalus and the tutor of Cavendish and Windleston; Michael Mason, of Hambleton House; John Lowther alias "Black Jack," of Bramham Moor; Charles Dawson, of Silvio Hall, who was well called "The famous old jockey;" Earl Strathmore's John Lonsdale; and William Collisson, who latterly managed for Mr. James Croft, of Middleham.

This last-named trainer, who did so much in conjunction with Harry Edwards (to whose care the horses were confided for a short time after his death) for the "white-and-red sleeves," of Lord Glasgow, died in 1828; and Collisson was killed shortly before, by a fall from a colt he was breaking for him. John and William Scott were brought up in his stables; and when Mr. Houldsworth bought Filho da Puta, after the St. Leger of 1815, he recommended him to transplant the brothers, as trainer and rider, to the pleasant glades of Sherwood Forest. Croft was for many years a sad invalid, which prevented him from taking in one-third of the horses which were pressed on him, and he did not even live to see his forty-second birthday. His great Belle-Isle contemporary and senior, William Pense, lived till 1839, and his span would in all probability have been lengthened far beyond 75 years, if he had not had a dose of colchicum sent him neat, by the carelessness of a dispenser. Robson, the veritable Emperor of Newmarket trainers, did not die till 1838, but he had then retired ten years from the profession, and his retirement had been marked by the presentation of a splendid piece of subscription plate from the first turfites of the day. Robinson, the late Joe Rogers, Starling, and a host of other Newmarket celebrities, were brought up in his stables, and he led

seven Derby winners, including Waxy, Whalebone, Whisker, and Emilius, back to scale, besides ten Oaks winners. He was considered so *facile princeps* in his art, that his example was not only potent enough to alter the barbarous training-hours at Newmarket, but also to shame not a few out of the "perpetual motion" system to which their charges had hitherto been doomed. His father, who trained Highflyer, came originally from the North to the Valley, or rather Eight-mile Bottom (now sacred to University hack-races), where he trained for the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Shafto, &c., until the offer of a large salary induced him to become a private trainer at Kingston House, Newmarket, where he died in 1797. Robson, who had been up to that date training for Sir F. Poole at Lewes, then took to the business, and made sixty thousand pounds out of it. Between 1828-38 he lived at Exning; but he loved Kingston House best, and the last six months of his life were spent there.

Training is no longer the occult science it was considered when Robson's word was law, and Tiny Edward's horses could "be known in a crowd;" and jockey-lads, when their too solid flesh refuses to melt below 8st. 7lbs., bring their horses quite as "fit" to the post as the oldest trainers. "The Duke's" mode of keeping his cavalry horses in form, was to allot them two hours a day for doing six miles out and in from Brussels, eight miles of which was done at a sharp trot, and the rest in a walk; and even with seven out of ten racers, it is almost equally plain sailing; but when a delicate-constitutioned one comes to hand, mere routine fails, and the union of great care, experience, and mind (we use the word advisedly) can alone bring him fit to the post. Still, as a general rule, talent among the clever trainers is very equal, and it rarely happens that when one of them has failed to make a horse run, things are

made any better by a change of stables; and in fact, if the first trainer has had the animal since it was a yearling, they are often made worse. We seldom hear of a horse going blind during his training, although Phantom, Sweetmeat, and several other good horses have done so when it was over; and on the whole, blindness is not nearly so prevalent in England as in Ireland, which is attributed by some to the much dryer climate. Robson's system, like that advocated by Sir Charles Bunbury, was far from being a severe one; and his horses were full of vigour and muscle, and by no means low in flesh. The Chifneys professed to be great admirers of his *regime*, but their practice and profession hardly corresponded; still their brilliant luck with horses whose constitutions would permit of their being always sent along, procured them many copyists. Their rivals represented them as giving Priam eight-mile sweats; whereas they affirmed that owing to his being a narrow light-fleshed horse, he was seldom sweated more than three miles once a-week, and without his clothes. John Day, senior, was one of the admirers of strong sweats, more especially in his treatment of two-year-olds; but his notions have become very much modified of late years. His son John never held them, and stands up so stoutly for strong walking exercise, as to furnish grounds for a joke to the effect that Pyrrhus the First did nothing else in the 25 days between the Newmarket Stakes and the Derby. William Day is popularly supposed to adopt the severe system; but be this as it may, we do not think that we ever saw a horse brought to the post in more perfect form than Lord of the Isles was for the Two Thousand. "Grandfather Day" used to train at Houghton Down, where he was right ably assisted by his fine old Saxon dame, who knew as much about condition and farriery (strangles was her great subject) put together, as the ablest member of the

Royal Veterinary College. The late Miss Ann Richards, of Ashdown Park memory, used to leave her coach and six, and head the beaters all day "with her kirtle up to her knee;" but she was not one whit more knowing and enthusiastic about "long-tails" than Mrs. Day was about thorough-breds. Her family maxims, moreover, were quite as sound as her stable ones, and she impressed "The Whole Duty of Man" on her children, if our memory serves us, in the following wholesome couplet:—

"Fear thy God, speak evil of none,  
Stick to the truth, and don't be alone."

Training as a system is very much lighter than it was twenty years ago; and heavy-clothed swcats are fast going much out of fashion, except a horse is fearfully gross; and then, if his legs are shaky, a "forlorn hope" is made to "train him through the muzzle." Tiny Edwards used to say that he was obliged to keep Glencoe perpetually at it, or "he would have got above himself, and every one else into the bargain." Springy Jack was also one of the fat kine, inside and out, and so was Voltigeur till his heart was so broken in his match preparation that his form wholly left him, and he could not even be coaxed to feed in John Scott's hands. Nancy was an odd instance of a mare who required no work beyond a few half-speed gallops; and it has always been a peculiarity of Phryne's stock that they run in flesh, while the Bay Middletons generally bear drawing fine. To convert flesh into muscle is, however, the great problem. Railway facilities enable trainers to keep their horses always at it in public; and the Parr-Osborne principle suits the majority of hardy ones. Perhaps the most extraordinary specimens of modern hand-workers are Clothworker, who won 30 out of 59 races in two seasons; Rataplan, who owns to 38 out of 62 in the same time; and Lord Alfred,

who won 9 out of his 2 two-year-old races, or nearly three times as many as Crucifix ran. The training-ground at Danebury looks as if it would never be hard in any weather, though the Day lot has, we believe, had to gallop occasionally on a down beyond Stockbridge, in a very dry season; while John Scott's two-mile tan gallop on Langton Wold renders him equally independent all summer. This gallop was only laid down in 1850; and there has never been any other in Yorkshire except the temporary one which William Scott used in Mr. Wyse's big field at Malton, when he and William Oates trained Sir Tatton Sykes for the St. Leger. The "Thellusson Trust" camps now wave upon the Little Pigburn racecourse, where John Scott was wont to adjourn with his lot, during the dry season, for nearly twenty years, and billet them, horse and boy, among three or four of the Brodsworth farmers. Newminster, who had good reason to remember one of these mornings, did not return to Pigburn after his York defeat; but no less than seven of John Scott's St. Leger winners, beginning with Margrave, had the finishing touches put to them there, and made their six-mile sheeted pilgrimages to Doncaster to run their trials, when the Newmarket of the North was still deep in dreams, and not a soul except the landlord of the Salutation and the corporation steward was cognizant of their stealthy approach, in the grey morning mist, down the Carr House lane. Frank Butler was invariably on the trial horse; and Earl Derby used to slip down after the house was up, by the mail train to Swinton with a friend, and form one of the select group at the post. Ilsley, Holywell, Hambleton, Hungerford, and Richmond, have "good-going," and are superior in this respect to Hednesford, Delamere, Forest, and Langton Wolds. The Low Moor at Middleham is always dry, being upon a rocky substratum, and hence, in summer the strings exercise on the High

Moor, whose surface is composed of beautiful mossy peat. A lofty pillar stands at one end of it, to mark the spot where Bay Bolton was honourably buried in his shoes, but the grave of "Amato, 1843," in Sir Gilbert Heathcote's grounds, near Epsom, with its little iron railing, surmounted by many a gilded fleur-de-lis, shadowed by lofty chesnut trees, and within earshot of the yearly thunder-clap which tells that another name has been entered on the Derby scroll, by the side of the "Velocipede pony," is the neatest specimen of a horse's tomb which the Turf can press upon Mr. Ruskin's notice.

Still, we look upon Hambleton as the best training ground in Yorkshire, and Ilsley as the best in the South. Some of the Newmarket trainers fancy the Bury or the Warren hills; while as many are faithful to the heath. Strange as it may seem, there is no tan-gallop at Newmarket; and in default of one, the lime-kilns-gallop on the left side of the Bury road is generally resorted to during a drought. The best country tan-gallop we know of is Wadlow's, at Stanton, which is about one-and-a-quarter miles round, and beautifully situated at the foot of Lizzard Wood, a favourite meet in the Albrighton Hunt. No wonder that old Alonzo, our nine-year-old Turf Nestor, is always ready for his spring work. Veteran trainers have told us that to their eyes not two horses in a thousand gallop exactly alike, and we have known them detect their old pupils years after by this test, when their names have been changed, and every other trace of identity purposely concealed; while a great Boston character, on the contrary, once sold his mare at Horncastle in the morning, and bought her again in cool blood at night for a new one! The severest four-mile gallop we ever saw, was that which Robert sent The Dutchman, at Doncaster, on the Wednesday morning before he was beaten for the Cup; and we doubt whether the Town Moor was ever witness to a

stronger one, except on the Sunday, that Peirse, out of a sort of bravado, gave Reveller and "the Bedale horses" their last spin, amid a perfect cloud of dust, when scarcely another trainer dared even to let his lot canter. It is not, however, every trainer who has, like Fobert, a piece of genuine sound stuff to work upon.

Occasionally trainers take a whim into their heads not to let the public see their horses gallop, and bring them out at most uncouth hours. Two Derby horses at Newmarket, and two in the provinces, have been trained on this principle during the last few years, and so far, in three cases out of the four, no good has come of it. The system is, in fact, as the Scotch say, "*no canny*," and old trainers shake their heads ominously when they hear of it.

Lord Exeter's Newmarket stables—to which a covered riding-school—open in the centre, and very tastefully planted with trees and flowers, is annexed—have accommodation for forty horses or more. The Duke of Bedford's, which are also remarkably good, can take in fully thirty; and those which were built about three years since for Mr. Mare, are on the newest and best principles. John Scott's and John Day's can each take in upwards of seventy horses in training, but the latter has perhaps the largest number of boxes of the two. John Scott succeeded Joe Ackroyd at the Whitewall stables about thirty years ago, and removed thither direct from Sherwood Forest. Since then the premises have been very much enlarged, and the adjoining premises of Belle Vue, which Job Marson senior vacated when he went to Beverley, have been added to them. The average charge for a horse at a training stable is £2 2s. per week, but a few of the smaller ones will take in a single horse at £1 10s. 6d., or from that to 35 shillings. Quiet owners who do not like the responsibility of running horses on their own account, and yet, with the precedent of Alice



Hawthorne (the casiest creeping goer we ever saw) and Rataplan before their eyes, do not like to let them for the season, make bargains with trainers to take charge of them gratis, and to keep half their winnings. Private trainers, who number some 32 out of the 160 odd who teach youthful pasterns the way they should go in Great Britain, have a house and other perquisites, exclusive of ten shillings a-week for boarding each lad, and salaries varying according to the size of the stud, from £200 to £400 a-year. The yearlings generally reach them, if possible, early in July, and go into the breaker's hands at once, with a view to being tried before the important January nominations are made. Horses used formerly to go home during the winter months, but as the racing season has gradually crept on, from seven to nine months, this system is fast going out. Trainers also set their faces against green meat, and like to have their horses well kept up during November and December, that they may put them into gentle work early in January for the spring handicaps. There is one point of etiquette on which they are very justly tenacious, viz., that owners should not drop into the stables to see their horses without giving them some notice, if it be only ten minutes, as they naturally consider that such sudden visits savour of a want of confidence. Small owners, on the other hand, are obliged to be very careful about sending one or two horses to a great public stable, where there are more influential owners with large strings, as the trainer generally cares very little about their patronage in comparison, and their horses, unless very first-rate, too often get used in trials without their knowledge, or made thoroughly stale with leading gallops. The news of an important trial is sent by telegraph to the owner, to digest with his breakfast, and any change in a horse's health is often communicated in this way without waiting for the post. To show the im-

portance of it, an owner once wrote to his Tattersall's commissioner to back his horse for him, and received as his reply that he had not done so as he had positive information that it was amiss, and had been so for three or four days. The trainer was called upon for an explanation, and it turned out that he had sent an announcement of the fact by letter, which had followed its owner from place to place, but still the non-telegraphing was considered an omission, and the horse soon after changed quarters. There is a wide difference in the talent of different trainers for "getting a line," and some few are perpetually leading owners on to the white ice by their overconfidence in judging of trials: it is, however, seldom that a trainer and an owner differ very much on an animal's merits; and the pretty recent defeat of a Derby favourite goes far to prove that both ought to bow to the opinion of the jockey, if he has ridden the animal in all his two-year-old races, and deliberately installed him amongst the order of the "White Feathers." We remember once asking a jockey's opinion about two Derby horses in a stable for which, of course, he did not ride, and he simply replied that "*one is a race-horse and the other's a pig.*" And yet, strange to say, the trainer stuck to the "pig" to the last, and the owner had to pay very dearly for the fancy. Trainers have, however, their triumphs in turn, and especially in one instance, where a nobleman was so incredulous about his mare's merits, that nothing could induce him to match her, although the trainer invariably clenched his arguments by saying that he would gladly back her for his year's salary. At length his lordship came to his stables one morning, and said that he had matched his mare at the Rooms the night before, and added in his quiet way, "I think, \*\*\*\*\*, you had better get that salary ready in advance." The result was that

the mare won, and proved by her subsequent matches that the trainer's measure was the correct one.

The present system of handicapping we believe to be vicious in the extreme; and our impression of a true English handicap is, that no horse should carry more than 9st. 9lbs., or less than 5st. 5lbs., thus giving 60lbs. to the handicapper, if he chooses, to work on. If animals cannot carry that weight, they may fly at lower game. There have been instances of feather weights, like Howlett, Bell, Kitchener, Wells, Carroll, Fordham, &c., riding the weights between 4st. and 5st. to perfection; but it is generally impossible for all owners of horses, when they lack the call of a phenomenon, to get any clever and strong lad to ride their animals under 5st. 5lbs. in a large handicap. Either these "Aztecs" (or "dolls," with an epithet, as the heavier stable-boys generally term them) are utterly unable to get a lazy animal out, and tire long before they reach the distance; or if they are put on free-goers, they are equally unable to hold them, and let them go raking away till they run themselves out. Hence, owners are obliged to sacrifice several pounds to get their horses ridden at all. In fact, as there are very few young jocks who can ride these light weights, their services are regularly bid for; and if they are still under articles, the owner who will lay their masters the longest odds to 0 secures them. Thus, the decision of superiority among the horses under 5st. 5lbs. turns pretty much on which owner has the longest pocket—not which has the best horse at the weight. The heavy-weight jockeys also suffer severely from the weights beginning so low; and really and truly, the calculations on which the most elaborate thought is professedly expended by handicappers, are handed over for their test to a mass of the least experienced riders we have; many of whom are obliged after all

to ride several pounds over-weight, while jockeys with twenty years of experience over their heads look on from the top of the stand. Handicappers do well in a large handicap if they get two-fifths of the horses to accept, and a third of the acceptors to the post. They are of course anxious to secure as many acceptors as they can, and defend their sadly low scale propensities by the plea that the only way to get a heavy acceptance is to make a light handicap; and hence the double-dyed degeneracy of the modern steeplechase. The Jockey Club has at last acted on the suggestion of *The Iafe*, and settled to make the raising point 8st. 12lbs., instead of 8st. 7lbs., which is a slight instalment of justice to the senior jockeys, whose employment in the "Twos and Threes" (one of the nicest styles of races we have) is also dwindling down to nothing, simply because the three-year-olds are fairly thrust out of them by the crushing relative weights which Routine decrees them to carry. We should have been glad to see 9st. made "the raising point" at once for every handicap; as it has often struck us that it is as much the great touchstone of weight with the majority of race-horses, as one-and-a-quarter miles is of distance. Many very fair ones seem never really comfortable if they have to carry a pound beyond it; and those who can stay and finish strong at that distance, when the pace is true from end to end, can invariably travel on for two miles at least. Now-a-days, a severely run seven furlongs will find the majority of horses out, though some of the Comfort tribe cannot get a yard over half-a-mile, even if they possessed the wonderful Nelly Hill knack of starting. The system of a limited handicap—where a sliding scale of 12lbs. for each age, which might be adjusted not more than a fortnight before the race, would be substituted for penalties—might be very well adopted in high-class all-aged races, especially in Cups, as penalties act most clumsily

and unfairly on horses when they are past their prime.

There was a good deal of crossing and unfair work among the inferior jockeys in old times, which would be more heavily noticed now, and in fact it was often thought rather a good joke than otherwise. Captain O'Kelly, whose definition of "the black-legged fraternity" took such a very sweeping range, expressed his sentiments on the point at the Abingdon race ordinary (1775), when the terms of a 300 gs. match were being adjusted, and he was requested to stand half. "No," he roared; "but if the match had been made *cross and jostle*, as I proposed, I would have stood all the money; and by the Powers, I'd have brought a spalpeen from Newmarket, no higher than a two-penny loaf, that should have driven his Lordship's horse into the furzes, and kept him there for three weeks." Some odd scenes of this kind came off on the race-courses of Yorkshire, whose calendar of native jockeys begins with the Heseltines, William and Robert, who flourished on the saddle at least nearly a hundred years before their 'descendants, "Lanty," who never recovered The Shadow's defeat at Croxton Park, and his nephew "Bob," who was clever and dodgy as ever in his last race with Lord Cardross, were enrolled among the Hambletonians. Samuel Jefferson and Matchem Timms, the rider of Buckhunter, were then great rivals; and Fields, Rose, Garnett, Charles Dawson, Cade, John Singleton and three other Singletons, Thomas Jackson, Kirton, and the one-eyed Leonard Jewison, succeeded. The latter, who had a very long awkward seat, had more songs made in his honour than even Kirton, who won more gold cups than any of them; and in spite of heavy "wasting," not only for the saddle but in a Chancery suit, lived till he was 93. Pratt, who died within three months of him at Newmarket, was only four years his junior; and Eclipse-Oakley,

Dick Goodisson, South, and Dennis Fitzpatrick were among his principal Heath opponents. Besides these, there was William Peirse, who in early life played Tom Thumb at a strolling theatre, and was picked up as he ran wild about the Turk's Head yard, at Newcastle, by a relative of Lord Darlington's, whose horses he trained and rode for many years. Among the other "Northern lights" were John Shepherd, who was reputed the best four-mile man of the day, and was transplanted from Yorkshire to Newmarket to ride for Lord Foley; Ben Smith, who was so terrible in the all-black of Lord Strathmore; William Clift, the pet of Wentworth, and the only man who perhaps ever had pensions from three different masters, or won the Derby "in a trot"; and John Jackson, whom Peirse considered the best horseman of his time bar old Chifney, and whose only bitter recollections of his fine career were his misunderstanding about Marion with Mr. Watt, and his dreary anxious wait for the chaise, which never came, when he was retained to ride Filho da Puta for his match at Newmarket. Thomas Goodisson, the son of the great "Dick," was put up in his place on that day, and Jackson had the consolation of hearing that he had been beaten by a head. Goodisson was, however, by no means inferior to the Northallerton crack. The Duke of York was especially partial to him, and he won perhaps more races at Newmarket, on the Duke of Grafton's horses, than any man of his time. Robert Johnson, who gave up riding at the close of 1836, and handed over Beeswing (whose sire, Dr. Syntax he had ridden with wonderful success) into Cartwright's hands, was the last of the old school of Yorkshire jockeys. We saw the old man in his greatest glory in 1841, when he succeeded Mr. Orde on the table in the garden behind the Newcastle Grand Stand, to return thanks for the toast of "*Robert Johnson and the old mare*," which the latter, though

he must then have been verging on seventy, proposed with even more than his wonted fire, and wondrous facility of language. Nature never fashioned a more universal genius than the Laird of Nunnykirk. He was not only a "full man" upon almost every subject, but when his tongue was once loosened with a glass of wine, he fairly made the air crackle round you with his sparkling and dexterous eloquence and arguments. A very eminent Professor, who was starring it at the British Association, at Newcastle in 1837, rued the day that ever he tried to run the rig on him about geology, at a private dinner party, quite as much as he did his encounter with Sir William Follett, at Drayton Manor, on Robert Stephenson's great theory of telling whether a line of railway could pay, by putting your ear to the rails, and marking the "wear and tear" vibrations. Of his dress and person he was utterly careless. We have seen him travel second class with his grooms to a race meeting, and when one of the latter remarked that his hat was shabby, he immediately rejoined that he'd change with him, which he did on the spot; to the no small chagrin of the lad, who got decidedly the worst of the bargain. On another occasion, he was dining out before going to a race ball, where he was to be the steward; and on the host asking him, when they had concluded a long argument on the wild imagery of Ossian, if he wished to dress, he merely drew his fingers through his hair, and went off in his plaid trousers and blue coat, and gloveless, just as he had been all day, and fairly danced the band and the ladies weary.

But we have wandered away from the joekeys. Will Arnall was only a year senior to Sam Chifney, but he died nearly nineteen years before him. Lord G. H. Cavendish and Lord Exeter were his principal masters; the "narrow blue stripes" of the latter having been confided to his keeping when his Lord-

ship and Robinson differed about a match between Recruit and Goshawk. He was a good jockey, but not quite first-class; and shortly before he retired and became trainer to Lord Lichfield, he had grown rather idle in the sweaters. His luck at Epsom commenced when he was nineteen; and he won two more Derbies, the last of which was in 1814 on Blucher. When the real Field Marshal, who had won as much renown with the dice in St. James's-street as he had done in the preceding year at the baths of Pyrmont, visited Newmarket that summer, after his Cambridge *fête*, Will had the honour of mounting this son of Waxy in his presence, and of showing his namesake, in a strong canter over the D.M., "how fields were won" in the preceding May. He was a merry little fellow, up to all kinds of queer games; and many were the tricks of which he was both the soul and the butt. This made him a little suspicious, and he never forgot how the "Black Dwarf of Newmarket" was sent him, quite drunk, in a winehamper, and roused the whole house with his midnight yells from the cellar. Once, too, when Mr. Gully's colt "Hokee Pokee" walked into Newmarket, he demanded the name from the lad, and then went off to Sam Day in no very good temper, to tell him that the stable-lad had been poking his impudence at him; and Sam could scarcely persuade him that he had been told the right name.

Without any disrespect to the memories of Thomas Goodisson and Will Arnull, whose selection from the mass of Northern and Southern jockeys to ride Filho da Puta and Sir Joshua in their great 1816 match is their best epitaph, we may safely aver that a more brilliant quartet of horsemen than Buckle, Chifney, Robinson, and Harry Edwards, never issued side by side from the Ditch stables. Yorkshire was "Old Harry's" great battle-field, where the unvarying brilliancy and power of his set-to and finishes not only con-



ferred no small lustre on the Fitzwilliam, Kelburne, and Houldsworth jackets, but terrified Tommy Lye at times to that degree, that he confided to a friend he would "*quite as lieve ride against Saltan.*" The club wits were not wide of the mark when they said of Buckle, in 1823,

"For, trained to the turf, he still stands quite alone,  
And a pair of such Buckles was never yet known—"

as a faultless build for horseback, and forty years of incessant practice, had combined to make him perfection. When he sent over his whip by the hands of Mr. Tattersall, in 1826, to become a challenge prize in Germany, he was enabled to add, by way of commentary, that he had "*won five Derbies, two St. Legers, nine Oaks, and nearly all the good things at Newmarket.*" In his sixty-first year, he wasted to 7st. 8lbs. for his favourite Rough Robin; but though he required no "walks" latterly, he kept himself in such fine form, by constantly riding from Peterboro' to Newmarket and back, a distance of ninety-two miles, to say nothing of trials, that he was quite the first four-mile man of his day. Sir Tatton Sykes and Mr. Osbaldeston were his only compeers in horseback endurance; and, strange to say, he rode his last race, on one side of the Ditch, only an hour before Mr. Osbaldeston completed his great 200 mile match on the other. With his saddle strapped for the last time round his white cape coat, "the governor" cantered off to cheer "The Squire," as he finished on Tranby, but made some remark to the effect, "that though he was fifteen years older, he could ride further and longer"; and was very nearly challenged to the proof. "To ride for twenty-five days, or till either of them dropped," were the terms which the public proposed for the match. Buckle's great *forte* was to wait and then set-to on an idle horse; and he

seemed to finish, to the very last, quite as strong over the Beacon Course as the T.M.M. One of the most dashing mile races he ever rode was on Orlando against Dennis Fitzpatrick on Gaoler. Each jockey did his utmost, to "get a pull," but as jealously determined not to let his opponent get one, and the consequence was, that the race was run from end to end, and Gaoler just stayed the longest. He delighted in a little gammon, and even if he had been slipped at the post, as he was on Mortimer, nothing could induce him to hurry; but, as then, he crept up the sixty yards inch by inch, and just caught Slim in the last two strides. It was this peculiar game of patience which made the Northern jockeys of that day such especial admirers of him and Robinson; and it may be safely said of these two and Chifney (whom they never loved after his dashing *début* at York in 1805), that when they had once won their race, they never gave it away again, as second-raters are apt to do. There was no jealousy whatever between the three, except during the race itself; and, in fact, Sam very often begged them as a favour to take some of his best mounts off his hands.

For some time after Robinson first came out, Sam only thought him a moderate rider; but at the close of a Newmarket Meeting, as he rode home from the Heath with his brother, he broke out suddenly, after a long thoughtful pause, with "*By-the-by, Will, have you observed Robinson this week?*" "*Yes indeed I have,*" was Will's answer, whose eye never failed to catch in an instant anything brilliant, or the reverse, about man or horse. "*Well!*" was the slow rejoinder, "*he's taken to riding like the very devil.*" Will did not fail to report to Robinson what Sam had been saying of him, and he at once confessed that he was quite right, and that a more decided style of riding seemed to have flashed on him all at once. In point of judgment and knowledge of pace,

there was little to choose between them; but while the one was more powerful, the other was more elegant in his manner of finishing, and did not sit so much back in his set-to. Sam's mode of drawing his horse together, and then bringing it with his unique and tremendous rush of nearly half a length in the last three or four strides, was a picturesque contrast to the exquisitely neat "short-head," by which Robinson used to nail his opponents on the post, and send Will Arnall, especially, growling back to scale, with a maledictory "*Done me again, Jim, by a head.*" In the one case you saw the whole, and wondered at the fearful concentration of man and horse power with which the deed was done; in the other, you wondered how it could be done so instantaneously that you hardly saw it. Poor little Pavis used often to tell about a match, which he rode with Sam, and had his orders "never to leave him." Accordingly away they cantered, Pavis lying about a length in front, and Sam lobbing behind. When they had got about two hundred yards, Sam slowly ejaculated, "*Well, young-un, wnt you going to make running, better take a cigar at once.*" Pavis took no heed, but cantered on till about a hundred yards from the chair, when he took his mare by the head, and dug the spurs into her. "There was Clark's box close at hand, and I thought I'd slipped him," he used to add; "No, no! might as well try to slip Old Nick: he was at my neck like a flash of lightning, before I had got two strides; my mare swerved and cannoned him, but he pulled his horse straight, and just beat me a head on the post. They tried to make out he had crossed me, but I wouldn't have it, and stuck to it he had fairly outridden me—he's a rum-un to ride against, is Sam." To see Sam and Robinson eyeing each other's horses before a great race or match, and to hear their dry, quaint mode of chaffing each other on the point, was

no slight treat; and when they were once off, Sam would invariably keep lurching behind so directly in his leader's track, that with all his glances, he could hardly tell on which side the challenge would come, till he found him suddenly at his quarters. The Chifney rush became so famed, and was so dangerous an experiment in the hands of any one who was not a consummate judge of exactly what was left in a horse, that scores of races have been thrown away by a feeble imitation of it. Frank Butler had many a hint and lesson from his uncle, but his style was principally modelled upon Robinson's, and was more neat and less powerful than "uncle Sam's." In his earlier days, he was apt to wait off too long, and not steal up to his leaders till the race became too severe for him to get on to terms with them. Still as a tryer and rider of a race-horse, he had but very few equals; and he was alike suited whether he was winning a match or lying away on a roarer, a class of horse on which he was pre-eminent. It was one of his especial whims to be last out of the Epsom paddock, and he was equally tenacious on this point "for luck," whether he was on little Daniel O'Bourke or West Australian.

Frank Buckle weighed in for the last time on November 5th, 1831, and before that time next year, the antique sombrely-carved tomb of "Samuel Buckle, merchant, Peterborough," which forms such a massive object on the south side of the beautiful churchyard of Long Orton, had received its new tenant. There are scarcely three jockeys in the saddle now, who witnessed the energetic set-to of that Pocket Hercules, who had nothing large about him but his heart and his aquiline nose. Sam Chifney, Scott, Pavis, Wheatley, Will Arnall, Connolly, Frank Boyce, Nelson, and George Edwards, all of whom rode with him in his last Oaks, are in their graves. Old John Day, whose fine riding was never seen in greater per-

fection than when he was in the all scarlet of the Duke of Grafton, has not wasted these eleven years; in fact, only one of the eight Days takes silk now; and the shade of George Guelph would be puzzled to find even one of those Edwardses whose numbers struck him as inexhaustible. Harry Edwards has not ridden since the Beverley meeting of 1852; while Chapple, who made a grand finish with the brace of great autumn handicaps in 1850, has declined all engagements, and does not care to ride except he especially fancies the horse. In his day, there was no more consummate judge of pace than Tommy Lyc; and perhaps he won more two-mile heat races than any man who was ever out, from this cause, as the lads on the three-year-olds had not a tithe of the practice, of the modern juniors, and were sure to "come back" to him in the second and third heats. If it came to four or five heats, Tommy was absolutely invincible. His attitude, when he was finishing, was not at all that could be desired; and he also looked anything but picturesque as he rode the odd-tempered Italian and Zoroaster one or two races in their sheets; but he was wonderfully powerful for his size, and his energy on the Duke of Cleveland's monster Sampson, in two four-mile races in one day, quite astonished us. Robinson is now, perforce, only a spectator on the scene of his "short-head" triumphs; but those who were cognizant of his worth, and the heavy sacrifices he made to assist others in the summer of his days, have taken care that he should not lack an annuity for the joint lives of himself and his wife.

Jockeys generally increase about two stone, or a stone-and-a-half in the winter; but with medicine and vigorous wasting, they can come to their weight again, without fever, in three weeks. They have been known during the summer to get off 7lbs., or even more on an emergency, in twenty-four hours, and

Nat is said to have managed 4½lbs. for Vulcan in two ! If they are at all weak from illness, they will lose much more in their "walks" than they have calculated on ; and we remember seeing one of them bring a 3lb. saddle to the weighing-house, and have to borrow a 5lb. one from this cause. The old generation of jockeys were, taking them throughout, taller and larger-boned than the present ; and as some of the weights in many of the great races were even lower, the wasting process was still more severe. It was a piteous spectacle to see Sam Chifney, who always went to work after everyone else, stepping with his ears down, and a grim perspiring visage, along the Dullingham-road, and boiling himself by ounces to 8st. 2lb. for an Ascot Cup mount. Poor Frank Butler did not look one whit more happy on these occasions, and wasting even to 8st. 7lbs. was the very curse of the latter ten years of his jockey life, though out of compliment to Scott and Songstress he drew 8st. 4lbs. at the last Ascot Meeting he ever attended. The weather is mostly favourable, and as time also hangs rather heavily on their hands in those Berkshire villages, jockeys ride their very lowest weights at Ascot, and look like him as if they had been quite determined "to take off their flesh and sit in their bones." William Scott doing his last mile up the North-road elm avenue on a St. Leger morning, with a sprig of heather he had gathered near Rossington Bridge jauntily stuck in his wide-awake, and his merry joke and nod to his friends as he swung past them to his lodgings on the Hall-Cross hill, where, on the last occasion, Parson Dennis was in attendance to "valet him," invested this species of fire-torture with a much more pleasant hue. Jacques tried himself more heavily in this respect than any man we ever met with ; as, after leaving the profession for some years, and growing corpulent as a licensed victualler, he resumed the sweaters, and

wasted himself down to a ghastly 7st. 3lb. shadow; in order to don the white and blue for his old master, Colonel Cradock, when "Sim" could not ride the weight. George Nelson did not ride for some years before his death, but lived on his Royal pension, and commanded "The Fleet" in Tickhill. Stephenson and Dockeray were hard on themselves till increasing weight obliged them to leave the saddle; and so were Heselstine, Holmes, and George Francis (who used to waste to half-ounces); but perhaps the Clerk of the Scales and the public were never more surprised than when Job Marson (who, like Bill Scott, always will have the rails) scaled 7st. 8lbs. quite easily for Ivan in the Houghton of 1854. How Sam Day, after so many years of ease, contrived to waste for nearly two seasons, and get so low as 8st. 11lbs. on one occasion, was a wonderful instance of family loyalty and self-denial; and he seemed to suffer much less than his brother John, from such "a pig-skin revival," though he had been far longer estranged from the sweaters. If, as a general thing, a jockey is asked to ride much below his weight, he had better not ride at all, as a fair second-class veteran, not so many years since, lost the last remnant of his riding practice by trying too low a weight, and being palpably beaten from sheer exhaustion when he tried to finish, although he had declared some 3lbs. over.

The heavy punishment in which Clift and some of the old school delighted, is very much gone out, and if a foolish lad punishes his beaten horse unnecessarily, he is pretty certain to hear of it in the newspapers. Salaries and expenses are a matter of private arrangement between a jockey and his masters, the former varying according to the reputation of the receiver, and the order in which each claims him. In other cases £3 for a mount and £5 for a win, are the regular fees, though the latter is always the compliment for a mount in the St. Leger, Derby, and

Oaks. Robinson had a £100 special retainer for the Hyllus and Charles XII. 1,000 guinea a side match, in which, as well as that for the same amount between Teddington and Mountain Deer, Job Marson's luck was in the ascendant. He also generally received £100 when he went down special from Newmarket to ride in any of the three great races, success in which generally ensures a £300 or £500 cheque from the owner, besides presents from other winners varying in amount from a £500 note to a box of cigars, or a Belcher-tie. He can most truly say to himself, in General Evans's version of the Crimean telegraph, "*Remember Dowb*," as Captain Dowbiggin sent him a £1,000 note in an envelope as he was sitting at tea at Mr. Herring's house in Doncaster, the evening he won the St. Leger on Matilda. His host, to whose pencil the turf owes so much, was then only in the dawn of his splendid fame as a delineator of the horse, and had not long quitted the coach-box for the studio. He was, we believe, entirely self-taught, although he may have occasionally watched Mr. Abraham Cooper at work, in whose well-known battle-piece he is said to figure as Saladin. Of late years he has rather faltered in his allegiance to the Turf, and wrought with wonderful art upon Ironsides stabling their horses in a cathedral, and countless peaceful farm-yard groups, but he has more than kept up his title of "Master of the Horse" by his forthcoming "*Illustrations of the Race*," in which it is plain to see that Teddington, The Dutchman, and West Australian have been among his principal models; as were Sweetmeat, Alarm, and The Baron in his Stable series.

But to resume. The luck of jockeys, who number about 180 in Great Britain, professing to ride all weights from 8st. 7lbs. to 4st., is very variable. Till the great light weights Wells and Fordham arose, Nat had for a long series of years kept at the head of the winning list, and in 1849 he won no less than



101 races, out of 306; and bore a hand in three dead-heats to boot; while Frank Butler in his last four seasons won, excluding walks-over, 143 out of 384. The foreigners might well say, when they went to Newmarket, "*This Misterre Butler and Misterre Flatman they do win all the money.*" It is not, however, the jockey who has the most winnings, who is, as it were, considered the lucky jockey of the season. Looking merely at the seniors in "the pigskin," it was Job Marson's season in 1851, Butler's in 1852-53, Alfred Day's in 1854, and Bartholemew's in 1855. Nothing is generally more fatal to a young jockey than to quarrel with his early employer, and to get turned adrift for splitting about a trial, or a horse "not being meant this journey," as the cold-shoulder is at once given him everywhere, as being a lad of no really sound principles, and unclean lips, and he has to hang for the remainder of his days, shabby and forlorn, among the "outer ring," or adopt the tout and the tipster-trade. Stakes are much larger than they used to be, and so are jockey presents in proportion. We once heard an old farmer pressing his "best Alderney coo" on a jockey, who was obliged to decline, on the ground that he had no paddock for her. The winner of a recent Derby presented his jockey with a cool thousand; while "the double event" was acknowledged by a thousand a-piece to jockey and trainer, and £500 has been given for one handicap.

Taking jockeyship as an art, it has not gone back, and it would be strange if it had, seeing the immense practice which boys get in handicaps all over the country. In fact many clever young jocks, like Basham, G. Oates, Osborne, Charlton, Aldcroft, Ashmall, Wells, Cliffe, Fordham, Quinton, &c., will have ridden as many races by the time they are five-and-twenty, as their less lucky coach-travelling predecessors had done when they were five-and-thirty. Mr. Waterton used to say that it was his practice with the Badsworth, which

gave him "such a fine hand on a crocodile;" and hence it is no wonder that strong lads are soon qualified to ride anything, even if it have the size of a dromedary, or the mouth of a zebra, and finish with such brilliancy and precision. They know their work so well, that whereas twenty years ago, it was ten to one on the man if he was finishing alongside a youngster, the former now finds it almost impossible to come the old trick of gammoning Young Artful that the race is over, and then when he sees him beginning to take it easy, catching him with a rush on the post. Lads, however promising, were held quite cheap then by their seniors; but in the case of Sam Rogers, a regular row was raised after one race at Newmarket, because some of his craft had kindly sung out some directions to him. The nicest ridden finish we ever remember was one between Old England (J. Day, junior), Plaudit (Marson), and Prologue (Robinson), over the Abingdon Mile, in the Houghton of 1844. Old England made his own running all the way, and the set-to between him and the two others, who challenged him right and left in the cords, after he had got his pull, was a perfect masterpiece. Young John, as fine a horseman, both for power, seat, and science, as ever held a bridle, certainly never rode better; and those who remember the half-sluggish half-roguish way in which Old England invariably finished, can appreciate the exquisite mouth-touching he required at such a crisis. Besides this bout, Harry Edwards outriding Bill Scott over Knavesmire on the two-year-old Naworth, or Connolly over the Beacon, on Don John; Chapple making running from end to end, and winning a head on Lugwardine at Cheltenham, or waiting on Landgrave for the Cambridgeshire with such agonizing patience, till the last two strides, that we felt that if we had possessed the aim of a Camelopard, we could have gladly taken a pistol out and

shot the reins in two; Robinson doing Sam Darling by a short head on Barrier at Ascot, or rallying Rathmines home for the Audley End; Sam Rogers holding ungenerous brutes like Vasa and Walmer, hard in front, and just coaxing them, after being beaten once or twice in a race, to make one more effort; Sim Templeman getting his pull, and coming again on the post with The British Yeoman for the Doncaster Two-year-old Stakes, or lifting Catharina home first by about a nose for the Manchester Cup; Alfred Day nursing the sinking Dervish at Goodwood, or screwing in Vivandière half a-head in front of "Frank" on Iris; Frank Butler biding his time with Daniel O'Rourke in the Derby, or bringing up Ninnyhammer in the last few strides at Ascot; Nat just getting up on Typee at Nottingham, and Meaux at York; Bartholemew, when he was quite a lad, riding a long rally home against Sam Day for the Port on Jericho, or getting Porto Rico through for the Prendergast; Marlow winning The Suburban on Elthron, and the Port on Knight of Avenel, within a week of each other; and Job Marson squeezing Voltigeur's last effort out of him for the Spring Handicap at York, or taking the rails from Ellington (Aldcroft), and all but napping him (as he did Nat with Sir Rowland Trenchard) by a flash of lightning rush on the post;—are some of the finest modern "bits" we remember to have *seen* among the senior jockeys.

Trial riding is very lucrative, especially at Newmarket, and at Middleham too, when Lord Glasgow goes over to have a taste of his whole stud. Many first-rate jockeys have not the art of "tasting" a horse in private; but, although Bill Scott could be hardly called a first-class jockey for ten or twelve years before his death, he was always as good a tryer, and Frank Butler was nearly as good. Jockeys who have salaries ride trials gratis for those particular masters, but are generally put on at £25 or £50 to 0

if it is a great race. The talent for giving the points of a race to reporters varies very much, and few, if any, excel young Osborne in this respect. The different phases of the art, such as cutting down the field from end to end, or getting in front to stop the pace; making the running up to a certain point, and then letting yourself be headed and coming again; lying away from your horses if you are one which cannot be hurried, and creeping inch by inch to them before the pace becomes too great;—all require an intuitive knowledge of pace, which not one jockey in thirty thoroughly attains to. The great test of a jockey's nerve is his coolness when he finds himself among the leaders for the Derby, about two distances from home. If they have an ounce of flurry in their composition, that moment will bring it out; and we could not help, in the course of the last few years, as we stood there, remarking how an able rising jockey, of whom we expected better things, seemed "all abroad," while the future winner was pulling his horse together, and waiting on him, as coolly as if he was in his own arm-chair. Leading jockeys have generally fancied one horse above all the rest of their mounts. Buckle swore by Violante, Chifney by Zingance, Scott by Don John, and Butler by "The West." Robinson goes for Bay Middleton, and John Day, sen., for Crucifix. Nat, we have heard, inclines to Glencoe; "Job" is faithful to Teddington; and "Sim," despite of Cossack and Surplice, cannot be weaned from the memory of the elegant chesnut Battledore, whom he rode for his good old master Sir Thomas Stanley in the only race he ever ran.

No profession is more trying in every way; as, independent of the strong "walks" and appetite privations which they have to undergo, it takes years to retrieve even a false suspicion, much less a false step. There are not only a number of morbid

minds among racing men, who will undertake to prove that hardly a race yet was run on the square, but every spectator, gentle or simple, who loses his money, feels himself quite competent to criticise the style in which his losing favourite has been ridden, and to pronounce the most sweeping judgments accordingly. Jockeys can survive this sort of criticism; but owners and trainers are often unduly fretful; and too anxious to find an excuse at some person's expense, rather than their own or their horses', for being beaten. They forget that trial-horses, however great their form may once have been, cannot keep it for ever; the jockey is at once made the scape-goat; and although the owner may continue to give him a retainer, he seems to think nothing of taking him off entirely, or superseding him suddenly in all the good mounts in the middle of a season, with as little justice, and as little regard to his feelings, as if he were a mere silken puppet. Oddly enough, vicars always tell you that if there is one thing more difficult of attainment than another, it is the getting rid of a curate they don't like. Jockeys are just in the opposite difficulty, as whatever sort of treatment they may experience, Jockey Club law does not acknowledge such a process as "sending in a jacket." Their argument is, that masters bring forward jockeys from boyhood, and that therefore it would be hard that the latter should be able to give them up just when their services become most valuable, or make masters bid against each other for a priority of call. This may be true as regards boys up to a certain age; but it falls very hard upon the elder jockeys in two ways: If a master unhandsomely persists in retaining his call, and yet refuses to let them have mounts for his stable, the fact of their not riding for the stable naturally becomes noticed to their detriment; and they are also in a great measure hindered from making engage-

ments with other stables, who can never feel sure that they will be able to get them, seeing that this dormant prior claim is pretty certain to be interposed for a single race or so, just when they most want them. The principle on which the Jockey Club goes is no doubt correct, as jockeys would have sore secret temptations to give up masters perpetually, if a rival stable did not care what it paid to have a Derby crack ridden; but if masters are of necessity allowed this power over jockeys, they have no right to abuse it. If they force a senior jockey to retain their jacket, they are bound to give him their mounts, and not to indirectly cast a slur on him, and prevent him from seeking for more considerate masters elsewhere. The jacket and the confidence are, in common justice, inseparable: both should be given, and taken away together.

Sir Tatton Sykes is now the father of the gentlemen-rider craft, and though it is long since he mounted it, on Kutusoff, or All Heart and No Peel, &c., he thought nothing in his day of putting a silk jacket into his pocket, and riding seventy or eighty miles to a meeting, to oblige a friend. His great characteristic was his patience, which he carried, if anything, to an extreme. On one occasion, we believe that he was beaten for the two heats on a mare of Mr. Kirby's, and thought it was not worth while starting for the third. As, however, the lad who had the charge of the mare was so sorely distressed at this resolve, and almost went on to his knees to him, exclaiming, "*Do mak a bit more running, Sir Tatton; t'meer can run for a week, I knaw we'll beat em yet,*" the baronet kindly relented, and acting on the hint, won the two next heats cleverly. Mr. Osbaldeston (of whom Bill Scott left on record that "he rode like an angel"), although he will never see seventy again, still rides wonderfully well in spite of the twice-broken leg; but Lord Wilton confines

himself to Croxton Park. General Gilbert, who was brilliant in the saddle to the last in India, sleeps his last long sleep under a granite column, on the left-hand side as you walk up the Kensal Green Cemetery; and now that so many gallant spirits have been swept down "in their majestic march up to the Russian gun," there are only about fifteen;—among whom the names of White, Williams, Little, &c., suggest the remembrance of something more than mere flat-racing ability;—to whom a trainer will resign his horse without a pang, and whom betting men will dare to back.

ex-butler), Richard (the Leicester stockinger), Mat Milton, Tommy Swan of **Bedale** (who never took or laid but one bet on a **Sunday**); Highton, Hollday, Gully, Justice, Crockford, **Briscoe**, Crutch Robinson, Ridsdale, Frank Richardson, and Bob Steward, &c., the art of book-making arose, and henceforward what had been more of a pastime among owners, who would back their horses for a rattler when the humour took them, and not shrink from having £5,000 to £6,000 on a single match, degenerated into a science. All the above with the exception of two have passed away, like the Mastodons, never to return. Nature must have broken the mould in which she formed the crafty Robinson, as he leant on his crutch, with his back against the outer wall of the Newmarket Betting-Rooms, and, with his knowing quiet leer and one hand in his pocket, offered to "lay agin Plenipo."

The two Blands, Joe and "Facetious Jemmy," were equally odd hands. Epsom had fired up the latter's desire to come on to the Turf, and he descended from his coachman's box at Hedley for that purpose, and sported his "noble lord" hat, white cords, deep bass voice, and vulgar dialect on it for the first time about 1812. He did not trouble it much after he "dropped his sugar" on Shillelah, though that *contre temps* did not completely knock him out of time. His acute rough expressions, such as "*never coomed a-nigh*," and so on, as well as his long nose and white flabby cheeks, made him a man of mark even before he got enough, by laying all round, to set up a mansion in Piccadilly. Joe, his brother, had originally been a postboy, and rose from thence to be a stable-keeper in Great Wardour-street; but the great hit of his life was his successful farming of turnpike-gates, at which he was supposed to have made about £25,000. "Ludlow Bond" was not so coarse in his style as this *par nobile*, but am-



bitious and vain to the last degree. It was the knowledge of this latter quality on the part of Ludlow's real owners, "the Yorkshire Blacksmith and Co.," which induced them to put him forward as the ostensible owner of the horse, as no one would back a horse which was known to be theirs. Bond liked the notoriety which this nominal ownership conferred on him, and was no doubt a mere puppet, without exactly knowing who pulled the strings. Discreditable as the affair was, he always gloried in it; in fact he was so determined not to let the memory of it die out, that he christened a yearling which he bought from the Duke of Grafton, "Ludlow Junior." At times he appeared on the heath on a grey hack, and went by the nickname of "*Death on the Pale Horse*;" and, shortly after the Doncaster outburst, he came on in a handsome travelling carriage, with two servants in livery in the rumble.

Mr. Gully, although he did great execution at the Corner in Andover's year, may be styled a mere fancy bettor now, and as a judge of racing and the points of a horse combined, he has scarcely a peer among his own or the younger generation of turfites. His fame at the Corner was at its zenith a quarter of a century ago, when he was a betting partner with Ridsdale. Rumour averred that they won £35,000 on Margrave for the St. Leger, and £50,000 on St. Giles for the Derby; and it was in consequence of a dispute as to the Margrave winnings that the Siamese link between them was so abruptly dissolved. Their joint book also showed a balance of £80,000, if Red Rover could only have brought Priam to grief for the Derby. There was a joke, too, soon after this time, that Mr. Gully and his friend Justice descended on to Cheltenham, and so completely cleaned out the local Ring there, that the two did not even think it worth while stopping for the second race-day. One of the lesser lights was found wandering moodily

about the Ring on that day, and remarked to a sympathizer that he was "looking for the few half-crowns which that Gully and Justice had condescended to leave." Lord George Bentinck is still allowed to be the cleverest man that the Turf ever had, but the loss of £27,000 in one year was the crucible in which he learnt his experience. Strictly speaking, he was a very fancy bettor; and he would do what hardly a man alive dared do—make a book to any amount, and back horses as well.

The Ring *par excellence* may now be said to consist of some four hundred strong, of whom about a hundred are looked upon as emphatically "safe men," and nearly half of the twenty score belong to the "Manchester Division," who congregate under the Bush, or at the Post Office Hotel. The betting on the Derby is at least five times as great as that on the St. Leger, and while about eight safe men "go" every year on the former, the two or three who have received a heavy blow on the latter, frequently, by the grace of their creditors, contrive to hobble on till the Cesarewitch is past. This race, as well as the Cambridgeshire, for which men in despair seem to play double or quits, has countless victims; and among those who "went" last year, was one who, whenever he heard long odds laid, would offer five points less, and clench it with "You'd better take it; you know my money's good"—a strange conceit which almost rose to the dignity of a Ring proverb. There are sometimes some strange chases between creditors and debtors at Doncaster. We have seen the latter driving off madly to the station, after the St. Leger, to catch the first train either way; and the former, when they have failed to discover the much wished-for face in the enclosure, following in hot haste. On one occasion a couple met on the platform, and the erring one immediately dashed into the Crimpsall Meadows, and pointed at his best pace

for the Conisboro' Woods, where he stayed till night-fall, and then sent an emissary to pay his lodgings and bring his carpet-bag. His pursuer expressed strong fears that both of them would be "roaders" for life, in consequence of the severity of the pace up to the Don, where he was beaten off; and remarked that if the horse could only have gone half as well as his backer, he would have won in a trot.

A suicide in consequence of Ring-losses is seldom heard of now, but the stricken deer generally levants without coming near the rooms, or else arrives with a forehead of brass, receives all he can, "retires" with his gains without offering to pay, and nods gaily to his creditors when he next meets them. A pan of charcoal or the Serpentine is about the last thing he would dream of; and even Scrope Davies, who cut his throat regularly after every Newmarket Meeting, till the doctors knew exactly when to expect a sewing-up summons, can find no imitators now-a-days. About two hundred men may be said to have books now-a-days, and Messrs. Ives, Harry Hill, Warrington, Morris, Aaron Worsley, G. Desboro', Hargreaves, Ishmael Fisher, G. Reed, Howard Onslow, Erabazon, Barber, F. Swindells, Sargent, Adkins, Kimpton, C. Snewing, Sherwood, Justice, Portman, Whitbourne, Saxon, W. Robinson, Jackson (who is "the coming man"), Pedley, G. Hill, Bennett, &c., are popularly supposed to make them at all figures, from £10,000 to £1,000. Foal books have gone out of fashion, but Mr. Harry Hill has a £10,000 yearling one, and lays his hundred, seventy-five, or fifty to one odds, according as he fancies the pedigree of the yearling he lays against. To speak, however, with any degree of accuracy as to book-making would baffle even "The Wise Woman," as the strangest *canards* are always floating about as to "books" and winnings, and it is morally impossible to separate what a man does on commission, from what he achieves on his own account. Some

few confine themselves to commission business, the recognized remuneration for which is five per cent., the commissioner taking all the risk. Old Michael Brunton, who was one of the quiet 6 to 4 sterling school of Yorkshire bettors, used to boast that he visited Doncaster (whose High Street is always so retolent of toffy and "mellow peers") for sixty-one years in succession, and made a grand wind-up with Voltigeur's Cup day. Perhaps, at present, Frank ner, a farmer in Surrey, is one of the oldest Ringmen we have, and visited Newmarket last year for his fiftieth consecutive season; and Fred Swindells is one of the cleverest. When the "Swindells attack" once opens on a horse, it rarely fails to be his crack of doom. A meteor occasionally starts up for a season or two. Nine or ten years ago, two rose almost together, and it was said that if Nottingham had won the Cesarewitch, or Sting the Cambridgeshire, they would have hit the Ring twice over for about £130,000. One of them was just as careless about the odds he laid, as the latest constellation was upon receiving days; and if the last-named had trusted to the infallible inspiration which used to come over him as the flag dropped, he might have won any sum. Cobnut and Adine were two of his great triumphs, and he won £5,000 about Daniel O'Rourke, though he had not pencilled a bet till the horses went up to start. The gentlemen of the Ring hang very much together when they fancy a horse. Flying Dutchman's and West Australian's were decidedly a gentleman's year, and so many of them were within the mystic circle which knew of the great Fyfield trial, that Teddington cost the Ring something like £150,000. Voltigeur's, on the contrary, was a "gentleman-gentlemen's" year, as valets and coachmen won so immensely; while Little Wonder's and Merry Monarch's were the greatest triumphs the Ring has known. Mr. Howard might almost have

broken it with Virago, for the triple events of the Great Metropolitan, Suburban, and Chester Cup, if he had not taken two ten-thousand books at Shrewsbury about them, before the year was out; and thus given an inkling of the secret to the Chester handicapper, though certainly not to the world. The match which has of late years produced the heaviest post-betting was that at Newmarket, in 1849, between Beehunter and Clincher, which appropriately ended in a dead-heat. The term "hedging" has been quite superseded by "laying off"; and we had, in fact, quite forgotten it till we saw it stated in the papers lately, by a clergyman, who did not answer a question on doctrine as the Bishop of Exeter exactly liked, that his lordship addressed him to this effect: "*You are hedging, Sir; you are hedging!*" Enough was heard about it in 1843, when old John Day took such liberties with Gaper for the Derby and Lord George made him cry out "*Perquavi*" to some purpose when he got him writhing in his vice. This is, in fact, the most memorable instance of "hedging" on record, and the ancient rupture between the parties left it no small flavour. "Honest John," from a firm conviction that the horse could not stay, had offered £15,000 to £100, and £10,000 to £100 against him, as he was journeying by rail to Newmarket, and was snapped immediately by a "commissioner," who happened to be in the carriage. Lord George's faith in his bay continued unabated to the last, and he took £16,000 to £2,000 about him not many hours before the race; and hence Day was glad to come to terms with him, and lost £3,000 by meddling with the "sky-blue," though his balance on the race was a favourable one.

Since the abolition of the betting-houses, which dealt an immense blow to the Ring by cutting off the supplies which dribbled in through them from all parts of the country, and so found their way to

the Corner, Mr. Davis has occupied a much less prominent part in the eyes of the public; and he has, in fact, almost ceased to make a Derby book, and confines himself to post betting. He has made one so high as £100,000, but now he scarcely pencils a Derby bet till a fortnight before the race. He says with truth that he has lost all his money on the Derby and Oaks, while on the St. Leger and at post-betting he is uniformly lucky, and a great advocate for the abolition of the P. P. system. We believe that he made his first bet of half-a-crown at the Silver Ball in Chancery Street, Gray's Inn Road, about fourteen years ago, when he was in Mr. Cubitt's employ. A long time elapsed before he entered any public betting-rooms, but he simply joined the noisy outer circle, laying generally a point or two more than were obtainable inside. When he began to be a man of mark, this difference was soon taken copious advantage of, and in self-defence he went within. His first heavy hit is said to have been for £12,000 over The Cur for the Cesarewitch. Hotspur's not winning the Derby made a difference to him of some £50,000, and Barbarian's failure, of nearly twice that sum. The Londoners also backed Voltigeur to such an extent with him, that nearly £40,000 was paid over his list counter alone about "the lusty Richmond stallion." He was also hit heavily in 'Ted-dington' year, and the £15,000 cheque which he sent Mr. Greville the morning after the race, stamped him at once as a very mine of Peru. Mrs. Taft and Truth were great pulls for him that autumn, and the public set the joint gain at £45,000. After his winter Derby deposits came in, he was supposed to have entered on in his 1852 campaign with £130,000 at the Westminster Bank (whose heads would, as the story ran, rise to accommodate him at any hour of the night!) but on this as well as every other calculation, "be the same more or less" must be the

conveyancing motto ever present to the reader's mind. He resembled, in fact, Captain O'Kelly in his zenith, who, when he was asked, after taking a heavy bet, where his estates lay, responded that, "By the powers, I hev the map o' them about me," and produced a perfect roll of Bank Notes; or the old miser near Doncaster, who went to a great land sale in his filthy rags, and a hay-band round his waist, and astounded the auctioneer, who wondered where the deposit was to come from, by holding up a £100,000 Bank Note (one of the few ever made), and saying "*Here's the cock; I've got the old hen at home!*" Henceforward, the tide of ill-luck always flowed steadily against him at Epsom. Daniel O'Rourke is said to have cost him £30,000, as he had been duly "got" at 100 to 1. Catherine Hayes cost him about the same, and West Australian £48,000, of which £30,000 went in a cheque to Mr. Bowes. At Chester, in 1852, he was fairly beset by the infatuated backers of Nancy; and there he stood, while they almost fought who should first thrust their £5 notes into his hands, and see themselves pencilled down at 55 to 0. Although, perhaps, not abstractedly a great judge of a horse, he has a capital eye for finding out when they are in trouble, and keeps betting on till they are some twenty yards from the post; and if it is a very near thing, after they are past it. Teddington was a horse he never liked to be against, after the Derby; but he is, perhaps, more disposed to back riders than horses, and is very liberal with them at times. Fordham, or "the kid," as he always terms him, is his favourite, and he very frequently declines to lay against the horse he is to ride; and other men in the Ring have a like fancy for always backing Quinton. His constant habit has been to come to Tattersall's after the Derby, however great his losses, and pay on the Monday, instead of waiting till the conventional settling Tuesday; and while

his lists were in force, he returned every night from Newmarket to attend to them, and provide the needful for paying next day. In fact, all his dealings have been based on the "broadstone of honour," and conducted with a business-like precision such as we may almost in vain hope to see again. We never remember his nerve failing but once, and that was when Bon Mot won the Liverpool Cup. He was just beginning to fire heavily into this strange 3,000 guinea impostor, when he found himself compelled, in consequence of a nervous head-ache, to close his book and sit down, and, as luck would have it, he won £3,000, instead of losing nearly twice that amount. His philosophy was reported to have been most severely tested in 1850, when he had laid very heavily against Canezou for the Goodwood Cup. On that day, Cariboo was declared to start merely to make the running for Canezou; but he went so well, that it was all Charlton could do to pull him up in front of the Stand, in order that Butler might win with the mare.

With the history of the Ring battalion we have nothing to do. Recruits come in from every rank and every place; but the Ring is not in so healthy a state as it was ten years ago, and far below what it was in the ten-year cycle before that; and welchers, regardless of pumps and mobbing, begin to wax rife in the land. Those who have seen members of this fraternity hauled out of the Ring at Doncaster, when even the massive Leadbitter, the only man whom we ever saw really manage a crowd, was no tower of strength to them, can judge of the full meaning of the expression "falling into the hands of man," especially when the Timour Mammon is in the question. The rush on the helpless Stock Exchange intruder, when the pack are cheered on by the "*Who wants to buy five hundred per cents.*" tallyho, is merciful in comparison. At Newmarket



the thing is done more neatly, as about forty couple of groom boys resolve themselves into merry haffriers for the nonce; and if the hare is started half way across the flat, his coat and waistcoat are fluttering wildly in the breeze, his handkerchief has been made a leading rope of, and his hat a foot-ball, long before he finds a peaceful hermitage in some back alley of the town. The Catterick clerk of the course, hearing of the motley crowd which had shown at Lincoln, is said to have considerably provided some stout labourers and a tar-barrel for the special benefit of the welchers at his recent meeting. Although we cannot coincide in his views, it is still to be regretted that there is not some conventional ordeal to which such gentlemen could be consigned; and we often think how one Moore, the unworthy incumbent of the "Suffolk Curacy," dedicated a book to "Duke Humphrey," and was then entirely lost sight of by his old college friends, till one of them espied him slung up in "*the basket*," for not paying his bets at a cock-pit.

Savage as they may be at the sight of a welcher, the Ring men, on the whole, are creatures of fine rough impulse, whenever it is called forth. Few men are more charitable if a case of real distress comes within their notice; and we have known one of them pay £200 to take a man, who had no claim whatever on him, out of jail. It was also only this year, too, that one of them received a letter from a breeder, soon after a colt he had purchased from him had won a race, to remind him that a £100 contingency had become due. His answer was simply to the effect that there must be some mistake, as he had promised £150, not £100, if ever the colt won; and a cheque for the larger sum was duly enclosed. Ring jokes are unique, and those who have heard the popular stories of "*the gilded watch*," and "*Jenny bring the sledge-hammer*," well know what quaint humour can

make out of slender materials. They delight in perverting names: Il Penseroso and Springy Jack became Bill Spencer the Grocer and Elastic John; and Graculus Esuriens seemed to have his nomenclature altered as each Monday came round. Paying in copper was a freak which delighted everyone amazingly, except the victim, who went scouring off in a cab up to his knees in the baser metal; and so did the sundry speculations as to the height of The Trapper, who ~~was~~ such a giant, that young John Day solemnly assured Nat, as he was saddling him for the St. Leger, that he "had ordered a pair of steps in the town," and that they would be there directly; and added, for his comfort, that Dr. O'Toole would "very probably run slap under him if he got in front." The whereabouts of The Reiver, the long or short O in Iliona, and all such strange things were also worked in their turn. Their ~~riches~~ is unrivalled; but their reports are perhaps rather rough and ready than neat. We never heard any of them rival the poacher who sauced the late Bishop of Carlisle (when he told him who he was, and asked him how he dared to pick up a hare on the Rose Castle grounds before his very eyes), with "*You're the Bishop, are you? and a devilish good place, too; MIND YOU KEEP IT.*"

Between the owners of horses and the Ring there never will be any very perfect understanding. The former consider that they may milk and scratch their horses if it suits their book, or start them purposely short of work; while the latter and the public look pretty much upon the horses as their own property as soon as the acceptances are made. In fact, it is a battle of kites and crows; and it is matter of observation that those who are the most unscrupulous themselves are always the most stern and talkative moralists when their own interests have been thwarted. Lord George Bentinck gave the turf a serious blow when he dictated to the backers of Elis the only

terms on which he would allow him to start for the St. Leger. Hence his copyists have been "legion," and many a horse has been sent home because the owner has been forestalled, and cannot get any one to lay him the original odds, in spite of his thumbcrew, to a £5 note. Not a few of the Ring have horses, or an interest in them; but out of the 800 men (including Lord Jersey, the father of the turf, and the other 66 members of the Jockey Club) who declare their colours, not more than 220 run them in their own names. A *nom-de-guerre* in sporting used to be principally used by University men when a steeple-chase or a boat race required them to dare the anger of proctors or anxious relations. It was rather frowned on by racing authorities in "Mr. Gordon's" case, but they have become as plentiful now as "spots" were after Voltigeur's victory, or "garters" in later years, among the list of race-jackets, and at least a dozen peers and commoners adopt this very ostrich-like idea of secrecy.

As regards the *morale* of the Ring, it must be allowed that speculation is a normal vice in man, and that the world, with its usual unfairness, will persist in frowning on it when it is applied to horses and dogs, and smiles complacently when it views it in connection with "bulls" and "bears." The very men who gamble without scruple in time bargains and lives, would think their credit as fathers of families compromised if they were known to bet on a horse-race. Still, while we point out this inconsistency, and believe that the turf would sicken and droop without betting, as completely as commerce and business without speculation, we cannot but deeply deplore that men with ample means will not consider such a noble sport quite amusement enough of itself, without the extra stimulant of "the jingle of the guinea." We do so more especially, because, as long as those who ought to be considered its leaders

will make a business of the odds, instead of occasionally backing their fancy, it is impossible that they can exercise that healthy influence which the turf so much requires to raise its tone, or speak with any real weight and authority. Looking at the system of betting generally, not five men in twenty can afford to lose, and certainly not one in twenty afford to win. This may seem a paradox; but few men, unless they have a very large fortune indeed, can take betting quietly. It can't be done. A young man drawing his first winnings is like a tiger tasting his first blood; he seldom stops again till he is brought to a dead-lock as a defaulter: the finer the fleece, the more the rooks (who began their career as pigeons) come about him; his visits are extended from a few afternoons to weeks after weeks of race-meetings, and the mind becomes untuned for everything else. The Legislature knew this when they stepped in, and smashed the deposit system in the list houses. It may be a very Arcadian notion, but still we hold that, to really enjoy sport, a man should never go on to a race-course more than thirteen or fourteen picked afternoons in the course of the year, and never bet a penny.

The great list era, and all its attendant Ripe-for-a-jails, as *Punch* termed them, began with Messrs. Drummond and Greville, who "kept an account at the Westminster Bank," in 1847. Up to that time, "sweeps," where every subscriber drew a horse for his ticket, had been amply sufficient to satisfy the popular thirst for speculation on a Derby or St. Leger eve; and, although in one instance we ascertained that our ticket horse was a leader in a Shrewsbury coach, instead of being "prepared," it was satisfactory to know that there was at least fair play. Stimulated by the example of D. and G., the licensed victuallers took it up—and a nice mess they made of it, with 10,000 "pictures," &c.—till the licensing magis-

trates stepped sternly in. From 1850 to the end of 1853 the listers were in their glory; and at one period about four hundred betting-houses were open in London alone, of which, perhaps, ten were solvent. Among these proprietors, Mr. Davis never laid the odds to less than £1; one or two others adopted 10s. as their limit, and some 5s., while not a few would do the odds for a lad at 6d. Their odds were generally very liberal, and we never espied a real mistake but once, when a first-rate office laid 8 to 1 against Teddington for the Ascot Cup a fortnight before the race! In York the system never thrived, as the Tykes generally knew too well what horses were in work; but in London, for instance, at least 100 out of 150 Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire horses would be fancied, and thus the proprietor could always get round. Even the appearance of a horse with 200 to 1 against his name did not deter the adventurous, as the luxury of the bare thought of such a haul was too much to withstand. The wild fever among the houses on the Saturday night when Hobbie Noble "came" for the Cambridgeshire, was such as we can never forget. Every lister seemed to be rushing wildly about, as if some great and long pent-up revolution had burst forth at last; and near the Piccadilly Circus especially, that favoured haunt of the Ring, the delirium raged furiously. The rise and fall of the odds on the eve of a great race were such delicate operations that the listers had outlying picquets watching at each other's shops, to give instant intelligence if there was a commission to skim them. The news flew like wildfire from house to house, so that a commissioner often found the odds altered long before he had half finished his rounds. They had also paid spies among the railway porters, especially at the Eastern Counties, to tell them what horses were put on to the boxes for Newmarket there; but the "velveteens" had but little notion of their

business, and when one of them had spent all his dinner hour and fifteen shillings in cab hire, rushing about to his employers, to tell them that Vermuth and not Aphrodité had gone down for the One Thousand Guineas, it turned out that the little groom had only been quizzing him. These little episodes were of constant occurrence. A London chambermaid happened, in the fulness of her heart, to tell an old gentleman that she had won £8, like a true-hearted lass that she was, by backing Daniel O'Rourke (because he came from her own county) for the Derby, and her confidante instantly wrote to the *Times*, demanding to know if his dressing-case could any longer be safe near such a dangerous maiden. There was the metropolitan beadle, too, who backed Ninnyhammer at £5 to 5s., and spent a most restless Sunday before the Derby, in consequence of some one stealing his list ticket for a joke. Little did the charity children know what an agitated but yet "noble sportsman" preceded them, cocked-hat on head and staff in hand, to church that day! Then there was the widow, who would have had to apply to the parish for a coffin for her groom-husband, if she had not found a £100 winning Glauca ticket in his corduroys, and got some "friend" (who, first by persuasion, and then by bullying, tried to make her believe he was to "stand in") to give a hint of what it meant. To show the hold that this epidemic took on the lower classes, we have heard that a poor man, when he was asked for his child's name at the font, gave the minister by mistake a betting ticket with "Springy Jack" on it; and a Yorkshire gamekeeper showed us, in that very year (1848) three tickets on which he had expended three guineas for the St. Leger alone! He had withstood three poachers, and fought with his teeth when they disabled his arms; but the list lure was too strong for Sampson, and his wife seemed equally infatuated on the point.

The system had become so complete by the extension of the telegraph wires to the race-course, that owners could be backing their horses in London and the enclosure at the same time. A great Northern trainer had, in fact, two horses, both in two races at York, on one afternoon; and about twenty minutes before the first came off, he received a telegraphic message, which showed him that his town commissioner had backed the wrong horse very largely for that race, and he had only just time to get ~~the~~ other from the stable and send it to the post. The list-houses still do a strong business; and certainly, as long as they do not take deposits (?), they have quite as much right to pursue their calling as Tattersall's, where, under this new act, no one can be called on to "cover." Still the bill of 1853 has done its work, and the fatal facility induced by the open deposit system is nipped in the bud. Inspector Brennan and his cohorts no longer produce piles of betting tickets as the sad results of their station-house search, and those who merely regard the turf as a pleasant pastime on an occasional holiday afternoon, are spared the shame of hearing that another poor fellow has had to rue the day he ever saw or read of it—amid the mint and rue of the Old Bailey.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MR. KIRBY AND THE FOREIGNERS.

“ Loud roar the dismal breakers,  
 Loud shrieks the wild sea-gull,  
 Round barks with golden cargoes  
 Of thorough-breds from Hull :  
 High-blowers, cracks, and weedy ones,  
 As slow as any man,  
 From whose pyramids of forfeits  
 Their owners cut and ran.”

FOREIGNERS do very little in the way of young blood stock, but confine their attention almost entirely to mares and sires. They are much more particular about blood than they used to be ; and taking them as a nation, the Germans are most knowing on the points of a horse, and as the stud-grooms phrase it, “ *want no telling.*” Baron de Maltzahn, of Vollrathsrah, in Mecklenburg, has about 160 brood mares, including half-breds, and he is quite as learned on stud pedigrees as ever Porson was in Greek roots. Count Wladimir Baworioski, of Polish Galicia, has also an enormous stud ; and Count Hahn, of Schlop Basedow, Mecklenburg Schwerin, who first sent Turnus to England, has exported some of our choicest stock, among which Grey Momus, Figaro, and Black Drop were not the foremost. Baron de Biel, of Zierow, Mecklenburg Schwerin, is also a great stud-owner, and he may be said to have been the original Jenner who inoculated the dwellers in Fatherland with such a yearning for our thorough-breds. One



of these continental Bentincks is a great iron-master—so great, in fact, that when he intimated to his Government, during the troubles of 1848, that he intended to close his works, they replied that if he did not carry them on they must, or the revolution would sweep works and Government away together like an avalanche. Among the most constant attendants at our race-courses, season after season, is a magnificent twenty-stone German, connected, we believe, with the leather trade at Berlin, and, without exception, one of the very finest judges of racing that ever set foot on Newmarket Heath.

They are not very particular as to the colours of the sires, but are rather prejudiced against chesnuts, especially if they have much white about them, although Count Henckel did not let this stand in his way when he took a fancy to Ephesus. Dark bay mares suit them, but they prefer black-brown if they can be got. At one time the Russians had an immense fancy for greys; but they ceased to import them, in consequence of the complaint of Hetman Platoff, that his officers, who always rode them, were much more liable thereby to be picked off. France has imported a considerable number of sires since Diamond, the great match opponent of Hambletonian; and Lottery, Tarrare, The Emperor, Inheritor, Brocardo, Auckland, Assault, Nunnyskirk, Gladiator, Prime Warden, Sting, and Physician are well-known names in her stud-book. In addition to those we shall mention in their place, and countless others of lesser note, Cetus, Chateau Margeaux, Margrave, Glencoe, Riddlesworth, and Buzzard are naturalized in America; Hungary claims Conyngham and Recovery; Russia has Wanota, Coronation, Jereed, and Van Tromp; Austria boasts herself in Cardinal Puff, Clincher, Chief Justice, and Old England; Prussia followed up her Woful purchase with Brutandorf, Elis, and Mundig; while Germany purchased Taurus twice over, and has not a few scions of The

Nigger, Wolfdog, Sheet Anchor, Rockingham, Glaucus, Augustus, Erymus, and St. Nicholas in her stalls : The Colonel was repurchased from them, but for very little purpose ; and Euclid and Attila both died on shipboard. A great number of our blood horses also go to the colonies, and about a hundred of them have landed at the Cape alone during the last fifteen years, many of them with pedigrees a foot long, but sadly unsound outcasts withal. In its paddock list we find the names of the symmetrical Battledore, Middleham, Fancy Boy, Evenus, Traverser, Misdeal, Gammon-Box, Sylvan, Gorchambury, Mr. Martin, Cockermouth, &c. The Cape turf is said to have reached its zenith under Lord Charles Somerset ; and the late Sir Walter Gilbert bore high testimony to the style in which the Dragoon Guards, weighing on the average about twenty stone, were carried through their long marches by its hackneys. Unhappily, the present colonists do not pay such a high price, or import nearly such good horses as they used to do ; and the Mynheers "cultivate assiduously many of the continental prejudices regarding colour and marks, and are particularly solicitous about small pointed ears, a pretty head, and peacocky carriage ; legs and feet, strength and substance, being minor considerations."\*

The Russians, who were once among our largest customers, turn their sires out of the stud at twenty-three, thus virtually following the spirit of the Celtic triplet which says that "Thrice the life of a horse is the life of a man," and so on to stags and eagles in geometric progression. Mr. Kirby, of York, who is the oldest living exporter of horses, did a great business with them for about half a century. This wonderful old man first set foot at Cronstadt in 1791, when he was little more than twenty-one, in charge

\* *Sporting Review*. March, 1856.

of a string of horses, which a speculative Market Weighton brewer sent out at a venture, and repeated his visits till he was nearly sixty, bearing with him on his dreary three-weeks voyages the choicest blood of Yorkshire. As his business increased, he generally chartered a vessel there and back again, and on one occasion he took out no less than forty-two in the *Mary Frances*. They were stabled in the hold on the ballast-sand, and each of them was allowed a stall of six feet by four and a-half, while the whole space devoted to them was seven feet high, and well ventilated through the hatches. What with stall fittings, corn, hay, straw, water-casks, and freight, they each cost about £10 on the voyage. He only lost one of them at sea during the whole of his journeyings; but as if to make up for it, fourteen were drowned in his sale stables in one night, by a sudden inundation of the Neva. These were not his only perils on Russian soil. He had once scarcely bedded up a lot for the night, after their walk from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, and written circulars to his principal customers, who, like the Emperor Alexander, were wont to convert his stables into a sporting lounge, than he received notice that the Emperor Paul had ordered all the English ships to be seized. The fact of his being a well-known character in Russia saved him from being personally annoyed as his countrymen were; but still he felt so apprehensive lest his horses should be confiscated, that he determined to sell everything off at once. Accordingly he asked Count Rotoschpin, who had been betimes at his stables, to make him a £300 offer for Brough, if he knew of any one who would buy that horse and ten out of the eleven mares in one lot. "I know a gentleman, or at least one who calls himself a gentleman, that Count Koutightsoff, who'll take them!" was the rejoinder, and to him Mr. Kirby accordingly went. The Count asked him their names,

and ordered him to go home and bring a list with the prices marked. As he somewhat suspected how it would be, he returned with a list headed with "Bay horse Brough, £500." "The mares are culled ones, I conclude," said the Count, as he glanced at the list; and then, pointing to Brough's price, he added, "I'll give you that for the whole eleven, or I'll take them to-morrow for nothing; take your twenty minutes to think of it:" and with this he left the room. Punctual to a moment, he reappeared in full uniform, and sardonically inquired of Mr. Kirby if he liked his offer. "I should be cheating myself, sire," replied the representative of all the Tykes at the Court of St. Petersburg; "I should not clear my expenses if I took your price." "And you're trying to cheat me, you English rascal; I'll pinch your ear for it"—was the fierce rejoinder. Remonstrance was a dangerous game; so Mr. Kirby sorrowfully led the eleven, as he was directed, to the Emperor's stables, and received Brough's price for the lot on delivery. One mare, sister to Hambletonian, had not been included in the lot; and on the very morning that the news of the Emperor Paul's death brought smiles into every face except Koutightsoff's (who went flying across the Neva, not on Brough, but on foot in a grey peasant suit), Mr. Kirby sleighed five or six miles out of St. Petersburg to close with a nobleman who had been nibbling at her from the evening she landed. "Any news at St. Petersburg, Kirby?" was the apparently off-hand question which was put to him when he entered; and when he reflected on the nonchalance with which both his customer and his brother, who were seated at an early breakfast, received the news, he did not altogether disbelieve the rumour that the twain had with their own hands drawn the fatal scarlet sash the night before. With true John Bull curiosity, our hero joined in the privileged stream of Muscovites;

which flowed through the little room where the tragedy was enacted. The ex-tyrant lay where he fell, on a little sofa, in a morning gown and cap, with a face as black as a Mulatto, and the left jaw all awry and broken by a fist-blow from a third conspirator, who must have "blushed to find it fame." This private view was succeeded by a public lying-in-state, and the corpse, dressed in uniform with a blaze of orders on its breast, met the fierce gaze of its late subjects for three days and nights at the foot of the throne. Koutightsoff retained his presence of mind in money transactions to the last; and when Mr. Kirby gained an interview with him during the twenty-four hours which were allowed him by the police to set his house in order, he observed that it did not lie in his mouth to dispute the valuation of the man who knew better than any one in Russia what Brough was worth, and that he was therefore quite welcome to have him back for £500! Never was Yorkshireman so checkmated before.

The Emperors Alexander and Nicholas invariably smiled on Mr. Kirby, whether his country was in sunshine or in shade with them, and not only gave him four valuable rings, but granted him permission to emblazon the two-headed black eagle of Russia on the front of his white jockey caps. His racing days were over before the late Emperor visited Ascot Heath in 1844, or he would have taken care that his "chocolate jacket and white cap" should have been unfurled for the 'fray.' It has always been a subject of congratulation with him that the Imperial visit did not take place two years sooner, when his favourite Lanercost staggered in last for the Cup, which he had won so cleverly the year before. No light has ever been thrown on this sad transaction, except that when the horse stopped in his van for a few moments at the door of an inn between Leatherhead and Sunning Hill, a man in a sailor's dress jumped

in an apparently off-hand way on to the side of the van, remarking to another tar, "*Jump up, here's Lanercost; I never saw him before!*" and took a long survey of him. One of the pair is supposed to have administered some very powerful narcotic powder in his handkerchief, while his comrade took off the attention of the groom. The result was, that Templeman found him "as dead as a tar-barrel" in his hands, long before he had reached the Swinley Post; and in the course of the next month he completely changed colour.

But we have not told all Mr. Kirby's Russian adventures. After the bombardment of Copenhagen, and before Alexander separated himself from the Northern League, he found popular feeling beginning to run so high against Nelson's countrymen, that he deemed it best to come home. As there was not a chance of getting an ordinary pass under three weeks, he prevailed on Count Waroff (who vowed that he dare not ask such a favour for himself) to station him at the private door of the palace when the Emperor came out to parade his soldiers. He accordingly made his obeisance, and after a passing remark about his last lot of horses, he was graciously asked by the Emperor if he wanted anything, and informed that he might come to him on the parade ground when all was over. This was no easy matter, as the guards told him he was an "impudent Englishman," and ought to be "ashamed to show his face;" and one more delicately ironical than the rest persisted in following him, and taking care that he did "speak to the Emperor." "You must bring me good horses, Thomas Kirby, if you do go," was the only condition imposed upon him. The appeal of the red-tape Chamberlain against such a heretical proceeding as getting a pass signed and countersigned in twenty-four hours was quashed almost without a hearing; and punctually at the end of that time, he

was gliding out of Cronstadt, pass in pocket, in a Russian war frigate. As they neared Revel, they met Nelson's fleet coming out of it in three divisions, and Mr. Kirby was straightway elevated on to the poop by the side of the Russian Admiral, and interpreted to the captain of a British flag-boat the news, of which up to that moment he had been kept in the profoundest ignorance, that the Emperor had signed the treaty with Great Britain. This was the first intimation Nelson had of the fact, as the imperial courier had not arrived overland from St. Petersburg. On receiving the official confirmation of Mr. Kirby's poop story, he at once signalled to "send that Englishman on board," and accordingly "the Englishman" and his trunk were hoisted into his flag-ship, the *St. George*. During the two days that he spent under the shade of the Union Jack, he had no conversation with the "poor thing like a shadow," but merely watched him as he paced the quarterdeck. Still he was not forgotten; but was sent off free of expense by the *Speedwell* to Yarmouth, and kept his promise right faithfully to the Emperor by reappearing in less than three months at the palace, with a list of forty "culled ones."

The late Emperor was nearly as fond of horses as his brother, and one of his last purchases was a splendid black charger from Mr. Ashton, of Lincolnshire. He made a tempting offer to Frank Butler in 1842, to go over and ride and train for him; but fears of the cold climate, and his brightening saddle hopes at home, deterred him from taking it; and Henry Neale went in his place. The highest prices Mr. Kirby ever received from Nicholas were 2,000 guineas for *Van Tromp*, and 2,250 guineas for *General Chassé*. The latter was rather a compact, very good-looking horse, though a trifle too short in the neck and barrel, dark chesnut, with a light-coloured, high-set tail and mane. He was up to very high weights,

but his victories were the most bloody we ever witnessed, and in temper, as Mr. Kirby was wont to say, "the Emperor Paul was nothing to him." He bought him from Sir James Boswell in the winter of 1837, and shipped him as early as he could, in the ensuing spring, without letting him see a mare. In all his experience with horses, Mr. Kirby never spent a more weary four months than he did with this son of Actæon. His first owner's impression was that he "would not lead," but eventually his lad contrived to coax him from Gullane to York. He commenced operations with his new groom when he first walked him down a narrow lane near Walmgate Bar, and was kneeling on him and trying to tear him to pieces, when a squadron of labourers charged him with sticks and dung-forks, and made him loose his hold. No one but Mr. Kirby dared give him a ball, and his wild frenzy when he found himself hopped for the occasion was fearfully beautiful to see. As a last effort to sober him he was walked to Hull without his shoes; but foot-sore and tired as he was, he resolutely refused to do more than put his head out of the stable the next morning, so long as the crowd, who had been attracted by his turf fame, remained in the yard. When they were turned out and his eyes had been bandaged, he obeyed orders rather more readily; and as he chanced to hit one of his front legs against the step as he left the stable, he stepped so ludicrously high on crossing the stage to the vessel that he took very little note of it. Once more in the light he had another frenzy-fit, and was sadly uproarious all the voyage.

Mr. Kirby might well say, in the language of his country, "he was a *parlous* horse;" but we have been told that his old trainer, Fobert, has still a tender recollection of the days they spent at Holywell together, and had sent a commission to purchase him at something under a hundred, when war was pro-



claimed. Merlin was also one of the brilliant savages, and was obliged to be double-chained to the rack in the painting-room, when he visited Mr. Herring, senior, at Six-Mile-Bottom. His temper failed him when he was slung for a broken leg, and he made an early use of his liberty by killing his groom. The Bard, we believe, committed homicide once, if not twice; and Mundig is said not only to have meant well on a similar occasion, but not to have allowed any one to go near him for a fortnight. Una and Malton could hardly be got into a van or railway box; and Chanticleer took such a strange prejudice against the latter on a sudden, that it was found impossible to take him to Goodwood one year. There is also a story in Northamptonshire, to the effect that the celebrated fifteen-one "Candlestick horse" (so called from the guinea advance which was made for him upon his owner's 500 guineas reserve bid, according to the usual candlestick fashion, on the last evening of the club season at Pytchley) took offence at his groom's style of friction, and was only cleaned for several seasons by a series of judicious dashes with a besom. This horse was originally bought by Dr. Hill, of Hinckley, for a few pounds, as he stood ragged and forlorn from the Welsh hills, and tied to the rails in Leicester market. His new owner, who was no feather-weight, little thought what "a proud sea" he was bestriding, till he suddenly took the bit in his teeth, when he heard the music of the Atherstone near Hinckley, and carried him over the hills and far away from his patients to Loughboro'! However, a thorough-bred chesnut was made, some forty years ago, the scape-goat for all the troubles which the temper of his race has inflicted on men. His master was an eccentric squire, whose ire had been specially excited against the horse for not winning a race in which he had started dead lame. After a formal trial, the poor

wretch was sentenced to seven years' transportation, which was subsequently altered to imprisonment for life. . He was thrust into a loose box, and kept in perpetual darkness ; no straw was given him, his corn was interdicted, and just enough of hay and water to keep life and body together was handed to him through an aperture. No one cared or dared to interfere, and not until the old man died was the door opened and his victim allowed to wade forth, after fifteen months, into the light of day.

## CHAPTER V.

## NEWMARKET IN THE OLDEN TIME.

" 'Tis sixty years since." •

*Waverley.*

**W**E were lately killing a little time in a circulating library, when we stumbled on the biography of our greatest English entomologist, who died at the age of ninety. Making allowance therefore for infancy, he must, to judge from his published sentiments, have lived for nearly seventy years in an insect world of his own. The lamp of his zeal never waxed dim. A year or two before his death, he was seen trudging forth, with his lantern, into the wood behind his parsonage, to learn if the *Formica rufa* (red ant) really worked or shut up at midnight; and he was in perfect ecstasies, one afternoon, when he found a golden bug sporting on the window-sill. Half a century before, he had shown equally strong emotions when he discovered something of the same genus, "but new to me," on his stocking, at a little inn in Norfolk. A sociable gig-ramble of a month, which he had undertaken, through some of the eastern counties, with a friend (after whom he had christened several insects), caused him to be dressing there on that memorable morning, and brought him, on the evening of July 3rd, 1797, to the friendly portals of The Ram at Newmarket, up to which Lord Orford had driven his four stags in such hot

haste, when the Essex hounds ran their slot. The incidents of the visit are thus handled in his journal:—

“ July 3rd. Arrived at Newmarket 6 P.M., where The Ram, wide opening its ravenous maw, stood to receive us. We regale ourselves, after an expeditious journey, upon a comfortable cup of tea, and then take a walk to the race-course, as far as the stands. By the way we observe *Centaurea calcitrapa* plentifully. At some distance we see the Devil's Dyke, and, terrified with the prospect, retreat with hasty steps to supper. *Soham cheese very fine.*—July 4th. On going into the quadrangle of this magnificent inn, I observed a post-chaise, with episcopal insignia; it belonged to our worthy diocesan. On the panel of the chaise door I took a new *Empis*.”

Having thus violated the sanctuary of a bishop's carriage, and stowed their victim in the specimen-box, they seem to have taken a *detour* of two or three days, during which they slew a *Tabanis bovinus*, which had bitten the gig horse till it was covered with blood. Their next Newmarket entry is as follows:—

“ July 6th. Left Cambridge early. A little before eight we reach the Devil's Dyke: we dismount to look for insects, and find in vast abundance the *Scarabæus ruricola* of Fabricius, and the *Scarabæus variabilis* of Melsheimer. This unexpected success acted as a cordial and reviver to our spirits. Once more enter The Ram, and here breakfast; and after settling our new colony of *Scarabæi* in their boxes, set off again for Barton Mills.”

We carefully copied these quaint remarks into our pocket-book; and our reflections on them, as we strolled home, were on this wise:—First, we thought what a mercy it was these sages were not challenged for touts, and how very little the trainers would have believed in them and their mild explanations. Again, we felt not a little nettled that they should have passed through Newmarket when George the Third was king, and yet handed nothing down to posterity but a few enthusiastic reflections on its inns and its insects. Alas! they wot not, poor harmless souls! of the high-bred sportsmen and the sound-lunged

steeds, who had so often terrified their *Scarabæi*, as they galloped over that heath.

At the very time when this great beetle-digging match came off over its Bunbury Course, the Racing Club of the "little town in Suffolk" was in its very hey-day of renown. The ink with which Boswell had chronicled its glories was scarcely dry when he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson; and if the grave had not but just claimed him, the incidents of another five-and-twenty years might now have furnished him with ample materials for an additional canto. He would not have failed to sing how powder and pigtails were seen there no more, and how the solemn league and covenant, which was entered into and carried out on a perfect field-day of cutting and combing in the powder-room at Woburn Abbey, had wrought this wondrous change. The troubled state of the continent prevented the patrons of racing from roving away in quest of Parisian novelties and Italian skies; and hence the axle-trees of the Chesterford post chaises were seldom allowed to cool during seven months of the year. Nearly every trainer was a private one, and out of the three or four hundred nags who (until Robson introduced the eight o'clock plan) took their breathings at four in the morning and four in the afternoon, at least half were stout enough to be matched at high weights over the D.I., or enter the lists for a B.C. plate. Very few two-year-olds were then trained, but yearlings were at times called upon to exhibit, over their especial 2 fur. 52 yds. course on the Flat. Matching was the very heart-blood of the meetings, and when ten or twelve choice souls, each with the spirit of a Bedford or a Glasgow, met in earnest round the Club decanters, both jockeys and trainers knew that there would be heavy work cut out for them before dawn. Five harvest moons had waned since the merry heart and splendid presence of "George

Guelph" had ceased to enliven these revels. The Newmarket breakfast tables were no longer on the *qui vive* for the news of some fresh practical joke which had been played off by him at the Club overnight. No French Prince had now to be coaxed vigorously for twelve hours before he would forgive the royal thrust, which sent him suddenly over-head into the pond before its windows, as he bent forward to examine "*de beautiful fish of gold*;" and even Bow-street Townsend had ceased to look grim and discomfited, when the wags would persist in asking him, if he had "*found the door key*?" The royal string, with their lads in scarlet liveries, was no longer to be seen issuing out of the Palace stables, when Baker or Neale was in command, and streaming across the Flat, or up the Bury hill, in Indian-file; and a massive but finely-formed outline, in an over-coat with a fur collar, was no longer dimly descried at the ending post by Samuel Chifney, as he rode the trials at five o'clock, on a grey September morning. The bitterness with which some, who were all smiles to the Prince's face, commented behind his back on the running of Escape, had driven him in disgust from the spot, with a hasty vow that it should know him no more. Still his temporary desertion did not make the Heath a desert. Francis Duke of Bedford had upwards of thirty horses at the Valley, or Eight-mile Bottom, which, with the grandfather of the Stephensons as their trainer, and Samuel Chifney as jockey, nobly upheld the prestige of the "*buff and purple stripes*." Pratt had a large string of Lord Grosvenor's, at Hare Park; and there was, too, no mean cluster of trainers at the Six-mile Bottom. It was here that the Prince had his stud-farm, which with the house annexed passed as a gift into Colonel Leigh's hands, and became memorable in Mr. Hunter's day as the birthplace of the grey, Gustavus; and still later, of many a young scion of

the straight-thighed Partisan, whose *innamoratas* might be seen working at the plough, till within a month of foaling. In Newmarket itself, Sir Frank Standish's stable was among the foremost, and had, within the two previous years, nailed the plates of two Derby winners, and one Oaks winner, on its doors. Messrs. Panton and Vernon, too, not only resided and kept private trainers there, but the former was an equal enthusiast with hound and horn, and hunted a part of the Cambridgeshire and Essex countries. Although he had some good racers in his time, he always said that *his* Childers was the flying Abyessey-wood fox, who stood before the hounds for five-and-twenty miles without a check, and was pulled down, after running straight along the A. F., within a few yards of the weighing-house, as it strove in its death agony to rise the hill. Crockford purchased his estate after his death; but as yet the pale flabby features and white "hay-wisp-fashion" neckcloth of the great speculator were unknown to fame. The colours of Sir Charles Bunbury and Mr. Christopher Wilson, both of whom were in turn "Fathers of the Turf," not unfrequently caught Mr. Hilton's eye at the finish, and earned a still less-fleeting notice on the canvas of Stubbs. Ben Marshall had not as yet set up his easel, and Robson had not become the Leviathan trainer of Suffolk, but was engaged to Sir F. Poole, at Lewes, and waxing greater and greater after Waxy's victory at Epsom; Lord Clement never tired of looking into his own stables, where Hammond's Bank now stands; and Perren had the charge of Lord Barrymore's string. It is told of his eccentric lordship, that on one occasion he came forth on to the pavement in front of his stables, and collected a large crowd by roaring "O yes! O yes! O yes! who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" and then discomfited a bidder by

assuring him that "when I see such a horse I will be sure to let you know." "Hell Fire Dick," so called from his marvellous knack of getting horses on to their legs in half-mile and quarter-mile matches, trained for "old Q." at Queensbury House, where the Prince had been a constant dinner guest during the meetings. The old peer, with his three-cornered hat (on which point Lord Clermont imitated him), and his sharp aquiline nose and keen sunken eye, was then, both here and everywhere, owing to his extraordinary carriage and cricket-ball matches, &c., an object of the utmost interest; and he thought nothing of riding his pony right up to the best windows in the High-street, and ogling the fair maids and matrons within. His character for acuteness may be seen from the high place he holds in the following "Recipe to make a Jockey," which was handed about the coffee-houses of that day:—

"Take a pestle and mortar of moderate size :  
 Into Queensbury's head put Bunbury's eyes :  
 Cut Dick Vernon's throat, and save all the blood ;  
 To answer your purpose, there's none half so good :  
 Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient ;  
 The world cannot furnish a better ingredient :  
 From Derby and Bedford take plenty of spirit ;  
 Successful or not, they have always that merit :  
 Tommy Panton's address, John Wastell's advice,  
 And a touch of Prometheus—'tis done in a trice."

Newmarket has undergone endless changes since all these choice spirits exchanged minds on the Heath. The mind of the venerable waiter, on whose head no race-goer or villager could ever remember to have seen a hat, and the ghosts of the chaises which rumbled that seventeen miles year after year, past Bourne Bridge, may be soothed when they see the Chesterford line rank with grass and weeds; but this is the only "pull" they have. Time, that gentle innovator, has silently done his work in Newmarket, and in some respects, not for the better. The outline of the Club



buildings is the same, but the greater part of the Palace has been pulled down, sold, or converted into shops, and the Duke of Rutland is its only occupant. "Queen Jamie" had first built it for a hunting residence, and in 1647 the Roundhead sentinels hummed a surly hymn at its portals as they kept watch and ward for a fortnight over their captive King. Under their grim auspices the cockpit, in which James had so often delighted, quickly became desolate; but cocking from ten to dinner-time, races from three to six, and then to the cockpit again, was the summer order of the Merrie Monarch's Newmarket day. His time was divided between Windsor, Newmarket, and Winchester, and when nothing but a few blackened walls remained of the much-loved racing seat, his autumns were principally spent in hunting excursions in the New Forest. These royal visits to Winchester, on the site of whose ancient castle he laid the foundation of a palace, which Sir Christopher Wren had designed partly after the model of Versailles, did not lack his wonted retinue, who broke the stillness of the grey cathedral cloisters with their glee songs and their dances. The Duchess of Portsmouth, his most favoured mistress, furnished out of hand a house for herself; but Nell Gwynne had reason to sigh for her snug Newmarket "Nunnery," beneath whose roof Frank Butler died, and which was said to be connected in old times with the Palace by a subterranean passage. When the "Harbinger," whose duty it was to provide lodgings in a royal progress, arrived at Winchester, he marked the prebendal house of Dr. Ken for Nelly's residence; but that dauntless King's chaplain refused her admittance, and she was forced to seek lodgings elsewhere, until the more complaisant Dean Meggot built her a room at the south end of the deanery. Ken's holy courage met with its reward, even from the sovereign whom he had defied, and two years

later, and within one short week of his consecration as Bishop, he was summoned to administer to him the last consolations of the Church. On the very evening of the Sunday that he was consecrated (Jan. 25th, 1685), says Evelyn, "I was witness of the King, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, while about twenty of the great courtiers were at Bassett round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them. *Six days after, all was in the dust ;*" and great was the wailing at Whitehall and Newmarket.

About the close of the eighteenth century the town had no more earnest patron than the future Duke of Dorset, whose horses were under the care of Samuel Chifney. One Derby and four Oaks had already fallen to the lot of the latter; and although Pratt, the two Arnalls, Hindley, Dennis Fitzpatrick, and the then juvenile Frank Buckle were powerful opponents, he was universally looked upon as the first horseman of the time. In fact, with all his fond partiality for the brother who shared his triumphs, Will Chifney considers to this day that his father was a shade the superior. He was about 5 ft. 5 in. in height, walked about 9st. 5lbs. in the winter months, and could ride, if required for a great race, 7st. 12lbs. to the last. With the exception of Frank Buckle, perhaps no man was ever so exactly built for his profession. His science was, however, far from being confined to the saddle, and hence while he ceaselessly initiated his son Sam into all its mysteries, he took equal pains to instruct the elder brother William in the minutest details of training and stable practice. His own knowledge on these points was so great, that calumny soon marked him for her own; and the under-current of jealousy which was always steadily flowing against the Prince was not likely to spare his jockey. Hence

it was that the very year after he left Mr. Panton's service, and engaged himself to the Prince at a £200 salary, the Yorkshiremen made their venomous attacks upon him for his riding of Traveller and Creeper. This was followed up by the Escape affair in the autumn of that year (1791); but Chifney, conscious of his innocence, bore these attacks and their consequences with the utmost calmness; and when some eight years after, the far-seeing tykes again blamed his riding of Mr. Cookson's Sir Harry, he requested that gentleman to put up Singleton on the following day, and had the quiet satisfaction of seeing the horse beaten off again in a very much worse field. The malice of his persecutors tempted him in after-years to speak with his pen, through the pages of "Genius Genuine," the very same remarks as to condition, &c., which he had privately tendered to his employers after each of these races. His great theory of slack-rein riding, for which the Duke of Bedford had been so unmercifully teased at the Club parties, that he very nearly requested him to send in his jacket, was copiously treated of in this work, and the few following sentences may be said to comprise the kernel of his sentiments on the subject:—

"The first fine part in riding a race is to command your horse to run light in his mouth; it is done with manner; it keeps him the better together, his legs are the more under him, his sinews less extended, less exertion, his wind less locked; the horse running thus to order, feeling light for his rider's wants; his parts are more at ease and ready, and can run considerably faster when called upon than when he has been running in the fretting, sprawling attitudes, with part of his rider's weight in his mouth.

"And as the horse comes to his last extremity, finishing his race, he is the better forced and kept straight with manner, and fine touching to his mouth. In this situation the horse's mouth should be eased of the weight of his rein; if not, it stops him little or much. If a horse is a slug, he should be forced with a manner up to this order of running, and particularly so if he has to make play, or he will run the slower, and jade the sooner for the want of it.

"The phrase at Newmarket is, that you should pull your horse to

ease him in his running. When horses are in their great distress in running, they cannot bear that visible manner of pulling as looked for by many of the sportsmen; he should be enticed to ease himself an inch at a time, as his situation will allow.

"This should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and that you were afraid of breaking it.

"This is the true way a horse should be held fast in his running.

"N.B.—If the Jockey Club will be pleased to give me two hundred guineas, I will make them a bridle as I believe never was, and I believe can never be, excelled for their light weights to hold their horses from running away."

His name was so inseparably connected with this style of riding, that when Stubbs painted him on Baronet, he represented him sitting backward, as was his wont, with an apparently slack rein. It was the son who caused "the Chifney rush" to pass into an English proverb; but, although many affected to consider him a pedant, Paganini had not more complete mastery over a violin than the father acquired over a horse's mouth, however hard and unformed. This was strikingly proved in the case of Knowsley, at Guildford, whither, after being purchased by the Prince out of Yorkshire for one thousand guineas, he was sent to run for the King's Plate. This horse had run away with every jockey as yet, and therefore a large party of the Prince's friends came down expressly to see how Chifney would handle him. "*Take that silly gimcrack away, and bring me a plain snaffle,*" was his remark when they handed him a tremendous curb-bridle for inspection in the weighing-house; and then sallying forth, snaffle in hand, he not only went first past the judge with a slack rein, but repeated the feat on him shortly after at Winchester. He was as great on idle horses as he was on pullers of the Knowsley stamp; but perhaps one of his greatest triumphs in mouth-touching was when he rode Eagle. He had advised the Duke of Dorset to buy the horse from Sir Frank Standish, and run him for the King's Plate at Newmarket. When the two emerged from the rubbing-house, Sir Frank rode

up to the Duke, and advised him not to back the horse for a halfpenny, as no jockey yet had been able to make him do his best. Chifney had never been on him before; but he simply replied, when the Duke reported this speech to him—“*I’ll let Sir Frank Standish see whether I can get him out or not; and what’s more, I’ll neither use whip nor spur to him.*” The other jockeys were so fully aware of Eagle’s sluggishness, that they positively walked the first three miles and a quarter of the Round Course, and then came along as hard as they could split for the last three furlongs. However, these tactics did not answer, as Eagle could not withstand the masterly bit pressure which was at once brought to bear on him, and won a very fine race by a neck, without being touched by whip or spur.

If our old friends the beetle-hunters had chanced to turn their steps towards the Bury Hill, on that pleasant July evening, instead of taking a clerical *reconnaissance* of the Devil’s Dyke, they might have passed a merry cricketing group, in which Will and Sam Chifney were bearing a hand. Frank Buckle was then in the very prime of manhood; Robinson and Harry Edwards were only teething, and Sam Chifney still wanted some months of eleven. Will Chifney, who was two years senior to his brother, was thrice as active in all his ways and movements; and even at cricket, while the former might be seen indefatigable and hot-faced in batting, bowling, and fielding, the latter stretched himself lazily on the grass till his innings came round, and then made the pace so bad between wickets, that his scorer had generally a sinecure. The very different temperaments which even cricket practice elicited, had full scope under the rigid but ever affectionate tuition of their father; and while he carefully grounded Will in the rudiments of that training lore of which Priam and Zinganee were destined to be of such enduring

monuments, he gave Sam lesson after lesson in race-riding, from the moment he dared trust him on a pony alone. To leave the whip and bit, which he had handled so long and so worthily, in the hands of another S. CHIFNEY of his own teaching, was the great wish of his heart. Hence, as if with a melancholy foreboding that his child would soon be called to take his own place on the Prince's horses, he used to slip off with him into the stables when he was barely three stone, and after putting a racing saddle on to Kit Karr, Silver, Sober Robin, or Magic, show him by the hour how to sit and hold his reins. Aided by lessons of this nature, and constant practice twice a day in the gallops, Will had already become a very expert horseman; and while he was with the string at exercise, his father and Sam, one on his Heath hack, and the other on a pony, would mark out a 300 yards course under the cover of the fir clump on the Warren Hill, and run twelve or thirteen races in an afternoon. Every phase of finishing was compressed into the lesson. Sam would make the running; and then his father would get to his girths, take a pull, and initiate him into the mysteries of a set-to. These tactics would then be reversed, and Sam taught to get up and win by a head in the last stride, or to nurse his pony and come with a tremendous rush. The rush did not, however, supersede the favourite slack-rein system, which both the boys practised at with the most intense perseverance. Sam almost lived on his pony; and poor Dennis Fitzpatrick, who died in his forty-second year, from a cold caught in wasting, only six months before Chifney senior, used to look jokingly forward to the days when the father and son would challenge him right and left at the winning chair. "*By the Powers; it's not fair anyhow,*" he used to say, as he cantered past them when they were at this game; "*Buckle and I will be having Sam and SAM-SON down on us soon.*"

## CHAPTER VI.

SAM CHIFNEY.

"And Yorkshire sees, with eye of fear,  
The Southron stealing frofn the rear.  
Aye! mark his action well!"

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

THE autumn of 1799 brought with it Sam's thirteenth birthday; and as a lad of that age, who could still scale 4st. 2lbs., had not the chance of three Newmarket mounts a-year, his father determined to send him to his maternal uncle, Mr. Smallman, who was then private trainer to the Earl of Oxford, at Brampton Park, in Herefordshire. Although he was sorrowful enough, in his quiet way, at bidding good-bye to all at Newmarket, the little fellow looked eagerly forward to the rides on the "Welsh circuit," which his uncle held out to him. He buoyed himself up too with the hopes that the Prince's heart was still true to racing, and that he and his father would in due time share the Royal mounts. When the "Escape affair" happened, he was little more than five; but still the image of a handsome stout gentleman coming down, over and over again, to his father's parlour, with Colonel Leigh, and not only insisting on him and Will staying in the room while they chatted there, but often leaving a bright new guinea in their hands, was one calculated to haunt a child's memory for many a long day. With such

high hopes to cheer him, he took to riding for Lord Oxford with no little energy and success, and over and over again discomfited Dick Carr and the other leaders of the circuit, by "*waiting* till they had ridden each other to a standstill, and then *pouncing* on them at the post." His capital riding atoned to his uncle for his impatience of stable discipline; and his lordship's French butler, after receiving many a gallant heel-and-toe assault from him when he tried to put him out of his still-room, was fain at last to make peace with him on the same grounds. The Earl was a man who went strictly on John Osborne's principle, that "*if a horse wants sweating, you may as well sweat him for the brass*," and his numerous victories in 1800-1 so raised the reputation of Sam and Smallman, that the Prince engaged the latter as his trainer, and in 1802 again ranked among English turfites. His new training quarters were fixed at Albury Grange, near Winchester, and his stud consisted, hunters and all, of about sixteen. Sam accompanied his uncle thither, for a few weeks, and mounted the magnificent "purple jacket with scarlet sleeves, and gold-braided buttons, and black cap with gold tassel" of the Prince for the first time at the Stockbridge Meeting that year. Chifney senior was still one of the turf lions of the day, and hence there was no little anxiety among the Hampshire yokels to see his little son perform. Nothing could have been abler than his riding, but he was beaten a short head on a Fidget colt. That day was always pleasantly marked in his mind as the real and long-wished-for beginning of his riding career, and his favourite farm was christened after the colt's sire.

The brothers met next at the Grange, after a two-year separation, and it was settled that Sam should return to Newmarket, and be attached to the stables of Perrot, who was then in considerable repute as a trainer, and Will take his place as assistant to his



uncle. The Albury arrangement did not, however, last long; and the royal stud, after a short sojourn at the sadly small Old Pavilion stables at Brighton, was finally removed, under Smallman's charge, to Perren's stables, at Newmarket. Lord Darlington was at this time one of Perren's principal masters, and a Haphazard confederacy was entered into between him and the Prince, which shortly came to an end in consequence of some difference about a match between this horse and Dick Andrews, at Lewes. Chifney senior had still the Prince's riding, but Perren was enabled to give young Sam some mounts among his other masters, when an unfortunate outburst of indignation on the part of Will, who was now about eighteen, in the High Street of Newmarket, not only brought him for six dreary months within the bolts of the Cambridge jail, and broke off the connection between his family and the Prince, but induced the Duke of Grafton and several other leading owners of horses to withdraw their riding retainers from his brother. On the real nature and circumstances of this painful affair there is no need to dwell. The utmost that could be said of Chifney senior was that he showed a want of firmness. His riding fame in this instance was his bane, and it was hardly to be wondered at that owners should do their very utmost to secure the "first call" of him. Four out of the five concerned in it have passed away, and though the indignation of Will was only such as a lad of high principle had a right to feel when he considered that his father had been hardly dealt with, his wrath was unfortunately vented on one who was all only an involuntary agent in the matter.

Be it to say, that time soon applied its healing touch, and that the kind feeling and intercourse between Colonel Leigh and William Chifney were renewed before twelve months had passed away, and continued unbroken till the Colonel's death, in 1850.

Young Sam's patrons soon began to flock round him again; but his father's saddle career was over, and he quitted Newmarket for London in 1806, never to return to it. William Edwards had been riding for the Prince in the interim, but his heart was still with the Chifneys. A £200 pension was bestowed on the father, which descended to Mrs. Chifney in her lifetime, and is still enjoyed in a reduced form by one of his daughters; and when Sam had won his great New Claret victory, in the First Spring Meeting of 1805, on Lord Darlington's Pavilion, he bestowed on him the jacket which his father had sorrowfully "sent in" some two years before. This memorable race put the seal upon his boyish fortunes, as it was also the means of permanently bringing him into the Darlington riding. Pavilion was a fine dark-bay horse, without any white; but his private and public performances so little entitled him to cope with his opponents, that he was only quoted at 7 to 1 at starting. Three such animals had never before been stripped at Newmarket since the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Oaks, had become lustre-giving names; and here each of them, in Hannibal (W. Arnull), Sancho (Buckle), and Pelisse (Clift), sent forth its champion of the preceding year to join in a D.I. fray, the anticipation of which had fairly thrilled through turfites for many a month before. Sancho's fine size and rare performances, to say nothing of the fascination which attached to the great "Frank" of that day, brought him to 6 to 4, while Hannibal was at 3, and Pelisse at 5 to 1. Sam, who still wanted some months of nineteen, did not think that the trio were very far out when they asked him, as the starter drew them in line at the Ditch, if he had "come to look on;" but he patiently waited off, while Sancho forced the running, made his rush a little beyond the Duke's Stand, and astonished none among the thousands present more than Lord Darlington and

Perren, by coming in some two lengths first. Sancho could not have run to his form, as he easily defeated Pavilion afterwards in a 3,000 guineas match at Lewes, and was repeating the feat for the same sum, over the same course, when he broke down.

When Sam thus gained his first great laurels at Newmarket, he was not unknown in Yorkshire, as his maiden appearance on Knavesmire, in "Mrs. Thornton's year," had been signalized by a winning mount on Lady Brough, against their three great jockeys—Jackson, Clift, and Peirse. The slack-rein doctrines of his father had been so much sneered at by these Northern cracks, that he determined to support the honour of the family, and show them, on their own ground, that he could ride his mare in that fashion, and win. Accordingly (as the somewhat puzzle-headed turf reporter of those days remarks), "Young Chifney, in the last sixty yards, threw down his reins loose on Lady Brough's neck and flogged her, and afterwards held up his whip loosely to threaten her; by this she was thrown in with more precipitation, as it were head-foremost, and was thought to run no risk of the filly changing legs, which is sometimes the case from additional whipping." The tykes, who were very jealous of the honour of their jocks, did not relish their defeat at all; and when Sam informed his brother, on his return, that he could "*lick their heads off*," Will, with all that admiration of his father, and that true Newmarket contempt of provincial riding (which has received a considerable check for some years past), replied that "*it would be a shame, Sam, if you could'n't after such tuition as you've had.*"

Having thus fairly fought his way to eminence, Sam had the best mounts for nearly all Perren's masters, among whom Mr. Thornhill had just begun to rank. To his and Will's memorable connection

with this gentleman, as well as with Lord Darlington, we shall devote a distinct chapter, and merely dwell at present on a few of his best general performances up to 1826. The race he rode for Lord George Cavendish, on Florival, against Petronel, produced some very great riding on both sides, and Buckle had the mortification of being worsted by a head. In the Violante v. Selim, four-mile match, Sam was not so fortunate, as Selim gave in dead-beat, about a quarter of a mile from home. Although some of Buckle's best victories were gained on the world-famed mare Violante, he always felt a little sore when he won on her, as she ought really to have been his own. She had been at one time turned out of Lord Grosvenor's stud as useless, and was open to any purchaser at £50. Buckle heard this, and accordingly rode over to Hare Park, and told Pratt that he would have her at that price, and send for her in a day or two. Lord Grosvenor was told of this purchase in the interim, and felt so sure that if Buckle had looked over her and liked her, there must be more in her than had met his own and Pratt's eye, that he sent and begged him to give up his bargain, which he very reluctantly did. Selim was also celebrated in that day for more reasons than one, as his running in a sweepstakes, when Sam was not "up," was so suspicious that the Prince sent a peremptory message to his trainer, to the effect that the whole of his horses were *to be sold or given away immediately*. Reubens, on whom Sam had finished a very close fourth in a rattling finish for the Pan Derby of that year (1808), and whom Dan Dawson boasted that he had once "got at," was among the fifteen which went up to Tattersall's to be sold in the autumn, and eighteen years passed over before the Prince's *third* and last time of asking began. Chifney senior had died in London in the January of the preceding year. He was scarcely fifty-two when

his wife and six children followed him to his last resting-place in the city churchyard of St. Sepulchre's; but anxiety and illness had made him old long before his time. A more united family than the Chifneys, both in trouble and prosperity, has rarely ever been witnessed; and the consciousness that he would now be able to make a good May offering to his mother's slender domestic funds not a little nerved Sam's stout heart and hand, when he found himself cleverly winning the Oaks of that year at Tattenham Corner, on the eighth favourite, General Grosvenor's Briseis.

After this very unlooked-for victory, he quitted Perren's Stable, and the Epsom spell being once broken, he again won the Oaks in 1811, for the Duke of Rutland, on his very smart mare Sorcery, the first favourite. The successful five-years' connection between him and Perren was not severed by his departure, as in 1812 he became his son-in-law. It was now no easy task for him to go to scale under 8st., and his field of action was almost entirely confined to Ascot, Epsom, and Newmarket. He had a few mounts at York and Doncaster, for Lord Darlington, Sir Mark Sykes, &c.; but north of the Trent, he was always singularly unlucky, and during his long career, he only won twice at the former place, on Serab and Lady Brough, and once at the latter on Amadis-de-Gaul.

His early Oaks career was always as green and fresh as his nephew's, and in 1816 he won that stake for the third time on another first favourite, General Gower's Landscape; repeated the feat for Mr. Thornhill by a head on Shoveller, against Buckle on Espagnolle in 1819; and for General Grosvenor, on Wings, in 1825. The last-named mare—of whose son *Vates* thus spake with keen Derby foresight some eighteen years after †

"'Twixt here and the distance, great Caravan sings,  
Oh! that my mother would give me her wings!"—

was low and lengthy, and apparently so moderate that even her trainer, Robson, with all his acumen, thought her only fit to enter in a selling stakes on the first day of the meeting, and had arranged that Sam should ride the General's other filly, The Brownie. Will Chifney had formed a very different opinion of the relative merits of the pair, and got Mr. Charlton, the owner of the second horse in the selling stakes, to claim Wings for him, at 250 guineas. After the sale, he asked Robson to take her home for the night, and promised to send a cheque and a man for her the next morning. Something detained him till nearly every one had quitted the Grand Stand, and on passing through it, the General suddenly beckoned him to his side. "Well! Mr. Chifney," he said, "*you wont take my mare, will you? I want her to force the running for Brownie, in the Oaks, &c.*" "I will give her up, sir, only on one condition," replied Will, "*and that is that Sam rides HER, and not Brownie, for the Oaks.*" Will was pressed very hard to ascertain the reasons of his preference, but declared that they were based on nothing but his own idea of the two; and hence, finding that the mare would be restored on no other terms, it was settled that Sam was to ride Wings. Neither owner nor trainer trusted her with much of their money, but the race came off exactly as Will anticipated; Wings, who did not "leave her wings at yam" (as a Yorkshireman in after-years expressed it), winning a very splendid finish by a neck, while The Brownie was beaten off. "The Four-in-hand Club" turned out in great style this year, and Sir Henry Peyton had two sets of greys on the road. Sam's riding was no ordinary treat, and the patience with which he waited off, when Will Arhull jumped away at score on Tontine, and defeated Pastime

(who only headed Tontine 100 yards from home) in her turn in the last three or four strides, stamped it in the eyes of the Jockey Club as his very finest performance. The rare old General was in a great state of delight at his second Oaks success, and sent a splendid pipe of port from White's, as a present to Will, who comforted himself, as he sipped it, with the reflection that he could not have had Sam to ride Wings for him, and that no other disengaged jockey *could* have won on her. Unrivalled as Sam's "fiery rush" has always been, Will Chifney still says that his great races on the flat were invariably won before the horses reached the cords, and when the crowd knew nothing of it. As in the case of Wings, it was his innate knowledge of pace which enabled him, although seemingly beaten at the start, to steal up inch by inch to his opponents, and still have the materials of a rush left in his horse when they were close at home; and his riding of Bloomsbury and St. Francis were very brilliant specimens of this peculiar style.

At this period both brothers were fast approaching their zenith on the Turf, and well-known in the Thurlow country, whose staunch master, Charles Newman, in spite of the tempting proximity, could never be drawn into blending the gorse with the Heath. Sam was still on the right side of forty, and had won five Oaks and two Derbies, and was installed in one of the best houses in Newmarket. Mr. Thornhill's horses had been under his charge since the autumn of Sam's Derby year (1818), and Lord Darlington's horses came to his stables in the following spring. Will, who managed their training, refused every offer to enter into an engagement, but kept himself clear and independent of all employers, and stood what money he liked about the horses. Mr. Thornhill was often anxious to become Lord Darlington's confederate; but although he allowed Will to communi-

cate with him fully about his horses, his lordship had not forgotten his dispute with the Prince, and refused to run such risks again. The Prince, too, had not forgotten his old Chifney associations, when, with Mr. Delmè Radcliffe as manager, and William Edwards as trainer, he again appeared on the turf in 1826, and he accordingly selected Sam to ride Dervise for the Oatlands at the Ascot Meeting of the next year.

When his growing days were past, Sam was a trifle over five feet six inches, and fully an inch taller than his father, but considerably shorter in the legs and arms than his elder brother, who had nearly an inch the advantage of him in height. He was a large but still a light-boned man, and at the best of times a very bad waster. At eighteen, 7st. 7lbs. was the very lowest weight he could scale, and as he soon walked 9st. 7lbs. in the winter, 8st. 4lbs. became his nominal lowest weight. As may be imagined, the weary weeks before Epsom, Doncaster, and Ascot, when the foolishly low racing scale of that day invariably called upon him to boil two pounds more off his lean frame, were looked forward to with no very pleasurable feelings. Will was so fond of exercise, that he walked by Priam's side nearly the whole way to Epsom, while Sam loved the saddle quite as much because it was not walking, as for its own sake, and used to delay going into physic, and putting on the sweaters, till so near the day, that he invariably found himself sadly feverish when the task was done. Many were the exhortations which Will Chifney used to give Robinson and Harry Edwards (whom we can see sitting as of yore, after half his walk was done, on a corn-bin, enveloped in horse-cloths, with his quaint look and still quainter stories, and a cigar in his mouth), to take plenty of exercise in the winter, and to act neither winter nor summer as "that lazy Sam does." Both of them were large-boned men, who



stood in ample need of such advice ; but with all his exertions, the weeks before the Craven Meeting of 1837 were so cold, that Robinson could only just ride 8st. 7lbs., and Sam gave up his wasting in utter despair, about three pounds beyond it. His dislike of wasting did not, however, interfere with his regular masters ; but unless he liked the horse, he did not care to trouble himself for any one else, and by this indifference to his profession, he lost hundreds of mounts. He was, in short, not a little perverse on this point ; and when a riding retainer was offered him by Lord Chesterfield, who merely wished him to take the best mounts and leave the rest to Conolly, he declined it, and thus missed winning some of the finest prizes of the day. He had, however, gallantly earned his spurs many years before he flung this offer to the winds, and while he felt truly that his fame would not suffer from lack of mounts, he felt still less the necessity of laying by funds against an evil day. The term " Old Screw " unfortunately had no origin in his handling of money. Like his brother, Will was also far too easy and open-handed in these matters, and hence he has now to mourn over many thousands, which the short memories of losers and borrowers have deprived him of. " Pipes and Peace " was Sam's creed, and his constitutional indolence was so great, that he could often be hardly got on to the Heath in the morning to ride important trials, even when a favourite master like Lord Darlington was concerned. Once, for instance, when Memnon was matched for 1,000 guineas a side, against Lord Exeter's colt Enamel (whose Two Thousand Guinea victory caused his lordship and Mr. Tattersall to race by proxy into Devonshire, and knock up her owner at midnight to bid for the dam), he had arranged to meet his brother at the Ditch stables. For two hours did Will wait there with the horses, but no Sam; and he accordingly mounted the winner of the

St. Leger himself, and won the trial in a canter. "*A pretty fellow you are, to bring me back this way without trying the horses !*" was Will's remark, when he met his brother at his own stable-door ; and "*No, no ! that won't do, Will—I know you too well to bring them back without having it out of them,*" was the dry good-humoured response. The result of the conference was, that a good stake was put on Memnon, and Will won 650 guineas by his trial mount.

As might have been expected in a man of his temperament, Sam was slow to anger, and of few words. He was never happier than when sauntering along, gun in hand, and watching his favourite yellow-and-white pointer Banker, wriggling his stern down the stubbles ; and this silent system was much more to his mind than the "fast and furious" sport of which he and his brother often partook with Mr. Thornhill, among the pheasant preserves of Riddlesworth. He was a great cocker, and delighted in a breed of "Vauxhall Clarke" game fowls, which he kept at his seventy-acre Fidget Farm. This stud-farm was perfect of its kind, and situated about a mile and a quarter from the town, at the extremity of the Bury-hill gallop. It was here that he had a small planting, regularly fenced with wire, and laid out with artificial earths for his pet foxes ; and he would sit for hours in a summer evening, watching them come out to feed and play. Many a gallant bagman drew his breath in this little nook, and when Lord Darlington visited Newmarket (which he never did in the October meetings), he generally went on there, not so much to look over the young things, as to get a summer wind-scent of the "Charlies," to keep his spirits up till he could again throw his leather horn-belt across his shoulders, and again enter in his diary that the "*darling hounds behaved like jewels.*" If the two Chifneys were not well up with the "jewels" in some of their fastest things across the Bedale

country, it was not for lack of having the best mounts that his lordship's stables at Newton House, could afford; and they not unfrequently went on to stay at Raby, and look through the racing stables. Even Sam's phlegmatic nature enjoyed these Yorkshire outings quite as much, in its way, as his brother's more mercurial one; and it is on record that, though he had no pretensions to a voice, he would be worked up, at long intervals, into taking his pipe out of his mouth, and chaunting right lustily, in honour of those visited, the chorus of "*With my Ballymonoora—the hounds of old Raby for me.*" when it was once fairly set a-going in his little snugger, or in the chimney corner of his favourite inn. •

## CHAPTER VII.

## GEORGE IV.

“ Let the song that is borne on the echoes of June,  
 Whether sung by the Jones’s or Coxes,  
 Still have this loyal burden, whatever the tune,  
 A good King; Fleur-de-lis; and good foxes.”

IT is not our intention to give more than an outline of the frivolous, unsatisfactory scenes amid which the lot of “George Guelph” was cast, and which he only too readily sanctioned. The historian will take him as their reflex, and deal out a full and bitter measure to him, for all that vice, heartlessness, and flippancy which earned him his title of “Florizell.” Still, to give him his due, we are bound to mention, that the one man who had the best means of knowing, steadily maintained the belief, that the public sadly maligned a titled beauty, with whom his name has been so studiously connected; and that whatever might have been the pride he felt in seeing her grace his court, the two were never even alone together. We have now simply to deal with him in the one character, in which he pre-eminently shone, that of an English sportsman, and only regret that he had not ridden at least ten stone lighter. The Turf will always reckon him amongst its most devoted lovers, although it would be remarkably difficult to say from whom he inherited the taste. His father never did much more for it than give 100 guineas, to be run for annually by horses that had been hunted

with his two packs, and if the "ugliest woman in Europe" had fully understood what it meant, it is probable, that like the Glasgow Baillie, she would not have admitted a rocking-horse into her nursery, "just for fear o' the tendency." The Duke of York's devotion to it was scarcely less marked than his brother's; but the Duke of Clarence, on the contrary, although he retained the royal stud for a short time, and ("starting the whole fleet," as he expressed it), ran first, second, and third for the Goodwood Cup, with Fleur-de-lis, Zinganee, and the Colonel, in the very year of his accession, cared so little about it, that he was often seen to turn his back on the horses while they were running at Ascot. In fact, he liked George Nelson for his jockey more for the sake of his nautical name than anything else; and he was much more in his element when he went behind the scenes of Old Drury, and tied Jack Bannister's black handkerchief for him, before he rollicked on to the stage in his sailor part. This little act is exactly illustrative of the graceful and yet dignified *bonhomme* which the three royal brothers always displayed towards those about them; and there is very little doubt that nothing but rank jealousy of the popularity which the eldest acquired by it, caused a few turf rivals to join in that dead set which drove him in disgust from Newmarket. His maiden turf career lasted for some seven seasons, during which time he had several fair horses, Tot, Sir Thomas, Anvil, Hardwicke, &c., and opened somewhat inauspiciously on May 8th, 1784, when he was in his 22nd year. Hermit, 10st. 11lb., with 6 to 4 and Mr. Panton on him, had to strike the royal colours in a 50 sovereigns a-side match over the last mile of the beacon, with Surprise, 10st. 11lb. (Sir H. Featherstone); but jockeys were substituted for gentlemen riders in the second edition of the match, at the same weights and distance, that afternoon, and although the

betting veered round to 2 to 1 on Surprise, the former verdict was reversed! Uppark in Sussex was a favourite race-meeting in that day, and in addition to the Duke of Dorset and his brother, the names of Featherstone, Lade, Lake, Hanger, Delme Redcliffe, and Tarlton were never absent from its silken fray. A £60 Plate with Anvil over the D. I. in the autumn of his maiden season was the first race which the Prince ever won at Newmarket, and his stud, which then only consisted of four or five, rose in 1790 to forty-one! Chifney senior had only ridden for him about two seasons before the Escape affair, which took place in 1791. The sale of his stud at Tattersall's was delayed till Dec. 2nd of the following year, and then the twenty-eight lots produced five thousand guineas. Those who wonder now why the Prince nobly chose rather to leave the turf altogether than sacrifice his jockey, when Sir Charles Bunbury intimated to him that no members of the Jockey Club would make matches, or run horses in any stake where Chifney rode, are not aware of what occurred with Escape in the Ascot Meeting of that year. It would have been well if he had broken his fetlock in his yearling days, when he embedded it with a kick in the wood work of his loose box, and caused his astonished owner (Mr. Franco) to exclaim, when he heard the story of his extrication from the groom—"Oh, what an escape!" and to christen him on the spot. Soon after going into training he became a complete "rabbit" in his running—"in-and-out," and so delicate withal, that in spite of all Neale's care, he seldom kept his condition for many days together. To give a man such a treacherous brute to steer, and then to condemn him because he could not always win upon him, would, as the Prince felt, have been the height of injustice. In the Ascot instance, to which we are alluding, he had entered four horses in the Oatlands;

to wit—Escape, Baronet, Pegasus, and Smoker. Some five days previous to the race, the four were tried at the Oatlands distance and weights, and Escape, with Chifney on him, won easily by three or four lengths—the rest running in as we have named them. On the Sunday before the race, Chifney got a message from the Prince to meet him at the stables at four o'clock on Monday afternoon. The four horses were looked over, and Chifney, the moment the sheets were taken off Escape, begged the Prince's permission to ride Baronet instead of him. Both Neale and Mr. Warwick Lake protested against the change, and declared that the horse was never better; while Chifney as strongly maintained that he had lost his form so completely since the trial, that it was impossible to win with him. The Prince very soon settled the question, and not only decided that Chifney should ride Baronet, but added—"Whenever I have two horses in a race, I wish you, Sam, to ride the one you fancy most on the day, without consulting us about it." The race was a severe one, but Baronet won it, beating nineteen of the best horses out, while Escape was absolutely "nowhere." The King and Queen were present, with all their family, to see it, and were not a little pleased when the Prince told them the anecdote. Chifney's picture was shortly afterwards taken on this horse, by Stubbs; and Nimrod tells us in his immortal articles of "The Turf, The Chase, and The Road," that the print still occupied, in his time, the post of honour over the Old Club chimney-piece at Melton, though a generation of sportsmen had passed away, and the room had been three times papered.

With the remembrance of this stable scene fresh in his mind, it was no wonder that the Prince felt sure that Chifney would never play him false; and that Chifney, more sorry for his royal master than

himself, bore the temporary blasting of his riding hopes with such manly fortitude. The Prince was also endeared to him for his long and consistent kindness; and, in truth, none but those who knew that royal sportsman intimately, could at all comprehend the fascination which he exercised upon all who came in contact with him. No man knew better, and was more careful not to overstep the narrow line of demarcation between condescension and familiarity; and hence none, save and excepting the incorrigible dealer, Mat Milton, when he coolly proposed to him "the royal treat" on horse-back, dared to take a liberty with him,\* however great an opening there might seem to be. With Chifney he was peculiarly gracious, and he would often walk for hours with him on the Steyne, at Brighton, or beckon to him to come and sit by his side in his carriage. Music was nearly as much his Dagon a thoroughbred. He hung with delight over Wilberforce, who was in his earlier days the life and soul of York Races, and whose voice was as sweet and powerful to his own piano accompaniment, as when it had been heard and cheered to the cost of the Coalition Ministry, by assembled thousands of Yorkshiremen, from a platform-table in their Castle-yard; and no one regretted so deeply that he should have silenced his songs, for conscience sake. His German band is said to have cost him £7,000 a-year; and he used to walk round and round them when they played in private, and at times would take half a book with the leader, and join lustily in one of Handel's chorusses. The late Sir Henry Bishop once came to hear them, and did not care to be seen, as he was not in full dress; but the Prince merrily routed him out from behind a screen, where he was drinking in

\* Beau Brummell always denied, with the utmost indignation, the story of "*Wales, ring the bell.*"



the melody, and bid the band strike up "The Chough and the Crow" in his honour. The Pavilion might be said to be his head-quarters at this period, and "the voluptuous charms of her to whom he had in secret plighted his faith" were then well-known to every Sussex gazer. Those who still remember her there, when in the heyday of her beauty at forty, speak with no small rapture of her stately well-rounded figure, her deep blue eyes, and her long dark ringlets. She died in the March of 1837, faithful to the last to the memory of him who had shown himself so little worthy of her love, and only three months before "The Sailor King," with whom she was always an especial favoured guest whenever he visited Brighton. "Perdita" had sent The Prince a lock of her hair as a death-bed memento of the forsaken; and Mrs. Fitzherbert is said to have addressed some touching lines to him when his own hour was come, as from a wife offering her services to a sick husband, which he did not peruse without emotion; and she held the pleasant belief that he was buried with her portrait round his neck. Dr. Carr in a measure confirmed this report, when he was questioned by Mr. Bodenham, and replied—"Yes it is true what you have heard. I remained by the body of the King, when they wrapped it round in the cere-cloth; but before that was done, I saw a portrait suspended round his neck—it was attached to a little silver chain." Brighton will never see such picturesque Watteau-like groups again, as those which were then presented by the Prince's court, as it sallied forth from the Pavilion, for the evening promenade on the Steyne; the ladies with their high head-dresses and spreading "peacock tails," and the two Mannerses, Sir Bellingham Graham, and Colonels Mellish and Leigh, as their esquires. Nothing but a dark black-legged bay was in those days harnessed to the royal carriages, and they were all chosen with

the most scrupulous care by Sir John Lade, whose four bays and harlequin postillion liveries, formed a turn-out, very little inferior to those over which he held sway at the Pavilion stables. Sir John came of age in 1780, and his riches and extravagance in that year were so notorious that even Dr. Johnson wrote a poem on him, which he repeated four years afterwards with unwonted spirit to his attendants, as he lay on his own majestic death-bed. Croker's edition, vol. viii., p. 414, gives the seven stanzas at full length; and it is not a little quaint to find the great philosopher ironically exhorting the great whip of that day to—

“ Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,  
All the names which banish care;  
Layish of your grandsire's guineas,  
Show the spirit of an heir!

“ Loosen'd from the minor's tether,  
Free to mortgage or to sell,  
Wild as wind and light as feather,  
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.” &c., &c.

The best pen-and-ink sketch of Brighton on a race morning when the Prince was in his meridian, is given as follows in Raikes's *Diary*:—

“ In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests, and the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London. The ‘legs’ and bettors, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne, at an early hour, to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued, to await the opening of their books. They would come on perhaps smiling but mysteriously, without making any demonstration. At last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, ‘Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle and set us a-going?’ Then, if the Master of Buckle would say, ‘I’ll take three to one about Sir Solomon,’ the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd. I think I see him now, in a green jacket, a white hat,

and light nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person. He was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummell, M. Day, Churchill, and, oh! extraordinary anomaly! the little old Jew Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, followed in the train of royalty. The Downs were soon covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's German waggon and six bay horses (so were barouches called when first introduced at that time)—the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade—issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and, gliding up the green ascent, was stationed close to the Grand Stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner-time the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was furnished to a large party; while those who were not included in that invitation found a dinner, with every luxury, at the Club House on the Steyne, kept by Raggett during the season, for the different members of White's and Brooke's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James's-street were not forgotten. Where are the actors in all those gay scenes now?"

To get high-caste sportsmen round him was the Prince's prime pleasure. Few can forget his graceful introduction of General Lake to Mr. Lockley—that brave old rider, who seemed, like Lord Lyndoch, almost ready to eat the fox, and went so well in a run of an hour and forty minutes from Cheney's Gorse, though Ranksboro' Gorse and Whissendine, to Lord Harboro's, when he was upwards of seventy, that "The Squire" twice took off his cap in the middle of it, and gave him a rattling cheer. "General Lake, let me introduce Mr. Lockley to you; two men so eminent in their lines ought to know each other," was the "Open Sesame" of their evening's chat. Horses, and everything connected with them, were his idols; and no man had a finer eye for them; while the little Norwegian dun pony, which at one time would run about the rooms at the Royal Lodge, and sleep on the rug before the fire, was far more precious in his eyes than any dog. Hacks and hunters he never seemed to tire of trying; and hence the constant entreaty of Mat Milton the dealer, who used to spend hours with him in the stable-yard adjoining Carlton House, viz., to "throw

*your thigh over him, Your Highness, and you'll find him to be the sweetest goer you ever mounted,"* was invariably responded to. Hunting, to a man who stood not very much short of six feet, and latterly weighed more than 23st., was of course out of the question; but when he was able to don his blue coat with gilt buttons, and top-boots, and buckskins, after the fashion of the bucks of those days, he cared very little what Milton or anyone else chose to ask for a clever hack. It used to be a saying of the period in Brighton, that, heavy as he was, "he rode so well that he never soiled his nankeens," but the exact meaning of the remark is too deep for us. He was more fortunate than the late Mr. Thornhill (who was as nearly as possible his weight), and who gave up riding on the heath at Newmarket, "not because I can't get a horse to carry, but because *I can't get a horse to stand still under me;*" as his hacks, Tiger and Tobacco-Stopper, carried him to perfection. Of the former, when he was at last told that his legs were so unsafe, through age, that he was certain to come down with him, he remarked—"No, no! Tiger scorns to fall down" while the latter was, strange to say, the lightest horse below the knee in the whole of his stud.

Asparagus and Curricie did all that pluck and muscle could do under his weight, when he hunted with Mr. Villebois in Hampshire; and the Prince's Feathers are still preserved on the buttons of the H.H. When he gave up Kempshot Park, the Duke of Richmond's hounds were purchased and installed in the Ascot kennels, and the yellow-pied Minos was its most favoured occupant. Still it was towards race-horses and the Hampton Court paddocks that the whole current of his being seemed to set. Arabs used to be perpetually arriving there from Eastern donors, and one Bassora sent him a mare and sire of the Cœil Nugdy breed, with a certificate that the

blood had been preserved stainless for 300 years. Jack Ratford used to declare, on his honour, that he talked about nothing else in his sleep, and even his physicians said that "it was all—*horses—horses*—with him, by night and by day, to the very last." If he liked a racer, he was perfectly lavish as to price; and when, on his last return to the turf, William Chifney bid up Pucelle, the grandam of Virago, and then a brood mare, to 1,100 guineas, for Lord Darlington, at Lord H. Fitzroy's sale, he received a hint that it was no use going on, as Mr. D. Ratcliffe had instructions from the King to buy her at any price. Still he was not always able to get all he wanted, even in horseflesh; and the late Sir Powell Buxton, for reasons which he never cared to conceal, sturdily refused to listen to his 1,000 guinea offer for his park horse John Bull. He had one peculiarity as regards money—that he was most liberal with it *as long as he did not see it*. Cheques he would sign away to any amount; but if he had a fifty-pound note in his pocket, it was a bitter pang to him to spend five pounds of it. If he had paid the bills every Saturday night, those Carlton House banquets, which saddened the heart of Romilly as he sat and thought of the haggard and iron-bound fact of distress from Land's End to John o'Groat's; and the building of the Royal Lodge, which so roused the indignation of the press and the people, and brought down Mr. Whitbread, M.P., in a severe Hampden mood, all the way from the House of Commons to Windsor for a survey—would have very soon been discontinued, and peradventure the especial capabilities of Virginia Water would have been still unknown. As it was, these woodland haunts served to delight him when, as a great Edinburgh reviewer wrote to his friend, "he was fat, nervous, and lazy," and "arthritic tyranny" had acquired its deadly dominion over his limbs and spirits. The year after he returned to the

urf (1827), he renewed his acquaintance with the Chifneys, by his Dervise retainer to Sam, and followed it up by sending special messages to both of them, after Wednesday's races, to meet him at the Swinley Mile-post, and let him see Lord Darlington's Memnon, who was to take a gentle canter at four o'clock, previous to running for the Cup next day. When all the company had gone, His Majesty drove up to the tryst, with the Marquis of Conyngham in the pony phaeton by his side, and his factotum, Jack Ratford, on an Irish mare behind. Jack reigned supreme in the Royal household to the last, and many got an audience through his agency, who otherwise might have waited in vain. In earlier life he had been pad-groom to "Old Q," who insisted to the last that he should lead the horses about daily from twelve to three, in front of his house in Piccadilly, that he might still have the pleasure of fancying that he was going to take a ride. The King had well kept his 1791 vow, that he would visit Newmarket Heath no more, and from that time to the day of his death, he only once viewed its white ghost-like posts and venerable rubbing-houses, as he swept along the London road, after sleeping all night at the palace, in Mr. Douglas's time, on his return from a visit at Holkham. It was therefore with great difficulty that Mr. Delmé Radcliffe now got him to train his horses there, on representing to him that they got bruised at Ascot; but Jack had seconded the proposition with no little earnestness, as his heart yearned to bear his part in some Newmarket visits. Still, although the King chose to forget his gracious answer to the Jockey Club address at Brighton, in which they begged him to return to the haunts of his youth, and "earnestly entreated that the affair might be buried in oblivion," he felt an immense interest in everything that concerned the Heath; and when, on this occasion, Memnon had cantered past him, with Sam up, "he

rattled away with—" *Well, William, how are you all going on at Newmarket? How's Pratt? does he still feed his horses on potatoes? He's Irish, too, is my friend here*" (pointing with an arch look to the Marquis); and then, with a melancholy thought of old times, he added—" *I wish I was among you again, William; but I am very happy here; I've everything to make me so—I've my hunters, and my hounds* (motioning with his whip to the Royal Kennels), *and my racers again, and Virginia Water and The Lodge; but the old enemy*"—and he shook his head as he glanced at his large lace-boot. He had no idea of beating Memnon with Mortgage the next day, as the latter was a very middling animal, and was shortly afterwards turned into a hack in the Pimlico stables. Memnon also retired quite worn out before another Ascot Cup day; but at present the King was anxious to make a match between him and Fleur-de-lis, whom he had just purchased from Sir Matthew White Ridley, for 2,000 guineas. This idea came to nothing, as the Chifneys had never a very exalted idea of Memnon in his best day, and Lord Darlington was too good a judge to make a match when the horse was beginning to lose all form, with one of the very finest mares that ever looked through a bridle. But for her tumble at the Intake turn, it is very probable that she would have beaten him in the St. Leger; and as it was, she got so much in the way of The Alderman, who was gradually stealing to the fore, that Sam was obliged to chuck him up in his stride to prevent his falling over her, and only finished a fair second. The mare had had another tumble in running against Longwaist (for whom 3,000 guineas had just been refused), for the Silver Tureen, at Manchester, two or three weeks before the purchase, and the King was very desirous to match her against this crack as well. This subject, of course, was discussed, and the King declared that he would write

proposals forthwith to Mr. Nowell, for a 1,000 guineas a-side match, at Ascot, the next year. "*Sam, you shall ride her,*" he added, as that jockey got off Memnon, and joined his brother at the phaeton side. "Run them at Newmarket, your Majesty!" chimed in the ever-wakeful Jack; but "*No, no! William, they treated your poor father and me very badly; I won't run there,*" was all the response he received to his officious suggestion. Jack having thus thrust himself into the conversation, was made to furnish a little sport in his turn, and told to canter his mare. Away they went—the mare gaily cocking her tail, and Jack leaning forward in his stirrups, to the intense amusement of the four; and when he was fairly out of ear-shot, the King began with—"There's a nice mare—look at Jack, too, how he sticks himself out; he thinks he can ride quite as well as you, Sam." Just as he was going, he added, "*You must both look in at the Castle, on Friday, and I'll show you a hunter the very image of a horse we had at Albury Park, when you were both little fellows with your uncle there;*" and so saying, he shook them by the hand, and laughingly bade Sam to "*have a little mercy on my poor Mortgage to-morrow.*" This was the last private interview the brothers ever had with the King, and it formed an appropriate pleasant close to their then five-and-thirty years' recollections of him, which dated from the day they sat at Newmarket, one on each knee, and then ran to show their mother the guineas he had given them.

Ascot, in these days, was the delight of the King's heart, and for three or four years before his death, he had two meetings annually, at a week's interval. In 1825, he came for the first time in the royal procession up the New Mile, Lord Maryborough leading the van, and sitting his horse as few men at his age could do, while Mr. Jenner received the cartége at the Stand. The Bow-street officers, Townsend and



Sayres, who were especially attached to royalty, kept their Argus-eyes open, and the former sported a hat exactly similar to the celebrated one which his royal master invariably wore. Its brim was not very broad, but the rim of it was very large, and the band in proportion. Townsend pushed the resemblance to the farthest point, and therefore wore it a little on one side; but his worth was so great, that this curious bit of affectation was overlooked. He died very rich, at the age of 73, during the fatal cholera season of 1832, leaving the Court Circular, which was established at his suggestion "to prevent the public inventing falsehoods, by giving them something real to talk about," as a monument for all time to his memory. The wags would have it that he bought his hats at a high price, and second-hand, from Jack Ratford, under the same idea of inspiration which incited Captain Barclay to secure the fighting-leathers of the lion-hearted Jackson. This modern Eryx also stood very high in the King's estimation, and he confided to him the selection of the twelve pugilists who kept the Abbey doors at his coronation. "Prince Lascelles" had also, in earlier times, carried his imitation to such a height, that Fox, Sheridan, and Wyndham, all members of Brooke's (the club which The Prince especially delighted in), prevailed on the latter to hide his quocue in the collar of his coat, when he met him; and the result was, that he immediately rushed home and had his own cut off.

Once fairly on the turf again, the King entered into it with as great interest as ever. Sam Chifney rode for him at intervals, but had not a regular engagement, as Robinson, Dockeray, Nelson, and Pavis had during the time. Robinson, on his beautiful mare Maria, was, in his eyes, a perfect picture; and they looked as well together as Nat on Lady Wildair in more recent days. He cared little what price he gave for racers. Jour-de-Noces came into

his hands at 1,500 guineas, and 1,500 guineas more if he won the St. Leger; and a 3,000 guineas cheque, with contingencies, would soon have found its way into Colonel King's bank, if he would only have sold Bessy Bedlam before the St. Leger, for which she was beaten off at the Red House. When that race was over, his affections had veered towards Fleur-de-lis, and thus Bessy lived and died in her native Lincolnshire. The Colonel (whose colt out of Fleur-de-lis hardly lived two hours) was his most expensive purchase; but 4,000 guineas did not stand in his way when he was determined to win the Ascot Cup, and present it to the pride of his court. Zinganee was, however, destined to foil him, and Lord Chesterfield, who had made an offer for the horse after he had won the Oatlands on the Tuesday, not only mentioned the negotiation to him at the Castle that evening, but racefully expressed his readiness to break it off, and not be in any way the instrument of depriving him of a trophy on which he had evidently set his heart. "*My dear Chesterfield, never mind!*" was the frank, jovial answer—"Buy the Chifneys' horse by all means; if you don't beat me with him, Gully will; and I don't mind being beaten by you." The purchase was accordingly made, and as the Chifneys predicted, The Colonel could not live the pace, which became very strong, when Sam "sent out" Zinganee in the last half-mile; and we may observe how truly the second place of Mr. Gully's Mameluke bore out the King's after-dinner prophecy. After a very poor career in Lord Chesterfield's hands, Zinganee eventually became the King's property, for, it was said, 2,500 guineas; but he was too ill to see him run for the Ascot Cup in the following year. Lord Darlington had nothing in it; and Sam Chifney received a message from the King that he was to settle whether Fleur-de-lis, or The Colonel, or Zinganee, or all started, and to ride which he liked. He accord-

ingly chose Zinganee! but the horse was so light, and wasted on the day, that he was quite unable to make a shadow of a fight, and was a bad last to Lucetta! His royal owner was then on his death-bed, and had he ever risen from it, there is no doubt that he would have given the Chifneys their price, 3,500 guineas, for Priam, after the Derby, and made a last St. Leger effort. Still, ill as he was, he felt so anxious about the result, that he sent Jack Ratford specially over to Epsom, charging him to come back express with the news, the instant the horses were past the post. The love of the sport was with him to the very last; and, as far as royalty is concerned, with him it seems to have died. Hence, despite of all his faults, real turfites can never think of him but with deep pleasure, and wish that in these more degenerate days of light-weights and handicaps, they could see fewer money-grubbing propensities among our chiefs at the Corner, and more frequent glimpses of the genuine racing spirit which pervaded their sires on those Heath afternoons of old, when—

• “The royal heart of Wales was there,  
Still rushing to the front.”

The Duke of York, Colonel Mellish, and “Beau Brummell,” whom a few still remember to have seen together on the Heath about the commencement of the present century, were each an epitome in themselves. Brummell used often to be a guest along with the Duke of York when the Duke of Rutland kept court at Cheveley Park during the race meetings, and had a bed-room sacred to him both there and at Belvoir. He generally dressed for the course in a tight green shooting-coat, leathers, and top-boots, and was rather a carriage man than one of the regular Newmarket cavalry, with whom he every now and then indulged in a bet, just to keep

up a wholesome excitement, and be in the fashion. He was, in fact, a mere kid-glove sportsman, and kept a few hunters at the Peacock, near Belvoir, and subsequently at Grantham; but his stud-groom, Fryatt, had the lion's share of the riding, and if he did cross a few fields, it was only to get to a good farm-house, where he could indulge his inordinate appetite for bread and cheese. His pleasantries were the salt of the Cheveley battues, but he is not remembered to have shot much more than a brace of tame pigeons, right and left, on a house-top, as the spoils of the morning were being counted over. Those were the days when he could really play the magnifico, and

“Threaten at times, in a superfine passion,  
To cut Wales, and bring the old King into fashion;”

or think that a creditor had ample “value received” for a £500 loan, because he had hailed him with, “How do you do, Jemmy?” from the door-step of the crack club in St. James'-street. Byron's return of the great race of European celebrities, when he was at his very zenith, was—Brummell (1), Napoleon (2), self (3); and the winner was the survivor of the only three that were placed, dipping, thanks to the kindness of a few old friends who never deserted him, his biscuit de Rheims in maraschino to the last; and writing, from his Calais lodgings, to Lord Sefton, to say that he was “grinning through the bars of a prison, and eating bran bread; think of that, my lord—bran bread!”

The Duke of York was almost as much attached to Newmarket as his royal brother, and trained with Butler for a time at the Palace Stables, till William Edwards brought the stud of “Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum!” (as the Heath wags termed The King), thither from Ascot. In personal appearance and manners he was a true Guelph, and seen to greatest perfection at the head of a table. The quaint old toast of “I

drink to Cardinal Puff' may be said to have died with him, and perhaps there is hardly a man alive who would know how to propose it with all its intricate but graceful honours. Thomas Goodisson was his favourite jockey, and won the Derby for him by a head on Moses, after making his own running nearly all the way. He had carried off this race six years before, with Prince Leopold, who was such a bad-tempered animal that he was placed in Schedule G. next season, and died in consequence. His Highness got well on him at all prices from 30 to 20 to 1, and won about £8,000 over the race. The fancy of the Duchess was dogs and monkeys, and she is said to have had nearly a hundred favourites of the kind at Oatlands, which had a small cemetery especially devoted to their remains. This dog experience did not always avail her husband, as, to his great sorrow, he once shot the Duke of Rutland's liver-coloured Venus dead at a Cheveley battue, under the same hare delusion which made Professor Sedgwick fire fourteen times in one afternoon at a keeper's gaiters.

Nearly thirty years before his Moses victory, the Duke made his celebrated Northern visit, in company with the Prince of Wales, who had the satisfaction of seeing Sir Thomas (his Derby victor of the preceding year) and Tot win three races over Rawcliffe Ings. Such days of pleasure and nights of revelry have never since wakened up the sober old capital of the Tykes; and even "The Farren" never received the plaudits of a more brilliant assembly than that which crowded the boxes of its dingy little theatre to witness her *Beatrice*. And yet the festivities of Old Ebor paled before those of Wentworth House. Twenty thousand spectators ate their fill, and drank eighty hogsheads of ale in the park; bonfires turned night into day in its avenues; ten thousand coloured lamps gleamed in its corridors, and the quiet card

parties at Doncaster might well nigh have heard the ringing shout, as the Prince, with the present Earl Fitzwilliam in his arms, stepped forth into the portico, and gave "The King's Health," "Happiness to the People," and "Prosperity to the Manufactures of Yorkshire," as his toast, through a speaking-trumpet. Tot's Doncaster Cup victory formed a sporting finale to the visit, in the course of which Traveller was added to the royal string for 1,500 guineas.

The Duke's stud of thirty-two animals, including seven hacks and ten grey ponies, was brought to the hammer on February 5th, 1827, just three months from the date of his death. The Duke of Richmond gave 1,100 guineas for Moses, who was very beautiful in every point except his feet, which were sadly infirm; while Mr. Payne bought Figaro, who had run Moses in for the Derby, at 200 guineas more. The King also gave 560 guineas for Rachel; but racers, hacks, carriages, and dogs, only produced 8,804 guineas—a mere molehill, compared with the Skiddaw-like pile of debts which he left behind him. Rundell and Bridge, his jewellers, had such an account, that Cape Breton was ceded to them in lieu of it by the Government of the day; and his taste in their line may be judged by the fact that his rifle, which brought fifty guineas, had a gold pan and touch-hole.

Nimrod has dashed off Colonel Mellish's, whole *contour* with such a masterly hand, that our own touches would seem clownish after it. We will therefore simply add that that quick-looking, pale-faced, and black-haired "Crichton" measured 5 feet 10 inches, and weighed 11st. 7lbs. He was no Sir Fopling Flutter, either in dress or mind; and his friend, the late Earl of Scarboro' was never more delighted than when he heard him set two disputatious young Oxford divines right, over the Sandbeck dinner-table, about the whereabouts of a certain passage in Livy.

His wonderful talents stood him in good stead in the Peninsular War, where he was on the Duke of Wellington's staff, and at times entrusted with the drawing up of despatches. He had gained some little experience of bloodshed at home, as in 1807 he fought a duel with Martin Hawke, in a field by the roadside, as they were returning in their drags from the Yorkshire election. On this occasion he was wounded near the elbow joint, and on perceiving it he immediately ran up to his opponent, and said, "*Hang it, Hawke, you've winged me ; but give me your hand.*" They were great rival whips, and some ill blood on the point, as well as election matters, brought about this extempore determination to resort to thirty paces and the saw-handles. About this time he also got up a prize-fight at Blyth Whitewater, Mr. Gully doing duty as bottle-holder. His fighting dog "Jack" won no less than 104 battles; and when Lord Camelford was very pressing to buy him, it was agreed between them to pay for him by weight. He was accordingly put into the scales after a hearty meal of tripe, and was found to weigh 42lbs. ; but it was thought derogatory to barter such a piece of gallant stuff for coin, and hence a gun and a case of pistols, which were valued at eighty-four guineas, formed the medium of exchange. The way in which he trained his pig to run a match, by feeding it at a certain trough, which he chose for the goal, was especially characteristic; and anything connected with a race, if it were but two rival drops of rain on a window-pane, he loved beyond compare. As a gentleman rider he also excelled, but his great delight was to "put up" Buckle as often as he could, though he chose the wrong horse for him (Sir Launcelot) in Staveley's St. Leger. He called one of his fillies Miss Buckle, but Luck's-all was the best animal he ever had in his stud, which could also boast of winners in Quid, Stockton, Little Joey, Peter, and Off-

she-goes. At the close of 1807 he left the Turf, but luck attended him in his last 500 gs. matches, as his opponent's horse (Warrior) broke down while winning in the first, and Lord Darlington paid to him with Trafalgar (who had beaten Mr. Watt's Shuttlecock in a 1,000 gs. match that year) in the second. He had, however, long passed his meridian, when he kept open house for a fortnight at Blyth Hall, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' and the Duke of Clarence's Yorkshire visit, in 1806. Even then the title-deeds had departed from him, in spite of Sancho's and Staveley's St. Leger victories in the two preceding years, and he only kept possession of the Hall by virtue of a friendly stipulation to that effect. It was a "finish" in every sense of the word, and the Prince was said to be the only one who walked up to bed without help each night. The little table on which the two flirted, long and deeply, with the elephant's tooth, is still preserved as a relic in Doncaster; and when this melancholy wake of his departed treasure had ceased, Mellish turned his back on Blyth, and resided, whenever he was in the country, at Hodsack Priory, a portion of his estate which was entailed. Shortly afterwards he married, and devoted himself principally to farming and shorthorns—a pursuit in which the late Charles Champion, of Blyth, a very famous breeder, was his principal mentor. Mr. Rudd, the vicar of Hodsack, was also very intimate with him, and, as far as the eye of man could scan him, no one tried more earnestly or prayerfully to atone in maturer years for the follies of his spring. His hour-glass had, however, nearly run out, and he died in 1818 of pulmonary consumption, when he had barely reached his thirty-sixth birthday.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## LORD DARLINGTON AND MR. THORNHILL.

Lately passing o'er Barnsdale, I happened to spy  
 A fox stealing on, with the hounds in full cry :  
 'Tis Darlington, sure, for his voice I well know,  
 Crying ' Forward ! hark forward !' for Skelbrook below.  
                                     With my Ballymoonora,  
                                     The hounds of old Raby for me !"

ALTHOUGH Lord Darlington's heart was so truly with his "spotted darlings," as to justify Mr. "Antonio" Ferguson's regular remark to those who visited his pleasant wayside inn, that "his lordship never looks like himself after these London visits, till he's had a bit of fox-hunting," we shall give no sketch of him in scarlet here. Is it not dashed off to the life in the pages of "The Chase," and engraved in the memory of Bedale sportsmen ? We are about to deal with him, not as he appeared with an embroidered fox on his collar, and his horn at the saddle-bow, waving his hounds into Gatherley Moor, but as he was known to every lover of the Heath, quietly cantering towards the Ditch stables, with Sam and Will Chifney on either side of him. He was born in the same year as Frank Buckle ; and, although he only died in February, 1842, at the age of seventy-six, he had begun to run horses in 1794. Hence, even in 1827, he seemed to feel so acutely, when he visited Newmarket, that

Well-a-day ! his date was fled :  
 His sporting brethren all were dead !"

that he hardly cared to join the party at the Club-rooms in the evening. However, he found his way there, for the first time after a long interval, during the Craven Meeting of that year, and after matching Memnon against Enamel, with Lord Exeter, knocked up Will Chifney, about twelve at night, to learn his opinion of this 1,000 guineas A. F. venture. Four thousand guineas had been refused for Memnon before the St. Leger; and the Chifneys generally *believed* that his lordship gave something like 3,000 guineas for him. He was a long, loose, big, and leggy horse, and supposed to be game—a point on which the brothers Chifney always considered that Bill Scott had overrated him. He had, nevertheless, run remarkably well in the hands of the latter, as he defeated The Alderman, after a desperate punishing race, in the Champagne; carried off the York Spring Leger cleverly; and came in three lengths ahead of thirty, the largest field that ever showed at the St. Leger post. The tumble of Fleur-de-lis, and the consequent disappointment of The Alderman, contributed greatly to this last result; but the elegant Actæon, who was third, defeated him in the following August, for a Subscription Purse, over Knavesmire, in one of the very finest finishes ever ridden there. The race was over the Old Two-mile Course; but it was only run three-quarters of a mile, which suited Harry Edwards, who knew that his horse could go the fastest, to a nicety, and enabled him to defeat Sam's terrific rush by a bare head, when he brought Memnon, with a stroke of the whalebone, which might have been heard to Bishopsthorpe, in the last three strides from the chair. "By Jove, Sam's nailed him!" was the extatic expression of Will at this moment, as he fairly sprang into the air, from the form outside the weighing-house, nearly upsetting the present Tommy Shepherd and a group of Yorkshire jocks in his descent. Lord Darlington

was so convinced that his "waiting" orders to Sam were wrong, that he immediately challenged Lord Glasgow to run him, at the same weights, for a thousand guineas a-side, over Doncaster. His offer was, however, declined, although the subsequent running of both the horses, with Florismart, at Doncaster, showed that there was very little between them. Early in 1827, Memnon left the Raby training-stables for Newmarket, and arrived at the Chifneys' along with Abron, who had been purchased for 450 guineas at Mr. Russell's sale, on purpose to lead gallops for him. In the Ascot Cup of that year, he triumphed over some very mean opponents; but at Doncaster he fell before the prowess of Fleur-de-lis (a fine lengthy mare, with well-let-down quarters and big hips), and then ran a dead heat with her for second place in the Cup to Mulatto, when Actæon, Starch, Longwaist, and Farrare figured among the glorious slain. The Craven Meeting of 1828 saw him give in, dead beat, at the Turn of the Lands, in the Outlands, and the turf knew him no more. He returned to Raby as a stud-horse, for a few seasons, before he crossed the Atlantic; but King Cole is the only winner of note that he left behind him, and he, too, is dead now.

Memnon was far from being a solitary instance of Lord Darlington's fancy for high-priced horses; and, as is invariably the case, the bloom was off the peach before it came into his hands, and nothing but disappointment was the result. In short, he carried his whim to such a height, that he is said to have invested the half of a £20,000 lottery prize, which he had shared with Mr. Heeley, in four or five horses, which hardly produced him as many shillings in stakes. No one, too, could ever tell why he set his mind on Mr. Batson's Serab; and Will Chifney in vain endeavoured to impress on him that the horse was a clumsy, unsatisfactory animal, who was

only overrated because his owner knew his length to a nicety, and did not choose to inform the public of it by being provoked into a match. His lordship nibbled at the purchase for weeks; and after having his offer of 2,600 guineas refused, he boldly sent a cheque for 3,000 guineas, and was soon so disgusted with his purchase, that, although Sam screwed him in before Lottery for the King's Purse at York, and got him second to Bizarre for the Ascot Cup, he positively gave him away to a foreign nobleman. Eventually, he found his way to America, along with Barefoot, whose price was 2,500 guineas. This son of Trapp was barely 15½ hands, with thighs and legs like a waggon-horse; and his noble owner was long playfully reminded of his wretched bargain by the sight of Sir Bellingham Graham's cover-hack, who was so exactly like him, both as regarded shape and white stockings, that he was duly christened by his name. So high was the opinion which Lord Darlington formed of him after his double race for the St. Leger, in the harlequin colours, that he forwarded an ineffectual 2,000 guineas a-side match challenge to Mr. Udney, the next November, to run his Derby runner, Emilius, over the Flat, in the First Spring. Barefoot had a strange trick of rearing whenever he was brought out of the stable; the consequence of which was, that before Easter arrived he had a sad pair of broken knees. Three years before that, his lordship had sent Will Chifney to York, to make a 2,000 guineas bid for St. Patrick, in case he liked him; but Will descried the erring joint which subsequently gave way, and would not make the bid. Tamboff, Trustee, and Emancipation, all of whom he bought for about 2,000 guineas a-piece, were also among his other long-priced nags, whose luck was very little better; and he gave 1,500 guineas for Liverpool, after he had defeated Chorister at Doncaster. He also purchased Wat Tyler, for a very long price, from

Mr. Thornhill, when he was a yearling; and such was his strange prejudice against Priam, that he candidly said he "could not bear the horse," and not only lost £7,000 about him for the Derby, but backed Wat very heavily for that event. The two were never put together either in private or in the race, as Wat broke down at Mickleham, a few days previous, and it was all Crockford could do to get off Lord Darlington's money. The faulty leg which gave way had been a source of uneasiness for some time, and began from the very smallest pea-like spot, on a small tendon, that ever fell under veterinary eyes. The Chifneys examined it anxiously morning after morning, and could hardly persuade themselves that it boded such deep mischief. Swiss was also another of his expensive 2,500-guinea fancies. Bill Scott had won the Champagne as far as possible with him, as his owner (Peirse, of Richmond) wanted to sell him, in consequence of his Derby nomination becoming void by Lord Clarendon's death. Colonel Cradock, who had the refusal of him, and also trained with Peirse, pressed his lordship very much to buy him, but Will Chifney was very much against the purchase, and took care that his lordship should see the horse before he had been out in the morning, in order that he might not "walk fine." Eventually, declining the Colonel's offer to stand half, Lord Darlington bought the horse outright, and had the mortification of seeing him break down so seriously on the near fore-tendon (which was slightly enlarged), in his next gallop, that it was not only six weeks before he could be removed, but he was never saddled for a race again. He was a slashing, attractive-looking animal, of the Whisker get; lengthy, with a deep shoulder, big ribs, and a very coarse head and neck.

It is no part of our purpose to give an invoice of the victories which Sam gained in the "pink-and-

"black-stripe" jacket, during the thirty years it was in his keeping. The connexion began with Pavilion; and, though he rode a Memnon colt for his Grace in the Derby of 1835, it might virtually be said to end with Shillelah. One of the most extraordinary matches in the course of it was one in which Merry-go-round beat Sorcery at equal weights, A.F. The pair had met before at the same weights and distance, and the Oaks winner had won in a canter; but the Chifneys were so sure that the horse had not run to his form, that they persuaded Lord Darlington to purchase him, which he did through Mr. Shakespeare, and match him over again at the same weights. His new owner quite entered into the spirit of the speculation, and backed his horse so heavily, that the odds soon changed from 4 to 1 on the mare to evens; and very cleverly she was beaten. One of the finest D.I. finishes that Sam and Robinson ever rode against each other was for the Claret, in 1833, the former on Lord Darlington's Trustee (a fair-sized smart sort of horse), and the latter on Lord Conyng-ham's Minster. Beiram and Margrave were also in the race, which, however, lay entirely between the other two, and was won by one of Sam's almost superhuman efforts of hand and knee, in the very last stride. The two ran a match across the Flat shortly after, and with the same result, though Trustee won more easily. Muley Moloch's Port victory, the next year, was a much more decided one. He was a fine large horse, of whom Sam thought very highly, and was purchased as a yearling, for a short price, from Mr. Nowell, of Underley, during the Doncaster week. Mr. Nowell's fame as a breeder stood so well at this time, that a Spring Underley Stakes was established at Newmarket; and Sam gave a fine specimen of his art by winning it on the Duke's very bad Sheldrake colt, in 1830, against Will Arnall, on Prima Donna.

He had no more luck for Lord Darlington in his St. Leger than in his Derby mounts, and hence "it was no wonder," as *The Life* remarks, "that he so often departed up the North-road like a 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' and in no great cue for the banter and nut-brown ale of the cheery Boniface of Barnby Moor." Accident foiled him on The Alderman; Priam began to give in before the superior stride of Birmingham and the heavy ground at the Intake Farm; and Mameluke only scuffled off at the eighth attempt, about 100 yards in the rear of Matilda. It was fully believed at the time that the false starts in this race were got up by the Northern jockeys, who were dreadfully jealous in those days of having their great prize snatched from them by a Southern Derby winner, and still worse, by a Newmarket jockey. Perhaps, however, the animals on which many of them were mounted had as much to do with making a scene as the jockeys themselves. It used, indeed, to be a common bet among divers low parties that a certain number of horses, say twenty-five, would come to the St. Leger post; and accordingly they would scour the country for horses which were certain, in the ordinary course of things, not to start—bring them up from grass, or anywhere, put a jockey or a bumpkin on them, and give them orders to pull up as soon as they decently could. Of course, owners did not demur to lending their animals for 25 sovs. for the day, as it just covered their *p.p.* stake liability; and thus the taker of a £1,000 bet of this kind was known to clear nearly £900, after all his spirited outlay! Geloni, who owned to white legs and a white tail and mane, was suspected to have been run on this system in Mameluke's year, as he was ridden by a lad in gaiters, who pulled him up before they reached the road; and horses like those, whose own chances were *nil*, were just the ones, designedly or undesignedly, to kick up a

devilry when a Derby winner came to the post in a fret.

There were those who thought that Sam had waited too long with the magnificent Voltaire, in Rowton's year, and that if he had come sooner, or if the race had been fifty yards further, he would have won. The latter notion is probably correct, but no man with Chifney's fine knowledge of pace dared hurry his horse, and try to live with Rowton, at the tremendous bat at which Scott sent him along, without the semblance of a pull from the hill. All he could do was to keep creeping up inch by inch, and trust to the little chesnut "coming back" under such terrible treatment, and then catching him close at home. It was one of Bill Scott's bruising days; and when he and Sam talked over the matter privately, he confessed that he was so confident that he could win by twenty yards, that he "drove the horse till he was fairly drunk." The Voltaire party, headed by John Smith, his trainer, who was always very jealous of the Duke's southern division, were anxious to have a match, and to put John Day up; while the Chifneys and Bill Scott were so eager to bring them up to the scratch, that they offered, with Mr. Petre's permission, and through Col. Cradock, to lay £2,000 to £1,000, and run the two at even weights, or to lay £1,000 even, and give 7lbs., on the following Friday. Chifney was to have ridden Rowton in the second bout, as it was his riding which had been so especially attacked; but Lord Darlington, seeing that Scott and Sam were so perfectly agreed as to the St. Leger running, declined to lend his horse, and, with Tommy Lye's aid, defeated Laurel, Fleur-de-lis, &c., with him for the Cup on the Thursday.

In the case of Marcys, Sam's St. Leger luck was more gloomy than ever. This son of Emilius—who was purchased by the Duke from Mr. Thornhill



when a yearling, for 250 guineas—had won a race at Newmarket in the spring of the year, and had beaten Chorister easily in a rough gallop, when the Duke's Northern and Southern lots met at exercise on Doncaster Moor. Although the decision has always been most bitterly impugned by The Saddler's backers, Chorister (on whom his owner won £7,000 at very low odds) had the race given him by "a short head;" while Marcus, like Plenipo three years afterwards, was the last but one. Before Sam dismounted, he had come to the firm conclusion that the horse had been poisoned; and when a pony and one or two more racers who had stood at the same inn dead, and were found on dissection to be full of arsenic, many called to mind how a certain ill-favoured stranger had sat by the Doncaster Arms copper on Sunday afternoon, pretending to read a newspaper, as the stable-lads came for warm-water; and how he casually, as it were, warned the servant-maid when she arrived with her kettle, not to use the water, as "it looks so yellow and greasy-like." This, and the Ludlow affair of the following year—when Lord Darlington delivered as vigorous a diatribe against horse cheats, on the betting-room table, as Lord Stanley had done shortly before against borough-mongers, on the table at Brookes's—inflicted blots on the racing 'escutcheon of Doncaster which a meeting with less innate vitality and less powerful *prestige* could never have effaced.

If Lord Darlington and Sam had met their match in Rowton, when they tackled him with Voltaire at Doncaster, they were doomed to a still more decisive disappointment when they encountered the "chesnut bullock" with Shillelah at Epsom. Conolly soon placed all opposition at a discount, when he found that Sam (who had lain much forwarder throughout than was his wont) had settled "Our Jim" on Glen-coe, and was trying to close with him. For five or

six strides he lost sight of Sam altogether, and then found him, as if by magic, at his girths. Jem Bland, who stood to win along with Halliday some £60,000, and whose well-known slogan of "*Whool lay agin Shey-lay-lee?*" had pierced the ears of the Ring for months previous, was never the same man again. Stevens, the sporting fishmonger, was also left lamenting over the £20,000 which had suddenly faded into thin air, and both the Chifneys were hard hit. Shillelah was a big, leggy, brown horse, excessively speedy, but not powerful, and withal very delicate and difficult to train. He was made second favourite for the St. Leger at starting, and it was after this memorable Touchstone triumph, in which he assisted by running eighth, that Sam bade adieu to the saddle in Yorkshire.

But we must now leave the pink and black stripes, and have a peep at Sam in the white body and red sleeves of Mr. Thornhill. His engagement to Perren's stable had given him several mounts for The Squire of Riddlesworth previous to 1818, but it was not till the Derby-day of that year that the two were especially identified in the public mind. Such was Mr. Thornhill's opinion of his talent, that he had christened his Derby colt of that year "SAM," in his honour. This son of Scud was a low, lengthy, and plain sort of horse, with a sour countenance, and a delicate constitution, and ten days before the race he went so much amiss, that Mr. Thornhill thought seriously of hedging the greater part of the £15,000 which depended on the result. Owing to the fretfulness of Prince Paul, the first favourite, the horses only got off at the tenth attempt, and then Chifney quietly waited till Prince Paul had run himself out, disposed of Raby, and won cleverly by three parts of a length. Raby, against whom 50 to 1 was laid at starting, was in the same stable, and the property of Lord Darlington, who had given up his first claim on

Sam Chifney for the day. He had nominally come to Epsom in Perren's charge; but as it was thought better that there should be a divided duty, a friendly arrangement was entered into, and Will Chifney had the sole management, for the fortnight, of the horse, which his brother was to steer. The series of false starts rather upset "Sam," who consequently gave his namesake not a little trouble at the post. Owing to the hard state of the ground, the race was run from end to end in a cloud of dust, and it was only when they neared the distance post, and the beaten horses dropped out of the front rank, that Sam caught a glimpse of the one horse (Prince Paul) he at all feared, and quickly crept up to make his challenge. Robinson had won his maiden Derby on Azor in the preceding year, and though Sam had no brace of St. Legers on his list, the luck of the two at Epsom was in a measure equal, as the one won two Derbies and five Oaks, and the other *vice versa*. When the two Sams returned to Newmarket, Ben Marshall was commissioned to paint a picture of them, which was hung forthwith in the dining-room at Riddlesworth. In the following year he painted one of Shoveller to match it, in which Will Chifney holds the mare by the head, while a lad is rubbing her down. Sam was fond enough, in after-years, of strolling into one of his stables, in which Marshall perpetually set up his easel, on account of its excellent lights, and peeping over his shoulder while he was at work; but no one disliked sitting for his likeness so much. "Never easy, Mr. Chifney, when you're near an easel," was the old painter's favourite pun; but on this occasion, while his first Derby laurels were still fresh, he was pretty patient in Ben's hands, and, though the lips are perhaps rather thick, the Riddlesworth portrait aptly represents the countenance and long easy seat of the jockey of thirty-two. Herring painted his likeness in after-years in

the great picture which he executed for Lord Kelburne, of the York Match, and also in his start for the Derby; Harry Hall never painted him, but a most capital full front likeness of him in the Darlington colours, by Spalding, is to be seen in the centre of the sheet-picture of Southern Jockeys.

Ben Marshall, the painter, was, as we have said before, a great ally of the Chifneys, who admired him as a painter nearly as much as they did Robson in his more practical art. He came into especial notice on the death of Stubbs, who had a great run among our forefathers, which none of his pictures quite seem to justify. Stubbs painted figures and landscapes as well as horses, and especially excelled in the first of these three walks. The late Frank Butler had a picture by him of his grandfather—the first Sam Chifney—riding a horse in and setting-to with a slack rein, in which the figure is most beautifully painted, while the horse is very moderate. We have, however, seen some of his horse groups, one especially of some mares and foals at the Marquis of Westminster's, in London, most capitally drawn and painted. • His chief failing was a lack of anatomical knowledge, and his horses in motion were stiff and unnatural to the last degree. He adopted the old style of making the hind pasterns bend inwards in the gallop, instead of outwards, as they are now more correctly drawn. Marshall was originally a West-end valet, and did not set up his easel till he was above thirty. At first he confined himself to portrait painting, but as he soon found that “gentlemen would give 50 guineas for the portrait of a horse when they grudged 10 guineas for their wife's,” he migrated from London to Newmarket. He was an idle painter, and a great *bon vivant*; very full of humour and anecdote, and seldom, if ever, worked after his two-o'clock dinner. Those who watched

him at his easel used always to declare that he painted much more with his thumb than his brush. The Margravine of Anspach was one of his first patrons, as were also Mr. Thornhill and Lord Sondes, at whose house he made long visits. His early style was entirely original; he painted mostly for effect, with wonderful feeling for light and shade, which, with his brilliant colouring, brought him hosts of admirers. The treatment of his subjects was quite Cuyper-like in its breadth; while his feeling for aerial perspective gave immense power to his groups. Latterly his style became careless and coarse, and his once-brilliant colouring degenerated into vulgarity. Although for many years it was the fashion to have every great winner painted by him, it was his figures rather than his horses which made his racing pictures so life-like and attractive. Still, in this point Harry Hall has quite equalled, if not beaten him; and we know of nothing of Marshall's which can bear comparison with the study of Nat and his pony in Lord Clifden's picture of Surplice, or of Harry Stebbings leading Knight of St. George to the St. Leger post. Even when he put forth his greatest powers, his horse-drawing was rather that of a well-taught man than a lover of the four-legged subject; and in his picture of the match between Sir Joshua and Filho da Puta, the portrait of the latter (who was trained, as a writer of the period [1817] observes, "by a very civil and apparently deserving young man of the name of John Scott") hardly gives one a worthy idea of the magnificent sixteen-and-a-half-hands son of Haphazard. He quitted Newmarket in 1832, and died in London two years afterwards; and his most enduring monument is to be found in the long series of engravings from his works which embellished the pages of the *Old Sporting Magazine*.

In the course of the autumn of "SAM's" Derby year, Mr. Thornhill's horses left Perren's, and were placed under Sam's charge, as trainer, although his brother William looked principally after them. With brothers less attached to each other, an arrangement of this kind might have led to some misunderstanding; but during the whole of their long connection, both as regarded the management of Mr. Thornhill's, as well as Lord Darlington's stud, which came from Perren's to Sam's some few seasons afterwards, they never ceased to be of one mind. The very next Epsom meeting saw them successful for Mr. Thornhill in the Oaks with Shoveller—a small, lengthy, and blood-like, whole-coloured bay mare, of whom they gave him so good a report, that he won nearly £20,000. In this race, Sam convinced Frank Buckle that the high opinion he had long entertained for him was not unfounded, as he waited on him from the moment he took up the running with Espagnolle at Tattenham Corner, and making one of his magnificent rushes in the last two strides, defeated "the governor" on the post by a head. His Thornhill luck had not, however, run out with the half-sister to Sam, as the Derby of the following year (1820) again fell to him with Shoveller's full brother Sailor, who won the Derby on his third birthday. Such a delicious Epsom Sandwich as two Derbies, with an Oaks between, has never been known either before or since. Sailor was a plain, light-fleshed, chesnut colt; rather leggy, but at the same time very powerful, and though he had by no means a large foot, deeply devoted to mud. This last quality was most opportune, as the whole of the night preceding his Derby was a perfect hurricane of wind and wet. Sam was lying comfortably in bed, recruiting himself after a heavy walk in the sweaters on the preceding evening, and knew nothing of his *brightening prospects* till he

called for his slender tea-and-toast breakfast ; while William, on the contrary, was exposed to the pitiless tempest at four in the morning, as he rose from his bed at Headly, and wended his way down the hill to Mr. Ladbroke's, where Sailor was standing, with the remainder of Mr. Thornhill's horses. The booths on the race-course were cracking and flying about everywhere " 'neath the breath of the howling blast " ; but although Will had to wade through a perfect Balaklava of liquid slush, and was wet through long before he reached his charge, he told his friends that he felt as if he could have stopped and danced with pleasure, as he knew that none of the fourteen could touch his Sailor now. If Jem Bland had still been Mr. Ladbroke's coachman, he might have perhaps had this weather secret confided to him, instead of losing so heavily on Sailor as he did. As it turned out, Will had taken the mud measure of his horse most exactly ; and Mr. Thornhill was so confident from the same cause, that he made Sailor as good a favourite as anything before starting, and won £23,000 on him. At this period Mr. Thornhill was about forty years of age, and weighed 23st. 3lbs., or about 3lbs. more than a sporting Suffolk farmer, one Mr. Dobito, who had a great love of trotting horses, and used often to sell him a nag. These had been so well accustomed to Mr. D.'s weight, when they came to hand, that Mr. Thornhill regularly trode on the Heath, and only took to the yellow phaeton and the greys in the few last years of his life. Sam's racing career after the Derby was most ignoble, as he was a bad constitutioned horse, and, like Shoveller, lost all form ; but Sailor's chance was cut short by death during that very autumn. Will Chifney had taken him out on the Heath as usual one morning, and was watching the string as they rose the hill from the bushes, when he suddenly observed him

stop in his stride, cross his legs, stagger about two hundred yards, and then drop. He had broken a blood-vessel in the chest, and was quite dead before Will could gallop up to him and get off his back. The horse must have lost all consciousness in an instant, as, for the first time in his life, he crossed the road at the Turn of the Lands, without taking it, at a flying jump, as was his eccentric and unvarying practice, even though he might be in the iron grip of Sam himself. He fell dead about seventy yards on the Newmarket side of it, and it darted instantly through Will's mind that there could be no hope, as he had forgotten to rise at his favourite spot. Albert died on the heath not many years after, with Conolly on his back; but he died in his stride, and did not go nearly so far before he fell: and Orinoco's death was equally instantaneous.

Mr. Thornhill's Epsom luck with the Chifney's reached its acmé on the terrific Sailor day; and during the ten years more that his horses continued under their charge, none of them were ever again placed for either of those two races. Mustard was "nowhere" to Gulnare in the Oaks; and an own sister to Sam and Sailor was equally unfortunate in Zinc's year. The same may be said of Reformer, who was first favourite when Sir John Shelley won the Derby with Cedric, and had been purchased for 1,500 guineas some six weeks before. His colt, Merchant (who failed hopelessly for this race in 1828) was always an especial fancy of his owners: low, lengthy, and strong; and tried to be so good after he won the Prendergast and the Column, that a third Derby seemed distinctly to loom in the future for Riddlesworth. The winter blasted all these hopes, as he went dead amiss, and was never really in-form again. Once more, however, his bankrupt spirit seemed to revive, and Sam astonished the Heath con-



siderably, and Lord Exeter still more, by defeating the much-vaunted Varna in 1829; while his friend Robinson, on Lucetta, had an equally noted triumph over her fair stable friend Green-mantle. It was on the strength of the high opinion which they entertained of Merchant that the Chifneys were first tempted to buy Zinganeë from Lord Exeter. Sam had of course ridden Merchant in his two-year-old races; and both he and Will were so convinced that Wheatley had not made enough use of Zinganeë when he ran second in the Prendergast, that they soon afterwards made an offer of £1,200 for him. His Lordship returned them an answer to the effect that, considering the horse's good engagements, £1,500 was about his price; and a cheque for that sum was at once forwarded. Reformer never did much to wipe out his Derby failure, and Sam's principal performances consisted in winning a match on him against Don Carlos, and running a dead heat with the same horse in a second match. Ringleader also won a somewhat extraordinary match against Strephon. The horses had run a match before, which had come off easily in favour of Strephon; but Will Chifney had kept his weather-eye open, and considered that Buckle had so completely out-generalled Will Arnall, that, if Mr. Thornhill would only buy the horse, and put Sam "up," things, as in the Merry-go-round match, would be altered. He was so set in his opinion, that Mr. Thornhill acquiesced, invited Mr. Lechmere Charlton to shoot at Riddlesworth between the Second October and the Houghton meetings, and succeeded in making another match at the same weights and distance. Mr. Charlton jumped at such an apparently foolhardy offer, and was not a little chagrined at the result.

During the seasons 1830-42, Mr. Thornhill's horses were in the hands of Pettit; and Conolly had

nearly all the mounts above 7st. 7lb. Still, and acquaintance could not be entirely forgotten, and Sam appeared in the Riddlesworth colours at intervals, and won two matches in them on Menalippe in 1840. It was owing also to the express wish of Mr. Thornhill, who was very intimate, and trained with Mr. Gurney, that he rode and won the Ascot Cup on that very peculiar horse St. Francis. In 1843, the season after poor Conolly died, Mr. Thornhill's horses were placed under his charge, both to train and ride. The lot consisted of Extempore, Elixir, Example, Eringo, Elcmi, and one or two others; and were certainly not calculated, in cardsellers' parlance, "to do much for the owner's name," although the blood of Emilius coursed in their veins. This magnificent son of Orville, whom he purchased for Mr. Udney, for 1,800 guineas, was quite as dear to Mr. Thornhill as ever Touchstone was to the late Marquis of Westminster. The old horse survived Buckle, who rode him for the Derby, when he made all the running to Tattenham Corner, was headed, and then "came again," nearly seventeen years, and his owner, who left special injunctions that he should never be sold, for nearly four years. He was buried near the ruins of Easby Abbey, at whose stud farm he died (within a few months of Mulatto, The Colonel, and The Saddler), leaving Priam, Plenipo, Mango, Euclid, and Oxygen to keep his memory green in the Epsom and Doncaster annals. Of the high-bred "E.s" which Sam Chifney had in hand, Extempore, own sister to Euclid, was quite the flower; and the old jockey, who was then not many years short of sixty, donned the sweaters again with no little heart, to take off some 12lbs., in order to ride her for "The One Thousand" in 1843. Nine started, and George Edwards on Spiteful fought it out till the very last stride, when "The Old Screw" made his effort, and just won a

head. It seemed quite like old times again, when he mounted his hack and rode alongside Mr. Thornhill's phaeton to receive his congratulations and describe the race. His two last matches were on the same mare, and in both of them he had the pleasure of beating his old friend Robinson—once on Cowslip and again on Semiseria. The latter match for 500 sovereigns, h. ft., came off on May 7th, 1844, and was a worthy finish to a great Newmarket career, which had then extended over nearly half-a-century. He was perforce obliged to abandon his waiting system, as he knew that Semiseria could go much faster than his mare; and, in fact, her match with Queen of the Gipseys was said to be the fastest thing ever run at Newmarket. Sam, consequently, started at score over the A.F., and cut her down before they reached the cords. The appearance of the veterans created quite a sensation, even among the matter-of-fact Ring-men. There was even betting between the two; and Sam's grim weather-beaten visage was not altogether proof against the roar of delight which greeted him as he rode back to scale, casting a knowing look of triumph at Robinson, who gave him the warmest of greetings in the weighing-house.

Only twice more was the well-known name of "S. Chifney" entered in the book of a Clerk of the Scales—once opposite Eleini in the Derby of that year, and again, and for the last time, opposite Example in the Oaks. In 1843 the issue of this race had been between himself and his nephew Frank Butler, and he had then been forced to alter his waiting tactics, and come on in front a quarter of a mile from home. The old tutor was, however, destined to be beaten by the pupil, and there was no resisting Poison's challenge at the Stand. This struggle might be said to be decisive of the point, as to whether the uncle or the nephew was to win the

largest number of Oaks. Already had the uncle won five—on Briseis, Sorcery, Landscape, Shoveller, and Wings—while the nephew won five after this one; and, in fact, just commenced his great career in the saddle when the uncle quitted it. Mr. Thornhill and Sam might have jogged on comfortably for some years to come, but the fatal escutcheon was above the hall-door of Riddlesworth before the next Newmarket July, and the latter settled down in the premises which his late master was found to have left him for his life, and never attempted to waste again.

## CHAPTER IX.

## PRIAM AND ZINGANEE.

" Now fitfully by gusts is heard,  
 He's fifth—he's sixth—he's fourth—he's third :  
 And on like an arrowy meteor flame,  
 The stride of the Derby winner came."

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

THE years 1829-31 may be said to have seen the Brothers Chifney at their zenith. Up to that time they had kept no private horses of any high stamp, although Pendulum was a fair country runner ; whereas in 1828 they brought out Zinganee, in 1830 Priam, and in 1831 Emiliana. The latter filly won the Clearwell and the Prendergast Stakes, with Robinson on her, in such style that both Derby and Oaks seemed almost mortgaged to the stable ; and even the quiet Sam is reported to have taken his pipe out of his mouth, and remarked, in one of his unwonted inspirations, that "*if he did not win them he would be hung to the nearest tree.*" The backers of the chestnut at the Corner derived much comfort from this handsome proposal ; but during the winter she "got a leg," and was so out of tune on the Derby day, that Sam (who rode 2lbs. over-weight) could make nothing out of her, although she recovered her running in a measure towards the close of the season. The coarse, coffin-headed Margrave, whom she had beaten cleverly in the Clearwell, was fourth, and Beiram fifth. Mr. Petre's Rowton came

to Newmarket about the same time, after keeping up in the North for two seasons the character which he had acquired by making his own running and defeating such horses as Voltaire and Sir Hercules in the St. Leger. The Chifneys had kept an eye on him ever since Sam got his measure on that memorable day with Voltaire; and even when he came into their hands for his fifth season, they declared him to be "the best horse at all distances from half a mile to four miles that they had ever trained"—no small praise from the owners of Priam and Zinganee. His sire was Oiseau, who also distinguished himself through Revolution and some rare four-mile horses in the north; while his dam Katharina was by Woful. The price was 1,000 guineas; and at one time John Scott thought of taking half of him, but changed his mind, from a feeling of delicacy towards Mr. Petre, whose luck was then sadly on the wane. In shape he was, perhaps, as nearly perfection as possible; low and lengthy, perhaps rather light-timbered, but with beautiful quarters. His head was small; clean, and deer-like, with an exquisitely expressive eye; and casting our memory back over the thousands of thorough-breds we have seen stripped, we know of few that we would not more readily have spared to the foreigners. His leg had required a good deal of care before he arrived at Ascot to encounter Camarine for the Gold Cup, in 1832; and this coarse, big mare, whom Robinson always considered some pounds better than Lucetta, presented a quaint contrast to her elegant little opponent, who looked little qualified to give her 17lbs. for the two years. The race was one of the most extraordinary and interesting ever run, and The Saddler was soon beaten off. Chifney walked 150 yards, and then cantered in front till about three-quarters of a mile from home, when he went on at a terrific pace—Robinson waiting with the mare till about 70 yards from the chair, where he

challenged, and a most punishing head-and-head struggle, in which the great Newmarket rivals seemed to ride for "Westminster Abbey or Victory," ended in a dead heat. The Chifneys would have been glad to compromise the race, and let the mare walk over; but the crowd was so great in those primitive days, when Grand Stand enclosures were unknown, that they could not find Sir Mark Wood. It is not likely that the baronet would have fallen in with the offer, as he had taken up some warm notions about a collision which had occurred between the pair as Robinson closed up, and would have it that Sam jostled his mare; while Sam as stoutly maintained that the mare had swerved on to his horse, and knocked him out of his stride. In the second bout Rowton made the running, Camarine waiting two lengths off; but his leg failed him after he passed the Brick Kilns and the mare won easily. The produce of the two—or rather the two and Cetus—in 1835, was the chestnut Glenlivat, who was brought to the hammer, when a yearling, after Sir Mark Wood's death. He was so wonderfully handsome and blood-looking, that Lord Exeter bid him up to 1,000 guineas; but Lord George Bentinck—who then used Mr. Bowe's name in his nominations—went on with another ten-guinea bid, and secured him. Will Chifney had told Mr. Thornhill, who was anxious to bid, that he was not worth a fifty-pound note; and he turned out to be nearly correct. He contrived, however, when receiving 36lbs., to break down Hetman Platoff in the Leamington Stakes, in the same fashion that his dam had eight years before treated his sire. Rowton was also honoured with the smiles of the 1,100-guinea Pucelle, when she was in the Duke of Cleveland's stud; and from their union sprang Virginia, who was in her turn the dam of Virago.

Zinganee was tried so highly during the spring of 1828 that Mr. Thornhill, as well as his owners, stood

heavily upon him for the Derby. He beat a field of ten for the Newmarket Stakes (£825) very cleverly, although he was up to his fetlocks in dirt; but fate was against him in his Epsom preparation; and he had barely reached that town when his throat swelled, and he ran profusely at the nose almost up to the hour of starting. In spite of his distemper, he looked a winner all over till within forty yards from home, when his Tramp stoutness could avail him no longer; and he was fain to finish a fair third to Cadland and The Colonel, who made a dead heat of it. The race took a great deal out of him, and he was very weak all the summer, and got beat at the turn of the lands, in the Oatlands. Few could have guessed that so much racing power lurked under such an unpromising exterior. He was a lengthy horse, rather more than fifteen hands, lightly built, and with very thin thighs. His back ribs were very good; but, in addition to a pair of white heels, he had a very sour countenance, which deeply-sunken eyes did not tend to light up. The Newmarket season of 1829 was inaugurated by his victory, with Sam again on his back, for the Craven Stakes, when Fleur-de-lis (Pavis) was only beaten by a short head. The mare ran at a great disadvantage, as she carried about 32lbs. of dead weight; but still she was so vastly superior in stride and power to her opponent, that nothing but Sam's herculean style of riding his little horse home just brought him through. To quote the vigorous report of Mr. Ruff, "*he absolutely lifted his horse in first by a bare head.*" In the Claret Stakes the pair were again successful. Buckle had seldom been more disappointed than on losing this race, as, after making 7st. 12lb. his lowest riding weight for years, he had specially reduced himself to 7st. 8lb., in order to ride his favourite Rough Robin. Robinson, on Cadland, was disposed of half-way between the turn of the lands and the Duke's Stand,



and at the latter point Chifney "got to evens with Buckle, made his terrific rush, and won easily by two lengths." Zinganee's condition was so perfect on this day, that he hardly turned a hair on pulling up; but he had a cough for nearly five weeks afterwards, and was only able to take sixteen days of strong work before the Ascot Cup.

The entry for this race was one of the most splendid ever known, and comprised two Derby, one St. Leger, and one Oaks winner. It was calculated that the eight which came to the post had had 24,000 guineas refused or paid for them at one time or another. There was the leggy and powerful-quartered Mameluke, for which Mr. Gully had paid 4,000 guineas to Lord Jersey, after he had won the Derby; and The Colonel, who had passed out of Mr. Petre's hands into the King's, at 4,000 guineas, for the sake of winning this one great prize, was once more side by side with his old rival Cadland, who was said to be priced at 1,000 guineas less. The latter offer had also been refused for Lamplighter, and Lord Exeter would certainly have not taken less for his favourite Green-Mantle. Mr. W., a betting man, made an offer of 3,000 guineas for Zinganee the day before; but, as the Chifneys did not like the party for whom it was made, and felt some apprehensions that it was intended to square him, they declined to treat. His victory in the Trial Stakes on Tuesday had put them on velvet, as regarded their Derby losses, and, remembering the good-old maxim, "Sell when you can," they parted with him to Lord Chesterfield for 2,500 guineas on the eve of the race, with the stipulations not only that Sam was to be in the red-and-blue, but that they were to receive the 340 sovs. stakes, and his Lordship the Cup. The opinion of both brothers as to their certainty of success is best shown by the following letter, which William Chifney despatched to Lord Darlington, who was anxious to

be guided by his advice in his Tattersall's operations on the Monday. It ran as follows:—

“Sunninghill Wells, Monday morning, 8 o'clock.

“My Lord,—I lose no time in answering your Lordship's note desiring me to remit my opinion of the horses in the Ascot Cup.

“Cañland and Mameluke are good horses; the latter, at times, shows temper, and will require the most skilful management to make him run to his best form amongst a field of horses, and the slightest mistake in this respect will be fatal to him for the race. The Colonel is badly shaped: his ribs and quarters are much too large and heavily formed, and will cause him to tire and run a jade; independent of this defect, the course, of all others, is especially ill suited to him, and will cause him to fall an easy victim. Still his party are so exceedingly fond of him, as to think no horse can defeat him, and they have backed him for an immense sum. In the face of all this, I entertain the most contemptible opinion of him, *for the distance of ground*, and I fear nothing whatever from him. Lamplighter is not sufficiently good to cope with the company he will have to meet; and neither Green-Mantle nor Varna, although good mares, can have a chance with the old horses over this strong course.

“I have the best horse in England at this moment in Zingane; and if the race is desperately run, which I hope and anticipate it will be, and my brother sends him out the last three-quarters of a mile, to keep the pace severe, I shall be very much surprised and greatly disappointed if I do not see him with the Cup on Thursday without the slightest degree of trouble, notwithstanding the powerful field of horses he has to contend against.

“I am, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

“WILLIAM CHIFNEY.

“The Earl of Darlington.”

Such a Carnival, as far as carriages were concerned, has never been seen at Ascot, either before or since. “Through the wood follow me!” was the key-note of every Justice Shallow, Falstaff, and “Merry Wife” for twenty miles round Windsor on that great Cup day, whose next anniversary saw the pulse that beat highest in the royal stand faintly ebbing away. The carriages were in some places nearly twenty deep by the side of the cords, and the verderers declared that nearly “half a mile of them” never reached the course at all till the Cup was run for. After three false starts, George Edwards, on the 2,000 guinea Bobadilla, made the running till

far beyond the Swinley post, Zinganee lying off about seventh, and Wheatley on Mameluke, watching him so jealously that whenever Sam eased his horse for a few strides, he instantly followed suit. *Three-quarters of a mile from home*, the Windsor and Belvoir Castle chances were quite out, and, as Will Chifney had foreshadowed in his prophetic note to Lord Darlington, Zinganee suddenly went through his horses like a minié-ball, Mameluke still hanging on to his quarters until half way up, when he could live the pace no longer, and Sam landed the Bretby colours—amid loud shouts enough to scare every faun and dryad from the shade of Herne Oak for life—a clever first by two lengths. The Chifneys won about £1,200 on the race, and took £500 of it at 2½ to 1 through Mr. Greville, just before starting. Mameluke's running did not surprise his friends, as he was always suspected to be rather a jade over a distance of ground. His temper had been perfect when he was in Tiny Edwards's hands; but it had been sadly ruined, as Bloomsbury's was in after-years, during his St. Leger training at Hambleton. After his gallops on the Moor, he had been allowed to walk about among the horses which were grazing there, until at last he politely took to noticing them, and rearing whenever he passed one. This habit utterly nullified his training; and when he came to the St. Leger post, among a very large field of horses, he could hardly be got to face it at all. By the aid of Mr. Gully's cart-whip and Sam Chifney's whalebone, he did get off at the eleventh hour of asking, but he was nearly one hundred yards behind Matilda; bad as the mare was, it was "her day," and he could not, with all Sam's nursing, give 5lbs. and hold his own, when he crept up to her within the distance-post. Robinson always entertained the highest idea of Mameluke before the Derby, while Tiny Edwards as strongly believed that he was in-

ferior to Glenartney. Lord Jersey sided with Robinson; and Crockford often used to tell, with a chuckle, how Tiny fairly groaned with horror when he rode up to him on the Heath during the First Spring, and said—“*Holloa, Tiny! if you see the Peer, tell him I have got another hundred for him out of Glenartney.*” The public made Glenartney, who was ridden by Harry Edwards, first favourite at starting, against a field of twenty-two (which comprised Sam in the royal livery on Windermere, and Will Wheatley on Mr. Sadler’s Defence), and relieved their feelings when Jim came sailing past him on Mameluke, by saying that “*he could’nt have lost if the bridle had broke.*” Over a short distance of ground, perhaps no horse of the day possessed such a high turn of speed as Mameluke, and hence the Chifneys knew that their only chance of winning at Ascot depended on their making the running too severe for him. Zinganee received 10lbs. from him for his year in the Cup, and the handicappers reduced this difference to 4lbs. when they adjusted the weights for the Garden Stakes.

Zinganee’s day was virtually over when he passed out of the Chifneys’ stable, and Lord Chesterfield’s trainer, Prince, had never any luck with him. This failure was not extraordinary, as he was a delicate-constitutioned animal, and although he stood the strong preparation for which the Chifneys had become so famed, he equally baffled William Edwards when he became the property of the King for 2,000 guineas. Cadland beat him a head for the Audley End Stakes in the autumn of his Ascot Cup year, Will Arnall having orders to force the running, a mode of tactics which made his horse show temper. In fact, he could never bear hurrying, in his best day, and never fairly waked up till he had gone nearly three-quarters of a mile. An odd proof of this was given in a trial he had with one of the late

Duke of Portland's horses over the Bunbury Mile. Lord George Bentinck and a friend were looking on, about half way, while the Duke of Portland, according to his wont, stood at the ending post. As the two passed them, Zinganee seemed beaten off, and hence they were not a little surprised when the Duke told them that he had only given it by a neck against the old horse. He only once got as far as Doncaster where he ran a "half head" second to Tyke for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, and was forthwith scratched for the Cup, where Voltaire would have shown him monstrous little mercy. Sam was engaged to ride him for both races; but he was so confident, on seeing him, that there would be no Cup mount, that he begged off, and Will Arnall took his place. After winning such an Ascot Cup but three months before, he could not bear to be beaten on him, and he felt that a fond public would lay 7 to 2 on a horse whom he knew to be some 12lbs. below the form which he had run to in his own and his brother's hands and not put the most charitable constructions on his defeat. In fact, he was only once more on his back, and then the horse was "as weak as water," and had some trouble in being a decent last for the Cup, which he had won so proudly the year before. His leg gave way in the First October of that year, when he met Cadland for the Whip, and his chequered career soon afterwards came to a close. For a few seasons he was put to the stud in England, but his stock were generally very light, and although Beggarman and Chymist, out of Oxygen, ran fairly, he did but little for the fame of Tramp, and ended his days, like Rowton and Priam, in America.

It was on a fine morning (as the novelists remark) just before the July meeting of 1828, that the Chiffneys sauntered out together to look at Sir John Shelley's young things, which had come up to New-

market for sale, and were taking their airings at the foot of the Warren Hill. A report had reached them, that there was a wonderfully fine colt by Emilius, out of Cressida, among the lot. The blood of this renowned son of Orville was just coming into fashion, and as they were both stricken with a deep fancy for the colt the moment they set eyes on him, Will boldly determined to make a dash for a second Zinganee, and to have him at any price. He was quite unbroken at the time, and the stable were so anxious to keep him, that they ran him up to 950 guineas. Beyond that point they would not go; and Mr. Tattersall knocked him down for 1,000 guineas to Will Chifney. There was no room for him at either Will's or Sam's stables, and hence he stood for a few months at Sam Day's, and learnt his first lesson in the way he should go from the hands and lips of Martin Starling. During the whole of his two-year-old season he was untried, either in public or private. Dilly had a share in him along with the Chifneys, and the three were so confident in his powers, that they engaged him very heavily, trusting to their notions of his form, and a rough gallop or two with Zinganee before Ascot. The first horse he ever galloped with was Flacrow, and Will declares that he never saw any young thing run so raw, or get beaten off so far. He was a dark-bay animal, about whom good judges formed the most opposite notions. Lord Darlington took a violent dislike to him, and never believed that he would stay the Derby course; while Lord Chesterfield used enthusiastically to declare that he could look at him all day, and that he was "the only blood horse he had ever seen." If the shaggy Russian Major, who attended on a pony at our recent Spring Meeting on the Tchernaya, had looked him over, he would indeed have said he was "*English hoarse, fleet as winds for course, as would gain the reward.*" At the first glance, he seemed

rather a tall, short horse; but although he was slightly leggy, he could hardly be said to want length. In height he was a trifle above fifteen-three, rather light-limbed, and with lightish back-ribs, from which his opponents especially drew their "short-coursed" inferences. His great beauty lay in his fore-hand; and he had deep oblique shoulders, and one of the most expressive and blood-like of heads. Lord Darlington had well-nigh proved his evil genius, as the horse caught a violent cold from a long inspection which he made of him when he passed through Newmarket, to see his darling Derby hope, Wat Tyler, on his road from the North, during a very cold March. Priam's throat swelled so much, that he refused his corn, and at one time it seemed doubtful whether he could come to the post for his Craven Meeting engagements, for which his owners had backed him very heavily. In the Riddlesworth race, Will Chifney stationed himself half-way up the D.M., and the horse was running so unkindly when he went past him, that he sung out to Buckle some extempore directions. "Frank" got a £50 douceur for his win, as the Chifneys were always exceedingly liberal on these occasions, and was thus apostrophized by Will, when they met in the weighing-house. "Why, Frank, what the devil was you about for the first half-mile—you rode him so contrary to your usual good style?" Buckle jokingly answered that Will was quite right, but that the horse had been so awkward at starting, that he could not get him settled into his stride till they were nearing home. Kean, who had run second to Patron for the Two Thousand Guineas the year before, and Flacrow, who afterwards became a Melton crack, and distinguished himself by winning a great steeple-chase in that district, gave him his Derby work turn about, along with Wat Tyler, whom Sam was to have ridden at Epsom. When the latter's leg gave way at Mickle-

ham, Will Chifney was in great hopes that he could have secured Sam for Priam, and offered to lay Lord Darlington £1,000 to £100 against the horse, if he would consent; but his Lordship was inexorable, and claimed him for the Sheldrake colt. Mr. Rush was applied to for Robinson with equally ill success, as he was also heavy against Priam, and firmly insisted on his first call for a wretch called Ivanhoe; and therefore the "green and black cap" of the family was intrusted to Sam Day, who had won the Derby on Gustavus nine years before.

To get from Newmarket to Epsom in those days was no May game. Priam and his four companions started at four o'clock in the morning on the Friday week before the Derby day, and Will Chifney caught them up on his pony long before they had completed their twenty-one miles' walk to Newport. Will, who was a great walker in his prime, put some of the commissariat across his pony's back on the second day, and walked all the remainder of the way by the side of his favourite, who excited not a little interest among the sporting innkeepers on the road, who had been anxiously looking out for "t' Newmarket nag." A twenty-two miles' tramp brought the procession to the Cock at Epping, on Saturday; and long before morning church was finished, it had passed down Piccadilly, and reached Smith's stables, which stood at that time near the head of Sloane-street. A quiet "office" had been given to a few of the Jockey Club, to whom Priam granted a long audience in the course of the afternoon. He was far on his road to Mickleham Downs before any more visitors could arrive in the morning, and had thus a clear nine days of quiet preparation before the Derby, which, from its establishment in 1780 (when Diomed, Priam's great-grand sire, won it) up till Amato's year, was always run on a Thursday. The facts of the race, for which twenty-three started, are easily told. Little Red



Rover was supported with such spirit by the great betting twins of that day, Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale, that Priam could never be got to shorter odds than 4 to 1. The latter showed, as in the Riddlesworth, his strong dislike to seeing fresh faces at the post; and hence, when after a profusion of false starts the flag stopped in earnest, Sam Chifney looked back grimly in his saddle as they swept off in a perfect cloud of dust, and saw Priam still dancing on his hind legs in most approved Ducrow fashion, at the post. However, "the sprig of myrtle" got him once more on all-fours, and although he was last off, and lost several lengths, Sam and Robinson (who were in difficulties already) had the pleasure of seeing him shoot past them like a swallow before they had gone 400 yards, and get on to good terms with Little Red Rover, Mahmoud, and Augustus, at Tattenham Corner. Once there, Sam Day took his pull, and waited with them to the Grand Stand, where the "narrow blue stripes" declined, and all Templeman's efforts on his chesnut could do nothing against Priam when he came in earnest. "Two lengths" was the fiat, and the Chifneys won about £12,000, including the stakes—much less than public report chose to attribute to them. Priam walked over for the Ascot Derby in the course of the next fortnight, and became an immense favourite for the St. Leger, for which they very fairly concluded that he could not be beaten.

No horse could do better during the summer; and it was with high hopes of making a more brilliant stroke than ever, that Will Chifney again set out on his walking pilgrimage with him to Doncaster early in September. Stilton was their goal on the first day; and on the next they pushed forward to Exton Park, the seat of the late Sir Gerard Noel, some five or six miles from Stamford. Here a halt was made for nearly a week, during which Priam was sweated,

and did some good work each morning in the Park. Rebington was the third stage, and Retford the fourth. Mr. Clarke was not at home when Will gave a passing call at his cheerful hostelry at Barnby Moor; but his good spouse took a look at Priam, and sent out her best ale to the lads to drink the Derby winner's health. When they reached the Intake-farm stables, Will Chifney was disposed to consider Birmingham, by Filho da Puta—a great brown seventeen-hand horse, with the Haphazard and Orville strains in him—as his most dangerous opponent; till Sam Day, who had ridden Cetus against him at Warwick, assured him that Priam had nothing to fear, and that, in his opinion, Birmingham would not like the distance. The horse did strong work (though by no means so severe as the Northern trainers chose to report) on the Towil Moor up to the Sunday before the race, which was then always run on a Tuesday; and, mindful of Malek's celebrated bolt to his corn-bin, Will would never lead him on or off it by the Intake-farm Gate, but skirted it through gaps purposely made in the hedges of the Corporation Meadows, and so through the gate near the Rubbing House. The weather for some days before the St. Leger was exceedingly wet, and the twenty-eight starters were nearly up to their fetlocks between the T.Y.C. post and the Red House, at which latter point the water literally stood in pools. Sam did not at all relish the immense stride of Birmingham, as he took his canter alongside of him, amid thunder, rain, and lightning. The brown was so powerful that Connolly could hardly hold him; and it was all he could do to pull him from the edge of the ditch, in which the pair very nearly rolled headlong. Before they reached the Intake turn, the heavy ground had brought Priam to grief; but he struggled gamely home, and was only beaten by half a length. The Chifneys made no excuse for the horse on the score

of condition, as they believed him to be some pounds better than he had been on the Derby day; and it was apparent to his backers that sound ground would have made all the difference. Hence Mr. Tattersall made an offer to run him against Birmingham over the same course at even weights on the Friday, and lay £2,000 to £1,000 on him, or to run him for £1,000 even, A.F. at Newmarket in the First Spring, and give 3lbs.; but both these offers were declined. After a day's rest, Priam was all fresh again; and with 2 to 1 on him, and receiving only 5lbs. for his year from Retriever, beat the latter quite easily in a 500 sovs. (h. ft.) match at a mile and a-half. This defeat sent Retriever to 20 to 1 for the Cup, which he won from Medora, Laurel, Fleur-de-lis, &c., on the next day; and caused Lord Glasgow to fall back on Harry Edwards for an explanation of his horse's running in the match, and to make proposals for another at Newmarket in the spring, which eventually went off by consent. About the November of this year, Mr. Payne and Will Chifney had some negotiations about Priam; but, fortunately for Will, who was not indisposed to sell for 2,000 guineas, they also fell through. He had lost none of his form when the doors of the Newmarket Stands and Rubbing Houses once more creaked, after a winter's idleness, on their rusty hinges; and with Robinson on him, won both the Craven Stakes and the Port. In the former of these races he beat a field of ten, among whom was Tranby, who distinguished himself so much in Mr. Osbaldeston's 200 mile match in the November of that year. Sir Sandford Graham was rather sweet on him about this time, but he thought too long about it; and Lord Chesterfield—who then owned his half-brother by Middleton, and had got back Zinganee from the Royal Stud—purchased him for 3,000 guineas the evening after he had won the Port. High prices for tried horses were more fre-

quent in those days than they are now, and the Chifneys seemed always to be in the thick of them. Lord Darlington would have gladly given 4,000 gs. for Mameluke shortly after the Derby, and Mr. Thornhill bid Mr. Batson 5,000 guineas for Plenipo a few weeks before the memorable Ascot Cup of '35. Mr. Gully in the one instance just anticipated the Earl, and Mr. Batson, at, we believe, the instance of his eldest son, declined to part with his horse at any price.

Priam's first essay for Lord Chesterfield was at the First Spring, in a 200 h. ft. 8st. 7lbs. each match, over the T.M.M., against Lucetta, who was a year his senior, and had won the Ascot Cup in the previous June. Sir Mark Wood had originally given 2,000 guineas for this mare, on the strength of a private trial, and in the plenitude of his confidence gave orders to Robinson to try and cut Priam down. The spirit with which each animal was supported was akin to that in which the backers of St. Hubert and Lord of the Isles indulged for "The Two Thousand," when "The Squire" observed that, "to hear them talk, their horses must be more than clippers—they're alarmers." It was a very severely run match, and created enormous interest; but Sam made very short work of the Hare Park mare when he challenged in the ropes. This was the last time Sam was on him; and in the whole of his victories, except this, either Buckle, Conolly, or Robinson were his steersmen. The latter knew him to a nicety; and, in fact, Lord Chesterfield's regular jockey, Conolly, thought he went so oddly in his gallop on the Tuesday before the Goodwood Cup (1831), that he called to Robinson, who was on the ground, and requested him to give him a canter. "Our Jim" returned the horse with an assurance that he was all right, and he won the Cup easily enough, and repeated the performance in the following year under 9st. 13lbs. Weight and

distance were no particular object to him, as he beat Lucetta cleverly over the Queen's Plate Course at Newmarket in the same week they ran their match, carrying 11st. to her 11st. 9lbs. Perhaps his greatest performance was in the Second October of 1831, when he gave 16lbs. to Augustus in a 300 sovs. (or, as it was generally thought, a 500 sovs. p.p.) match across the Flat. Augustus had always been a name of dread to the Chifneys, long before the Derby, and they had endeavoured to buy him out of Priam's road; but their fears, which were somewhat increased after he won the Two Thousand Guineas, proved groundless, as he was only fourth to him at Epsom. In the present match, which was the most dashing that Lord Chesterfield ever made, Augustus, who received sixteen pounds, made all the running at a great pace, and put Priam into such desperate difficulties at the Bushes, under his 9st. 2lbs., that it was all Robinson could do to prevent him running out on to the lands. The Sultan blood of Augustus was, however, none of the stoutest, and he died away so completely in Will Arnall's hands, as he rose the hill, that Robinson, who had got a pull at his horse, was just enabled to catch him a few strides from the chair, and win by half a length. He never started in 1831-32 for the Doncaster Cup, in both of which years his old rival Birmingham was fifth for it to The Saddler and Gallopade; and he never went through the great Ascot Cup test of Derby and St. Leger winners, which brought fresh laurels to Mem-Touchstone (twice), Van Tromp, Flying Dutchman, Teddington, and West Australian; and which Lameluke, Rowton, The Colonel, Cadland, Rockingham, Plenipo, Bloomsbury, Attila, Foig-a-Ballagh, Cossack, Voltigeur, and Stockwell all essayed in vain. Although Will Chifney knew that Priam would not be allowed to start for it in 1831, he entered him, for a sort of sale advertisement, as well as a protes-

against the exclusiveness of the new rule. In the following year he was "off"; and Rowton, Camarine, and The Saddler were the only starters. The rule that no horses should start, except they were the property of members of the Jockey Club, or Brooke's, or White's, was established in 1830. It really and truly arose out of the annoyance which was felt by the King and his Court (just as the course was cleared for the Zinganee Cup race) at a non-titled owner going to the door of the Royal Stand, and requesting, in what they deemed too authoritative a tone, to speak to Lord Maryborough about some defect in the course arrangements.

At the close of the season of 1832, the confederacy between Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Greville was dissolved, and his lordship's horses quitted Prince's charge for John Scott's. Priam never reached Malton, but retired into private life along with Zinganee at Bretby Park, where his fee was 30 sovereigns, or thrice as much as that of his less esteemed companion, which, however, subsequently rose to 15 sovereigns. The latter, in spite of his ill-luck, had always been a great favourite with his lordship, as he was the first heavy purchase he had made, at a time when his stud, which increased in after-years to nearly thirty, only consisted of five. Sultan was the premier of that day, and 50 sovereigns were charged for his services, while Emilius was priced at 40 sovereigns, and Partisan at 20. On the turf Priam was only twice defeated, and he remained in England for nearly four seasons. Green Mantle was one of the first mares that arrived at his paddocks, but Troilus was no very worthy son, and, in fact, with the exception of the Dey of Algiers, he can hardly be said to have got a colt of any note. His fillies were very superior, and he left behind him a yearling and a two-year-old (Miss Letty and Indus-try), both of whom took Oaks honours, as well as

Octaviana, in foal with Crucifix. Lord Chesterfield parted with him in the Second October Meeting (the very week that Sam's Ridget Farm was sold) to Mr. Tattersall, who bid 3,500 guineas for him, on behalf of an American breeder. Brother Jonathan was determined to fly at high game, and have no ring-tailed roarer, and hence the fame of the purchase spread so far and wide through the States, that he got back a great part of his purchase-money in the very first season; and all attempts to redeem him at 4,000 guineas for England were utterly useless.

Epsom had nothing more for the Chifneys in its lucky-bag after they drew its great prize with Priam, but they started two for the Derby in the following year—to wit, Exile with Macdonald “up,” while Sam rode the Surprise filly at 4lbs. overweight. The filly was equally unfortunate in the Oaks, though Sam wasted 2lbs. on the evening of the Derby, in order to start her on even terms with Oxygen and her other lady-friends on the morrow. Will lent her to Mr. Osbaldeston, when he rode his great match on the Round Course against time, in the following November; and she did her four miles in 9 minutes 10 seconds—no bad performance for a three-year-old over such a course, and under 11st. 4lbs. Emiliana made nothing out in the Derby of 1832; but Harry Edwards and Sam were both in the Chifney green on the Derby day of 1833; the former on Prince Llewellyn, and the latter on Moorhen, whose dam (Shoveller) he had just shod in first for the Oaks some 14 years before. The two brothers did not agree on this occasion about their nags' forms, as Will Chifney thought very highly of Prince Llewellyn, while Sam would not have it, and preferred wasting down to 8st. 2lbs. for Moorhen, who beat the Prince in their places. This filly had the honour that autumn of giving Frank Butler

his first winning mount at Newmarket, in a handicap plate, against a field of ten. Frank (who rode 7st. 2lbs. in the above race) was never in his uncle's stables, but attended occasionally to gallop their horses, and ride trials; and he always owned with honest family pride, that the eminence which he afterwards attained in the saddle was not a little owing to the valuable hints he received from them.

Although William was hard hit by Prince Llewellyn, he was so far from being disheartened, that he gave John Scott £1,400 for Connoisseur, who had run second for the Derby, and determined to make a last effort for the St. Leger. The Whitewall form, however, could not be improved upon, and the brown son of Chateau Margaux and Frailty was sold, soon after his Doncaster race, for 600 guineas, to Count Batthyany, and died on ship board, *en route* to Hungary. The defeat of the Duke of Cleveland's Shillelah for the Derby, and the building of a handsome house at Newmarket, which was recently occupied by the Bradleys, dealt a decisive blow to the Chifney fortunes; and in the June of 1834, their stud was brought to the hammer. The elegant Rowton passed into Jem Bland's hands at 1,000 guineas, and Shillelah's dam and Emiliana at 320 guineas each; while The Marquis of Westminster bought a Whisker filly at 260 guineas, the same price as was given by Lord Darlington for a Sam mare. An Emilianus colt also went to Raby, and a Sam gelding was bought in. But once more were the colours of the family seen at Epsom, where they were sported by Frank Butler in his maiden mount for the Derby, on Athenian, in 1836. Frank's luck on that occasion very faintly foreshadowed the two St. Legers, two Derbies, and six Oaks which were in store for him, as his sadly wayward colt, after causing an infinity of false starts, was left behind at the post.



"After 1834, Sam ceased to go North altogether, and what little riding he had from that date, was confined to Newmarket, Ascot, and Epsom. He whipped-in for the Derby on Lord Chesterfield's Critic in 1837, and never got off at all on Mr. Payne's Young Rowton, out of Emiliana, for the same stake in the following year.\* The jockeys were so unprepared for the actual start, that several of them half-stopped their horses, feeling sure that it would not be one; and Sam actually had his chestnut's head turned the contrary way at the moment the ill-timed signal was given. St. Francis (Pettit) was in the same predicament, and oddly enough, it is in connection with his magnificent riding of this companion in trouble, that many of our more modern turfites date their Sam Chifney recollections. He was a little strong horse, by St. Patrick, and perhaps one of the most shifty and idle animals that a jockey ever crossed. "Lazy Lanercost" was a piece of quicksilver compared to him. Robinson and Chifney both agreed that in all their experience they had never met with one that was half so difficult to ride; and both were generally quite exhausted when they weighed in. A more varmint-looking pair never paraded before the Ascot Grand Stand than Sam on the Saint, who whisked his long switch tail about in not the pleasantest of moods, when he felt that his plain snaffle was in hands which would brook no nonsense. The horse belonged to Mr. Gurney, who was an especial friend, and trained with Mr. Thornhill at Pettit's; and it was by the wish of the latter that Sam was "put up" in several of his races.

The Ascot Cup of 1840 was his leading victory; but the severest task was the riding him for a £100 D.I. Plate in one of the Houghton Meetings. On this occasion Robinson beckoned to Butler, as he met him cantering on his hack towards the cords, and said, "*Come back with me, and I'll show you a*

*treat of your uncle's riding such as you never saw yet. He's got St. Francis in hand to-day, and I know what a slug he is !*" Accordingly the two stationed themselves at the turn of the lands, and when the horses came towards them, Butler exclaimed—" *Why my uncle's horse is dead beat—he will be last !*" " *Come along,*" rejoined Robinson, smiling ; " *you'll hear a different tale at the chair ;*" and when they did get there, Frank vowed he would " *take care and never believe again that my uncle's beaten till he's past the post.*" Lord Jersey, and two or three more of the Jockey Club, saw the race about two distances from home, and even there St. Francis *seemed* to be shirking his work so completely from distress, that they could hardly believe their ears, when they heard that the judge had given him the race by two or three lengths.

Sam's riding of Bloomsbury against Robinson on Clarion, for the Ccsarewitch of 1839, also created a great deal of talk at the time, and was one of the most exciting finishes ever known on the Heath. Coming through the Ditch-gap, he was nearly 150 yards behind the light weights, who were raking away at a fearful pace ; but he crept up so gradually inch by inch across the flat, that when Robinson found him at his quarters, he involuntarily exclaimed—" *Where the devil did you come from ?*" His rush was one of the most tremendous he ever made ; but the horse flinched under nine stone, and he was most bitterly disappointed to hear that the race had been given against him by a neck. He came up right under the judge's chair, while Clarion ran rather wide, and he always maintained that the judge had overlooked him. We cannot say how far his belief was correct, but not a few sided with him ; and it was well known to be rather a failing of the late Mr. Clark's, to overlook the horse who ran close under

the chair, as in the cases of Little Red Rover, Stockwell, and Merry Peal. Still these *oversights*, if they were such (and we can only state our own opinion on the last), were mere specks in a career of thirty years in the Newmarket judgment seat, which was occupied from 1805 to 1822 by his father, and since 1852 by his son. Mr. Nightingale once gave a race in Scotland by "two or three inches," but perhaps the most difficult finish to decide, was the Zetland Stakes at the last York Spring. We asked Mr. Johnson how he ever contrived to place them as he did, and he told us that when he saw the five hard at it head and head, he felt that he dared not watch them as they came, but turned and kept his eye firm on the white line, and just hit them off with a glance as they passed it. If he had given it a dead heat of five, neither jockeys nor spectators would have been a whit the wiser, though the "roughs" chose to be savagely critical when Mildew beat Cantab at York, and sent Mr. Clark in hot haste from the chair to the weighing-room.

But we are not yet quite at the ending post with old Sam. In 1842 he rode the colt by Agreable, dam by Sam, for Mr. Meiklam, in the Derby, where he ran fifth; and also wasted and went to Doncaster to ride the same colt for the St. Leger, for which he was "milked" and scratched. His 1843-44 mounts were entirely confined to Mr. Thornhill, at whose Newmarket house and stables he resided till the November of 1851, when he removed to Hove, near Brighton. At Newmarket, his great pleasure, for the six years after he retired, was to stroll out on to the heath to see the gallops; but he was very indifferent about races generally, except when really good horses were to meet. He bade farewell to Newmarket during the Houghton Meeting, 1852, and never visited Epsom after the day that "Frank" and West

Australian won the Derby. The last race-meeting that he ever attended was the Brighton one of the same year, as he was too ill to get so far even from Hove, when its next anniversary came round. We spied his spare figure, in his black surtout and large hat, for the last time, as he quietly strolled down Piccadilly, and chatted with a few friends in front of the White Bear, on a fine June day, just before the Ascot Meeting of 1853. He had been ill about a month before he died; and his brother William (who still lingers on the Heath with all the devotion of earlier and brighter days) had been to visit him; but a second summons failed to reach him in time; and when he saw him again, he was in his coffin. His death took place towards the end of August, 1854, two months before he had completed his 69th year, and ten years and a-quarter after he had quitted the saddle, and he was buried in the beautiful churchyard of Hove, which lies hard by his late residence.

Brighton and its neighbourhood had always been a favourite spot with him, as he remembered it in the days when the Prince Regent kept court at its Pavilion, and laughed at the story of how "little Sam" and Will Edwards, in 1802, had led the Celia filly to its meeting all the way from Stockbridge, and ridden her in turns by the way. The Prince never forgot the incident, and it strengthened the good impression which Sam's first appearance in the Royal purple on the filly at Stockbridge had created. The mould has long since rattled dismally on the coffin-lids of those lords and ladies gay, and our own task as biographers is ended. We began with a little lad of six seated on Kit Karr at Newmarket, and his father, the first horseman of his day, in the stall at his side, and we have traced that lad's history through many a night of weariness and many a

weary day, till we find him cast like a wreck on the sea-beach of life. All is past now, and the old weather-beaten jockey, after his fitful span of trouble and victory, and leaving the Chifney rush, as a proverb to all time, sleeps at last near the spot where two-and-fifty years ago the seal was first set to his boyish fortunes. Peace to his memory!

## CHAPTER X.

## CARDESELLERS, TOUTS, AND AUGURS.

“The bell is ringing for the start :  
 There’s ‘Sim’ in blue and white,  
 With ‘Heseltine’ in red, and ‘Job’  
 In lilac, and Cartwright ;  
 There’s Holmes in blue and scarlet sleeves,  
 And now I can descry  
 The tartan vest and yellow cap  
 Of Mr. Thomas Lye.”

Yorkshire Ballad.

IT is not many months since an Oxford undergraduate went to chapel on a “surplice evening,” fresh from the joys of a wine-party. The anthem was, “Oh, that I had wings like a dove !” and the first few bars had scarcely been got through by the choristers, when their half-“mesmerized” auditor roused himself, and, utterly reckless of a rustication and its consequences, suddenly stretched out his surpliced arms, and flapping them with a mighty rushing sound, sung out at the very top of his voice “Oh, that I had wings like a jolly, jolly duck !” We have been told that his adjectives were still more forcible ; but, great as was the consternation of the college dons at this untoward event, it was not one whit greater than that felt three-and-forty years before, by a large coterie of the Newmarketers, when it first transpired that the poisoner of Lord Foley’s horses was no other than their quiet, red-faced little chum, Dan Dawson—Dan Dawson, who was always

so sociable with them over his pipe and pot in an evening, and who warbled forth from a throat unconscious of the growing hemp the very choicest of Bacchanal songs whenever his turn came round. He lodged at a house opposite "Old Q.'s" residence, to be near the field of his touting labours, and was deemed one of the last men to have played with poison syringes. His favourite maxim was, that "those who lay in bed in a morning at Newmarket did no good for themselves;" and he had such confidence in his peculiar powers, that if Lord Foley's string had consisted of "eleventeen hundred" instead of eleven, he "could have physicked them all." This operation was not one of the easiest kind, as the trainers always kept their special water-troughs locked on the Heath, and did not very frequently use them. One Langford, a valet, and Bishop, a Guy's dispenser, were his pals in turn, and the latter turned king's evidence on the trial. It took place before Baron Heath, and was a long, weary affair, as the witnesses were very shy of telling half they knew. Mr. Timothy Marr informed the Judge, from the gallery, that he had better swear him there, as he would take two good hours getting down, and tell them precious little into the bargain. Lord Foley, to whom Dan made several disclosures after his sentence, tried hard to save his life; but the Home Secretary of that day was inexorable, and on August 8, 1812, the white cap was drawn over his face on the top of Cambridge gaol. Several persons drove over from Newmarket to have a last look at him, and were admitted into the gaol yard, as a special favour. They were talking in a cluster by an iron-studded door, when it opened, and the poor pinioned criminal came so suddenly upon them that Will Arnall almost tumbled backwards into his arm. "*Good bye, God bless you! my Newmarket lads; you see I can't shake hands with you. Good bye!*" was all the former

could say, as he tottered towards the scaffold; and the governor afterwards assured his visitors that they had totally unmanned him by this unexpected interview. A few years before this "Nobbler King" ascended the drop, a taste for operations during Newmarket Races had brought the career of the notorious pickpocket Barrington to a close. He had thrown aside his clerical guise, his regimentals, and the full-dress coat, sword, bag-wig, and pink-powder, in which it was his wont to honour Ranelagh, and was smoking his pipe and talking the broadest Doric, after the labours of the day, in the chimney-corner of the Swan at Bottisham, about two miles from the Beacon Post, when one of the Cambridge race-goers recognised him under his carter's smockfrock disguise. He blanched so palpably at last, under the long, searching stare which he received, and being too weary to run over such an open country, he slunk out only to try and hide himself in an outhouse, from whence he was shortly afterwards gazetted to Botany Bay, about the same time that his great namesake was translated to Durham.

The tout<sup>s</sup> of the present day form a very large class on the turf, and are constantly recruited by a never-failing supply of over-grown grooms, who burst on to the prophetic world of literature, as "Vultigeur," "Goldfinder," and the like. About forty or fifty of them live in Newmarket, and receive about £1 1s. a week from their employers, whose weekly reports have been sadly less lucid since the new trial-course came into use; it takes, however, no ordinary vigilance to baffle them, and their devices would be worthy of Field himself. The mere skinkers of the fraternity are great in the "outer ring," and from what transpired in a train last September, we suspect that not a few of the poorest contrive to get along the railways by occasionally "squaring" the guard. The public-house is their great sphere of action; and



there was an instance two seasons since, when one of the most distinguished of the craft casually learnt all he required from a village whitewasher, who revealed to him over a can of ale, for which the "very civil drovier chap" insisted on paying, that the object of his search, "*A horse with two white heels—I don't know the name,*" had walked very lame behind, as he was shifted during the whitewashing process from one box to another. The unconscious knight of the brush little knew what suspicions he had confirmed, and what telegraph-wires he set at work before evening closed in. The Flying Dutchman was watched by a perfect squadron of them before the Derby, Teddington's trial was known in Newmarket (though not fully believed) a few hours after it was run, and Cataract and Sorella were the object of particular attention when they were matched. When Bill Scott used to live near Knavesmire, his motions were watched night and day, whenever a trial at Malton was about to come off, and it was almost impossible for him to steal away from York at any time of the night without having them on his track. Some of them are put on by the backers of a horse "to bonnet" him, and then, as Mr. Harry Hill observes, "*they wink as if they were going to knock an omnibus over;*" and many of the principal owners employ a private tout of their own, often a young ex-jockey who has acquired a good knowledge of styles of going, and perhaps make him stick to one horse they fancy, or the reverse, for a whole season.

The racing tipsters have much less patronage than formerly, before "Geoffrey Greenhorn" laid a trap for them, and published the tips he received in *The Life*. Professor Ingledue, M.A., the mesmerist is silent; and if their subscribers, "for whose interests I have collected my old and able staff, with many additional ones, who are already at work in the training districts," could only get a sight of the "old and

able staff," they would find it consisting of a man and a boy, "at work" in the back room of a London public house; and sending different winners for every race to their subscribers. The following is the most glaring public eulogium which any of them have, to our knowledge, passed on themselves, and is really a document worth embalming:—

"On my part it is useless to 'puff,' or write a page of 'rigmorole' about winners, as the racing world have had undeniable proofs of my abilities as a 'racing monitor.' I am no 'Egyptian conjuror,' that can see into futurity. The abilities of 'trainers,' the health of 'horses,' the comparison of merits in accordance to the relative weights they have to carry, and to find out if meant for their engagement, is the sole points of study. Past experience has taught me the right path to arrive at a true decision: for if my selected horses do not win, I have the gratification to see them hold the position of first favourite on or before the day. A perusal of *The Bell's Life*, and other sporting papers, weekly, bear testimony of the fortunate 'hits' I make from day to day; every great Handicap, with but few exceptions, for the last five years, have been foretold by me; also upwards of 1,100 winners of minor events. I have likewise foretold the winner of the Derby and Oaks in 1851-55. — I never felt more sanguine on any previous Derby or Oaks. I believe this year's Derby will be won the easiest ever known.—In conclusion, I beg to tender my sincere and most grateful thanks. The encouragement received is truly astonishing, and is a convincing proof that the Sporting Public of Great Britain are ever proud to find the 'right man in the right place' My success on the Turf for the last five years, as an adviser on Horse Racing, is acknowledged to be one of the wonders of the age. Industry will and must prosper. My labour and those around me have been incessant, and the noble patronage received is a sufficient guarantee of public estimation. Advice on the Chester Cup, Derby, and the Oaks, Metropolitan, Northampton Stakes, and all the large events, is now ready. — Terms: One year, £2 2s.; to the Derby, £1 1s.; to the Chester Cup, 10s. 6d., and per centage. Advice on any week's races, 5s —Subscribers are requested to send a good supply of addressed stamped envelopes. — Post-office orders made payable at Charing Cross. Stamps taken."

These, and endless other advertisements, furnish a fine field for any future compiler of curiosities of literature. Some are headed "My tongue is not for falsehood framed;" "California without cholera—gold without danger;" and "The Hero of a Hundred Fights." James Besborough gently eulogises himself, and "although hating self-praise and idle puff,

sd prevalent in the present day, boldly defies the world to find his equal." There is also a breadth and point about the writings of another seer, to wit "Joe of Kensington," which quite takes one by storm. At times he assures us that he "has been travelling about to have a peep at the Derby favourites, a privilege no other gentleman possibly could have"; and we next hear that "out of pure envy at my position, the attacks made on me have become so slanderous, that I prefer instituting legal proceedings, rather than condescend to mix myself up in any way with those making them."

The minstrel poets of the race-course sometimes write those ballads, which they sing with such unrelenting diligence, and such screw-face contortions; and generally begin them with "You sportsmen all, both great and small, one moment now attend, and listen with attention to these verses I have penned"; or get on to terms with their listeners at once, by exhorting them to "Come all you jolly sporting coves, and listen unto me, whilst a song I do relate, that shall be sung with glee." Rhyme and reason never stand in the way of these bards. We find it on record of a horse, who "did the Derby win; like lightning he flew round the course, upon his nimble pin": and again, "The crack took up the running ground, and bent his well-formed legs, til he reached the winning post, then shook his splendid pegs"; on the very day when

"He went to Epsom Down,  
And won the Derby Stake, £6320."

Of the general literature of the turf it boots us not to speak in detail. We would merely observe, *en passant*, that we have ARGUS, that Jules Janin of racing feuilletonists, at the very head of it, in the *Post* (whose sporting fame was first laid by JUDEX, who doffed his conjuring cap in Ugly Buck's year);

and that we have never read anything more spirited than the now ancient verse prophecies of *Vates* in *The Life*, or anything more unique in their way than the *Era* epistles of "Joe Muggins's Dog." The latter name has become so familiar to the ears of the public, that if ever an unhappy racing prophet mounts a witness-box, almost the first question that is asked him, on cross-examination, is, whether he is or is not the original "Dog." This canine fame has been wafted across the Atlantic, and the younger of the two writers between whom it rests, had high literary homage paid him, on the strength of it, at New York, and was ultimately invited to a banquet. The *Old Sporting* and *New Sporting Magazines*, and *The Sportsman*, fought for a series of years over the body of Nimrod; and in 1839 the proprietor of the *Sporting Review* entered the field, and ultimately bought up his three rivals. The distinct titles and covers are still retained, but the matter of all four is the same. The *York Herald* has from time immemorial been a first-rate authority on these matters; and the *Doncaster Gazette*, as in duty bound, has wrestled most vigorously for the race rights of the burgesses, for many a long year. The Chester and Worcester papers generally break out in a slight rash as their meetings draw nigh, but the symptoms are very mild: while the experiment of a strictly turf paper in Nottingham completely failed, and its prophet "Timothy" deserted to the enemy. The prophets, as a body, suffered most in 1852, when the *Daily News*, sly and cruel cynic as it was, collected, for weeks before, every Derby prophecy, metropolitan and provincial, which it could lay its hands on, and spread a complete panic among the regiment (not one of whom had whispered Daniel O'Rourke's name), when it charged them, quotations in hand, on the Thursday of the Derby week. It has nevertheless (1856) fallen into the fashion at last, and keeps its own prophet "Meteor,"

who, after having special attention called by advertisement to his auguries, succeeded in prophesying the twenty-third horse as the winner! *Punch* once made a Derby prophecy, and went for Newcourt, on the ground that no other prophet had even mentioned him. Grave weeklies occasionally undertake to comment ironically on the turf and its doings; but owing to the writers' spirited but impotent efforts to deal with racing terms, the articles are barely intelligible. One had a long one on the St. Leger of 1854, in which it made Ivan the winner; and another disposed of the Goodwood Meeting by simply saying that it "came off on Tuesday; Quince was the leading horse, winning easily by a length." Shoe Lane has given up her sporting oracle "Bunbury," who had a mania for "time-handicaps," and regularly republished the great handicaps corrected on that scale! *Vates* has been long on the *Morning Advertiser*; *The Globe* has "A Fresh-man"; the *Daily Telegraph* commenced by announcing the prophecies of "Hercules"; and the *Racing Times* has had great success with "Priam." After all, there is nothing richer than the style in which the minor prophets were wont to gloss over their mistakes. Speaking of the Derby of 1854, in which they came nearer the mark than usual, one said—

"There are no *IFS*, or *SHOULD'S*, or *COULDS*, or *DOUBTS* in our prophecy. *THE MOUSE* boldly said 1, Andover! 2, Wild Huntsman!! 3, Dervish!!! What is the result? Andover is *FIRST*! At Tattenham Corner Wild Huntsman led, followed by Dervish, the latter even now claiming the fourth place."

And again—

"We must congratulate our readers on the fulfilment of *THE MOUSE'S PROPHECY* for the OAKS. He gave *OMOO* first, *METEORA* second. *OMOO* did not run, but *METEORA* came in second; while, owing to the weather possibly, Mincemeat, an outsider, won."

The oddest piece of second sight we remember was that of a Newmarket trainer, who dreamt, after

Knight of St. George was nearly last for the Derby, that he would win the St. Leger; and dreaming it a second time, on the eve of the race, sent a commission to back him; and the prophecy of *Vates*, which ended with—

“Tis over—the trick for the thousands is done—  
George Edwards on Phosphorus the Derby has won!”—

is the most remarkable on record, save and except one in Mr. Snewing’s circular, which actually placed Intrepid (a complete outsider) first, and St. Lawrence second for the Chester Cup, some months before the race. The clairvoyante female, too, no longer offers to consult the stars for thirty postage-stamps, on a Derby eve, but has shrunk into her “original tipster” dimensions. If “Maria” could only be seen by mortal eye, she would be in a cut-away and high-lows!

Race reporting is a distinct branch of writing, and was first reduced to a perfect science by Mr. Ruff, who commenced his labours on *The Life*—soon after 1820, and continued them till 1853, when he retired, and has never, we believe, visited a race-course since. In Mr. Langley’s hands it has well sustained its “*Nunquam Dormio*” *prestige*; and Mr. Ruff’s place as sporting reporter to the daily papers is capitally supplied by Mr. Feist, of the *Sunday Times*. Railway parcels and telegraphs are their “mediums” now; but their ancient handmaids, the express-pigeons, did them right good service in the days when Sir Vincent Cotton drove *The Age*, and Professor Wheatstone was a name unknown. They generally flew the fifty-five miles from Goodwood to London in about one hour and fifteen minutes; and it was necessary to teach them the ground by a succession of flights, beginning at one, two, and three miles, and gradually increasing by five miles, about three times in the week. The fancier sucks their beaks before throwing them up, on the same principle that a race-horse has the

water-bottle applied to his lips just before he is mounted. Several of the bad birds were picked off on race-days by gunners, who were anxious to read the little billet on their leg; but not three in a hundred of the good birds, who always fly out of gunshot, and do not loiter to execute a number of wheeling flights before they hit off the bearings of their "overland route." If the billet was tied, as is popularly supposed, under the wing, the bird would not fly far, but stop on some house-top to plume its ruffled feathers. We have heard of them coming from Epsom with an entry-list printed on tissue-paper tied to each leg, so as to balance them. Some of the best, on a fine clear day, have done the distance from Goodwood to the metropolitan dovecote under the hour, but their powers of flight depend almost entirely on the state of the atmosphere, and their being kept in high condition by constant changes of food. This change is equally essential to man and beast; and the fact is so well known, that in one of the petty continental states where it is forbidden to put felons to death, they kill them by feeding them entirely on veal and red wine. The best express carriers are half-breds, between an Antwerp and a dragon, but the latter must not be too heavy birds. A web-footed bird of this breed, which was reared by a shoemaker in the Commercial-road, was always selected by the manager of *The Life's* dovecote to take the Goodwood route on the Gratwicke Stakes and Cup days; but he was lost in his third season, and in all probability was killed by a hawk.

Old Joe Rayner, who was believed by many to be the veritable "Dog," although a much younger rival, announced himself as such both at home and abroad, was till lately the patriarch of racing writers. "Goldfinch" was the signature he generally assumed, and the deeds of cracks past and present were his unvarying theme. When the rapidly-increasing

tumour in his throat warned him, last October, that his race was nearly run, he grasped his stick, and sallied forth to bid his old sporting friends good bye. We met him in the Strand, and had a few minutes' chat about Rifleman's defeat; and then he added, at parting, "*I shall never see you again,—I just give myself eight days, and then it will be all over.*" By that day week he had taken to his bed, and in two days more he died, thus fulfilling his last prophecy to the letter. His heart was always true to Yorkshire: "he loved it," he always said, "for its racing tastes, its glorious hams, and its hospitable hearts," and for its old recollections of Tate Wilkinson, when that acute Northern Elliston led its theatrical circuit, and descried the earliest dawning of each new star on the York or Doncaster boards. From the Drury Lane Fund he drew £100 a year, which kept him above want, and he retained his fondness of theatres, especially the Adelphi, whose manager was very kind to him, and liked to hear his medley of racing and dramatic criticism. The remembrance of his Tyke, Homespun, Fixture, and four or five other characters, will always be green spots in the memory of the lovers of foot-lights. He looked the theatrical veteran to the last, and used at times to troll one of his old songs at the winning trainers' Doncaster parties, a duty which has latterly devolved on Mr. Daley, the Carlisle clerk of the course, who is quite the Incledon of the Turf, and especially great in Irish songs. Joe was always fond of writing a little poetry, and he was propped up in bed his very last afternoon to indite a Farewell to all his sporting friends; but the pen dropped from his hand when he was half through the thirtieth line. He was a nice quiet-mannered man, and very popular with trainers and turfites, as his writings, though very unpolished, were always full of point and humour; and he never thrust himself on them, like too many do, in his



unseasonable anxiety to get information. Beeswing and Crucifix were his idols; and he must have written many yards of "copy" about this brace alone. On his last Derby day, he was all for Wild Dayrell, and right vigorously did he enforce his glowing sentiments on the subject, in the centre of the paddock, thumping on the ground with his stick, as was his wont, with that "You *shall* marry the girl, you young dog!" sort of air which all "heavy fathers" are supposed to assume.

Card-selling was not the flourishing trade then which it has since become, and was confined to a few at each place. The railways have, as it were, thrown open the trade, and from 1,000 to 800 live by it almost entirely during eight or nine months of the year. Of these about 500 confine themselves to certain race circuits in the north, while the remaining 300 or 400 follow the races, week after week, with quite as much regularity as the members of the ring. In point of sex, the profession is about equally divided; several of them are married, and a most remarkable "elopement in married life" once came off in their circle at Hampton Races. Since the celebrated "Jerry" died, they have owned no head among the men; but "Fair Helen," who once kept an eating-house at Derby, is their present Queen; and a handsome dame she is too, with her fine black hair. Her predecessor was "Big Ann," who reigned next in succession to "Sally Birch." Sally died at Chester Races some years ago; and her late subjects were so loyal, that they not only subscribed threepences and sixpences to buy her a coffin and shroud, but they stayed a day longer in the town, in order to attend her funeral. In point of humour, nothing has ever yet approached "Jerry;" and he was equally at home, whether dressed as a Broadway dandy with a huge straw hat, or enacting the captain in a red coat, a spy-glass, and a beaver "cock and pinch." On the

Derby Day, the people were too busy to heed him; but he was quite one of the institutions of the Ascot; and the inimitable way in which he chaffed the swells, and then requested them to take his arm and let him "show them a little of life," never failed to extract endless sixpences from the carriage line. His propensity to cling on to the side of carriages proved fatal to him at last, as one was overturned on to him at the Goodwood Meeting of '48, and his motley chums followed him, with all the honours, to his last resting place at Chichester.

"Snuffling," or rather "Donkey Jemmy," is the only one who attempts the Yorick line now. At the last Ascot meeting, he, of course, wore his huge yellow wig; and as we counted at least forty distinct brays during the Cup afternoon, and as his tariff is sixpence per bray, he did not do far amiss. Those people who are not in carriages, he looks down upon with supreme contempt—"I do the donkey to please the aristocracy, not the common people," was his withering remark in our presence, about a quarter to three that afternoon, when two or three Berkshire Lubins indulged in some elephantine pleasantries at his expense. "Jerry" would have had tact to see that this was rather a back-handed compliment; but "Donkey Jemmy" is far less acute. The other card-sellers hold him in great contempt, as they consider that by the adventitious aid of a large nose, which he handles very artistically during the braying operation, he contrives to steal a march upon his less-favoured brethren, who are not so musical.

The red-coated division were once headed by "Paddy," of the Queen's stag-hounds, the most wonderful runner of his day, and preserved to all time in Grant's celebrated picture; but he has been dead some years, and "Old Jack Straw," "Warwick Dan," and "Billy Priest," are his principal successors. The first comes from the Cheltenham country, the

second from the Warwickshire, and the third from the Pytchley. However, the running-mantle of Paddy has not been moth-eaten, as these three can run their fifty miles in a day yet, with hounds, and have made something handsome by opening gates, taking lame hounds home, and doing sundry other hunting field offices. "Billy Priest" has never worn shoes since his childhood; and if he were to come into a fortune to-morrow, on condition that he would wear them, it is most doubtful whether he would consent to do so. There is such a strange fascination about the life, that it is averred of "Dumbie" (whose power of pantomime and picking out winners is something quite miraculous) that a good sum of money has been left him, but that nothing can induce him to look after it. "Jemmy from Town" died in London lately; and we do not know that "Fa'rem Kiddy," "Peter Rolt," "Black Stock," and "Old Billy," have any peculiar traits about them. The latter is card-seller extraordinary to Lords Exeter and Jersey, and has waylaid them and served them regularly ever since they were quite young turfites. "Jemmy and Mary Leicester," and "Charles and Eliza Crow," are also well-known characters; but "Black Jemmy" rather fell into the back ground when he had an accident to his leg, and though he is now happily convalescent, he is no longer the ubiquitous merry African he was in his green cutaway and tartan-tie days. Jemmy's one consuming passion has long been his love for Lord Eglinton's stud, the dispersion of which he took sorely to heart. It is, in fact, out of a spirit of pure devotion to Scotland and her Earl, that this sporting exile has of late years enveloped himself in a grey plaid. Whenever his Lordship had a Derby favourite, he professed to put his pot on him throughout the entire winter, and gracefully preceded him to the place of starting; and what is more, if he was beaten, Jemmy never forsook him. When

his great hero the Flying Dutchman advanced to the enclosure, as the saddling bell rang for the Doncaster Cup, Jemmy walked before him, clearing the way, and announcing in the most oracular tones the impending downfall of Voltigeur; the odds being, as he remarked, "just a horse to a hen." Again, when we stepped up to the Dringhouse stables to see him brought out for his match, there was Jemmy refreshing himself with beer and pudding at the bar, and watching eagerly out of a little window for the signal of departure for the course.

"Sailor Jack" is also another curiosity, with his alarming squint, and his utter disinclination to undergo the slightest examination on nautical subjects. Jack was sadly chaffed by his customers last year for not joining the Baltic fleet; but he bore it with wonderful complacency, and will doff his naval garb for no one. He has very little humour about him generally, but is one of the maddest wags in existence when he is "half seas over," which, owing to the exhortations of a teetotal friend, is now said to be only of rare occurrence.

"Lord Castlercagh" is another oddity; and it is recorded of him that he had such a favourite companion of his travels, in the shape of a little French dog, that he has over and over again been seen to cook beef-steaks for it, and dine off dry bread himself.

The profits of this strange crew are very various, and the prices of cards equally so; but on this head it is hardly fair to them to say more, except that Ascot is their great carnival, and Jerry has been known to make as much as £20 clear on a Cup day.

The number of cards bought by the "crowded profession," at Doncaster, is very various. Some contrive to dispose of two dozen, while others can get through fifteen dozen. This latter number is the maximum on a "great day," and six dozen the

average. It is a saying amongst them, that "it's all copper in the North and silver in the South," which is, being interpreted, the Northern card publishers will let them buy one or two cards, as the case may be, whereas, in the South, they must either buy half a-dozen or a dozen, if they want to be served. Several of them have regular customers whom they supply either at their lodgings or in the street. Of such cards they profess to keep no account, but trust to their patrons' liberality when the meeting is over. The telegraph has quite knocked up both the entry and return-list trade, and not one-twentieth part of the number are sold now. In fact, there is a very slow sale for the latter, except for a few minutes at the close of the afternoon's sport. About 25,000 cards are sold during the Doncaster race week, 15,000 of which are disposed of on the St. Leger day; whereas on the Derby day 20,000 is the "sum-tottel." At Manchester the sale is enormous, and said to average 15,000 a day; and at York about 10,000 are sold on the Handicap day, and 8,000 on each of the other days. Very few cards are disposed of at Newcastle, as Benson's "Flying Sheet," which has the colours annexed, beats everything out of the field.

Fair Ellen, and three or four other women, are far the most successful at present; but the profits of each during a fine Ascot meeting seldom on the average exceed £20, or fall below £3. Even the cool-headed Lord George Bentinck is known to have flung down a sovereign for a card; and by such little *coup de mains* as lying in wait for the winner of a great race, either on the course or at Tattersall's, and popping in a well-timed allusion to his triumph, many a half-sovereign has been extracted, especially by "the fayre ladies" of the fraternity. There is a good deal of kind feeling, to boot, among them; and if one of them gets into trouble, and arrives at a race-town without any capital, they will club together and lend

him some ; but woe betide the unhappy wight who dares to repudiate such a debt ! Now, that railroads are established, their path from town to town has been very much smoothed, and many of the "leaders of the circuit" travel thousands of miles during the year on the rails alone. When they walk, they generally do so in gangs of twenty each, the women sometimes clubbing together to hire a cart ; but the gentler sex seem to step along quite as briskly as their companions, who have no reason to indorse the sentiment which a sour rustic once made to us, viz., "*that he would sooner take four umbrellas, and be bound to carry them all, than walk one female to the races.*" They usually walk about eight miles before breakfast, and then adjourn to some public-house, and refresh themselves with bread and cheese ; and in this fashion they jog on comfortably some five-and-twenty miles per day. Luggage is not a thing they much affect ; and, in fact, two shirts and a "shimmy" is about the regulation package for a man and his wife, though Fair Helen and Co.'s wardrobe is, no doubt, far more extensive. They affect butter more than meat, and it is a singular fact that there is no sacrifice which poor people would not undergo rather than give up butter. Beefsteaks is their next "vanity ;" but the majority live pretty carefully, and lay by something in store for the winter months. Such of the men as hunt with the hounds are of course never out of work, except during a frost ; but the remainder are pretty hard set, and as steeple-chases are fast passing away, they are forced to frequent fairs, vend pencils, pincushions, and all such gimcracks. For races themselves they care very little ; and one of them told us that he never left off his business to look at any race, except it was the Derby, St. Leger, or Ascot Cup.

They look sadly down, in accordance with the old orange-woman *versus* apple-woman principle, on the

other "professors" who attend the race-course. The owners of the "Hydrocephalic Child," the "Fair Circassian with the Golden Locks," or "The Living Princess," who, "*when she wur born she weighed a pound and an 'alf, now she weighs four pounds,*" are as nothing in their eyes; and with the small gim-crack vendors and singers, who are ready to do "annyything to yarn a crust," they will hold no communion. Among the latter crew may be noted the fat acrobat, who has passed the best years of his life in lifting a needle from the ground with his eye-lid, and the old man in shabby fatigue uniform, who went about last year with a huge Crimean beard, and assuring every "Bono Francaize" he met, that if "*their brave chaps only got a chance, they'd go in at them Russians like a dog at his dinner.*" The singers south of the Trent never seem to us to have half the breadth and spirit of the Northern minstrels, and merely work away at ditties to the effect that "of all the girls that I do love, I love myself the best," instead of boldly chaunting the deeds of great winners. Three-inch wax babies have also come in on the wreck of the "new guinea" trade, and "*Large families of babbies for one shilling, three on 'em for sixpence—who'll have a babby for tuppence?*" is the stereotyped appeal from the vendors to all ages and sexes. The "Wright" of the race-course, after all, is a thin man of about fifty, who spends his summer in woman's attire, with ribbons in his hair, a faded yellow fan in one hand, and a green and pink parasol in the other. If his face was a little stouter, he would strikingly resemble that great low comedian; and his opening dialogue about "*Well Lady John, and how are the flowers to-day: I've seen the gardener, &c.,*" followed up by the song of the "*Old Arm Cheer,*" with each stanza illustrated by a mock fandango, and a peculiar screw in his walk as he retires, is one of the most humorous *scenas* we know.

## CHAPTER XI.

## BLOOD SIRES.

"The knight a dappled grey bestrode,  
Whose haughty crest and eye of fire  
Told of his tameless Eastern sire."

"THE young clovers were never so good as they are this year," was the juicy lure which caught our eye, in a *Sheet Calendar* advertisement, towards the shivering, ungenial close of last January. It smacked so strongly of the quaint stud-literature of the olden time, when Eclipse was in his glory at the Clayhill Farm, near Epsom, and less ambitious cotemporaries had visitors carefully consigned to them, from "The Pyed Horse, near Chairing Cross," that we could not refrain from taking a copious survey of these musty paddock records. How strangely their laboured verbosity and facetiousness contrasted with the modest and meagre recitals of the present day—"The Hero, at Danebury, ten sovs.," to wit! To judge from their tenour, our forefathers must have thought differently to ourselves on some horse points, or else it would hardly be urged in a sire's favour that he "was a compleat strong horse, and well whited," or that he was "remarkably upright in the pasterns." The blendings of praise and apology are also wonderfully unique. Each owner seemed to feel that, if there was a blot on his favourite's fame, then or never was the time to explain it away.\* Petruccio's last defeat, for instance, is softened down by a



suggestion that, "when harassed with private work, he indiscreetly gave away his year, started with twelve stone, and fell lame;" while the owner of "Snap (late Mr. Latham's)," disclaiming all notion of a lengthy eulogy, snaps at Mr. L. on this wise: "But let it suffice to say that he has the best constitution of any known sire; and if he had been in the hands of any man of spirit, it is not doubted but that he would have made the capital horses of his time submit to his invariable powers, over The Beacon, or any other course. An Irish breeder would not have long doubted as to its being his duty to "burn powder" on such a provocation. The great thing in Young Snap's favour seems to be, that "he is a decided master of twenty stone"—a quality which must have endeared him to the equestrian Daniel Lamberts who rode a race over Knavesmire, about that period, at thirty stone each! Again, we are called upon by others to note that "judges consider" their favourite's "substance to lye proper, so as not to hinder action," or that "he is as perfect a horse to get racing cattle as ever came into England." One retires early from the turf; but the breeder is advised to take comfort, as his inability to stand a long training arose from "his off-hip being struck down before his birth;" while "a sagacious and powerful colt" did not prosper in the trainer's hands simply because "he was left to the care of a lad of feather, and spoiled by getting the ascendant." Then there is Sturdy, whom George III., of blessed pig-tail memory, rode while he was at the stud—a "most proper horse," as his owner observes. Age is evidently of no account, as we read of one of "twenty-three years old, in full-toned virility, possessed of instinct in a superior degree, and, withal, a genuine spirit!" Tantrum's owner soars still higher into the regions of fancy. He supposes the owner of a mare, who has just seen his Tantrum, studiously

- “gazing at a picture of Flying Childers (who brought his haunches so well under him),” and then “exclaiming, with perfect propriety, ‘*Why, that’s the very picture of Tantrum galloping!*’”

The fancy of the composers ran still greater lengths when an Arab was to be puffed, every one of which seems to have “a most sublime Hodget or certificate, and most perfect nimble action,” to say nothing of being “of the best and most beloved breed in the royal stables of the East.” Whatever the extra price of advertising, the certificates headed with “Praise be unto God! There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!” and ending with “Sixth day of moon Ramdam, year of our Prophet 1127,” were always given at full. • Not satisfied with this, we read in the testimonials of one of these certificated pleaders for public favour, a long fairy tale as to how a beautiful horse rose one morning from the sea, and met the loveliest mare in Araby; and how the horse in question is in a direct line from these loveliest of mythical lovers. Of course, everything goes indisputably to prove their descendant a pure Cochlean. The tufts of long white hair on the shin of each fore-leg, the double feather on the off side of the crest, the curl of the lips when he is in movement, and even divers wounds, are all there to confute the sceptic. Beny Suckr, some great mufti or other, was • so fond and careful of the horse he imported, that he “sent thirty men to guard him in his ten days’ journey across the desert;” and another, “fifteen two without his shoes,” has such wondrous muscle that, when the Russian General, Count Orloff, “who, though *perfectly well made*, rides 23 stone,” gave him a strong gallop, he “blew no more than if he had carried a feather.” A certain Mr. Gregory scorns a certificate, but offers, as a voucher for the pure caste of his brace of Arabs, that “they were bred by the King of Sinnan, in the Mountain of Moses, in the

province of Yannam, in Arabia Felix." The *prestige* of these children of the desert was even then (1771) on the wane; but we have it from Général Clarke, the oldest surviving Indian officer that, some few years before the close of the century, the native dealers brought a coarse-shouldered bay Arab to the Madras bazaar, and sturdily set their price at £10,000. Only one nabob-elect was found bold enough to bid a tenth of that sum; and back went the dusky owners, in a state of great dudgeon, to the hill-country, wondering what could have come to the whites. The late Mr. Attwood retained his love of the "delicate Arab arch" in his racer's necks longer than any man on the English Turf; but their inability to stand "squeezing," in a strong finish, cost him many a pound and many a pang. The Crimean campaign may be instrumental in once more bringing them into notice. One or two entire Barbs have already appeared, and it was but the other day we were invited by advertisement to see a "true Seglavee Djedcranee;" and, reading on, we found him to be "a horse of such surpassing swiftness, that Omar Pacha specially selected him to carry the news of the raising of the siege of Silistria to Varna!" Hugh Capet sent several German running horses to Athelstane early in the ninth century; the Spanish horse came in with William the Conqueror, and the first Arabian on record was introduced to the English isles by Alexander, King of Scotland, who presented it and its furniture to the Church! A writer on this subject in *The Field* informs us that—

"The Arabs, as well as the Turks and Persians, look upon those portions of a horse's coat, which seem to grow in a contrary direction here and there, as a certain means of determining its value. Any unlucky sign will immediately take away from the horse two-thirds of its worth, and sometimes more. Nearly all the Nedjdi Arab horses introduced into Europe are those considered imperfect by their owners. It is said that £4,000 was offered by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia for the celebrated 'White Hamdan,' and refused. This

horse, now in the breeding yard of St. Cloud, near Paris, had, according to the words of Mohammed Agha and the attendants, who brought him over, three or four unlucky signs, on which account he had been rejected from the stables of the Pacha of Egypt. These marks, which we should consider merely as a simple freak of nature, would inspire a Mussulman either with a superstitious prejudice against the horse, or an incredible longing to mount him; each mark bearing a particular signification according to the place it occupies, and the size and softness of the hair."

An Arab horse has, in fact, forty recognised marks, twenty-eight of which are negative, and the other twelve have an influence for happiness or misery on the owner. The mark between the ears shows swiftness, that on the girths increases the flocks, while that on the breast fills the tent with plunder; and it is especially unlucky for the hair to curl on the legs. The rival tribes are as jealous among themselves of the pure caste of their horses as the great short-horn breeders were wont to be, in the days when a baronet rather despised the herds of an earl, from a belief that their muzzles had a slight dark tinge, which bespoke a distant relationship to the Scotch ox or the Chillingham rangers.

Judging from his portraits, we should be disposed to side with those who considered that Lord Godolphin's celebrated horse was more of a Barb than an Arab. Hence, if this point is conceded at Gogmagog, we have the Godolphin Barb, the Byerley Turk, and the Darley Arabian, standing boldly out from the crowd of Helmsley Turks, Sedley Arabians, Curwen Barb, &c. (the importation of which was supposed to lay counties under a deathless obligation to their great families), as the three honoured founders—the Shem, Ham, and Japhet, as they have been styled—of English blood stock. It was not until seventy years after the Byerley Turk had borne his owner at the Battle of the Boyne that his memory was made famous by King Herod. This sire of Highflyer was foaled, like Eclipse and Marske, in

the paddocks of the Duke of Cumberland, whose name was as great in connexion with blood stock as that of the Duke of Montague, in Charles II.'s reign. Woodpecker and Highflyer represent the two great branches of King Herod's line; and the descendants of the former have been as renowned for their speed as those of the latter for their staying qualities. That wonderful trio of brothers by Buzzard, out of an Alexander mare, to wit Selim, Reubens, and Castrel, were but two degrees from Woodpecker; and while Castrel was, till within the last few years, represented by his son Pantaloon, and now by Hobbie Noble, Selim may be traced through Langar to Pyrrhus the First, and through Sultan to Beirani and Bay Middleton. Prunella, on the other hand, was the queen of the Highflyer mares, and Sir Peter Teazle—or Sir Peter, as he was popularly styled—the most distinguished of his male descendants; and through his grandson Partisan, who was by Walton, out of Parasol, a daughter of Prunella, we have had Venison and Gladiator. The Partisan blood has thus a strong double stain of Highflyer in it: although the effects of this rather close breeding brought no softness into the Venisons, it may have had its effect on the Sweetmeats; and the failure of the Actæon stock may also be accounted for by the fact, that both his dam and grand-dam were by Highflyer. Agonistes, Haphazard, Sir Solomon, and Sir Paul were all very noted “four-mile” sons of Sir Peter, and Sir Paul transmitted his stoutness, through Paulowitz and Cain, to the stock of Ion, who was never a great favourite in England, and was consigned to the foreigners before Wild Dayrell was added to his Poodle and Pelion list of winners.

The Godolphin Barb blood courses through Cade and Matchem, down to Trumpator, “the head of the negroes,” as some were wont to term him, and his sons Paynator and Sorcerer. From Paynator sprang

the sire of Beeswing, the ever-green Dr. Syntax, whose muscular frame still lives, along with Phantom, in Ward's wondrous horse-studies. He was the result of a cross with a Benningboro' mare, and the staying propensities of the family were studiously preserved through the Lottery, or rather the Tramp strain in the Doctor, whose tight little son, Black Doctor, so completely revived the fortunes of Ashgill. Tomboy strains back to Sorcerer, through Jerry and Smolensko; and Melbourne claims the same relationship, through the high-blowing Humphrey Clinker and Comus.

Eclipse originally passed as a yearling into the hands of little Wildman for 75 guineas, Captain o'Kelly buying half of him when he was a four-year-old for 250 guineas, and the remainder soon after for 750 guineas. The only record we can find of his latter days, when his fifty-guinea fee was considerably reduced, is in a mock epistle, where he says, "Old age has come upon me, and wonder not, King Fergus, when I tell thee I was drawn in a carriage from Epsom to Cannon's, being unable to walk even so short a journey. I am glad to hear my grandson, Honest Tom, performs so well in Ireland. P.S.—Myself, Dungannon, Volunteer, and Vertumnus are here. Compliments to the Yorkshire horses." His four sons—Mercury, Joe Andrews, King Fergus, and Pot-8-os—transmit the Darley Arabian blood to us in its purest form. Gohanna and Catton form two of the links in the stout "catenary chain" between Slane and Mercury; Tramp stands half-way between Lanercost and Joe Andrews; and King Fergus may be traced, through Benningboro', Orville, and Emilius, to Priam, on the one side, and through Hambletonian, Whitelock, and Blacklock, to Voltaire, on the other. Of all his sons, however, Eclipse has most reason (as Dr. Bullock Marsham would say) "to rejoice in *Pot-8-os*," as from his union with a King Herod

mare came Waxy, the modern ace of trumps of the Stud Book; whilst Whalebone and Whisker were the Waxy foals of Penelope, a daughter of Prunella. Whalebone was, in his turn, by a strictly-orthodox cross with the Selim, Reubens, and Wanderer blood, the sire of Camel, Defence, and Sir Hercules, and the grandsire of Touchstone and Irish Birdcatcher; while Whisker must, in consequence of The Colonel's failure, and Cobham's refusal to run to his splendid trials, in public, rest his claims to renown so far on the stock of Emma; or fall back in future years on his great grandson, Rifleman. As Parasol, another of the Prunculass, was the dam of Partisan, there is much truth in the saying, that there is hardly a blood-thing in England without a stain of old Prunella in its veins. She was a bay mare, belonging to the Duke of Grafton, was not placed for the Oaks in 1791, and, in fact, only won three races out of eleven. In 1795 she was put to the stud, threw a Derby winner to Waxy in 1806, and died in 1811. Waxy laid the foundation of Robson's training fame, when he beat Gohanna, the pride of Petworth, in the Derby of 1793, on which memorable day three sons of Pot-8-os finished in the first four; and the same numerical luck attended the first three-year-old batch of the Lanercosts over the same ground. He was a very handsome rich bay, with a white stocking on his off hind leg, good length, and especially beautiful quarters, which he transmitted in the highest perfection to his son Whisker, who was perhaps the finer-looking animal of the two. Whalebone was much smaller, and not so good looking as either of them; barely fifteen-two, and bordering, in colour, on a brown; and Woful was thought by many to be a still handsomer horse than Whisker, but his legs failed wofully in his preparations.

Bay Middleton, Touchstone, and Melbourne, one from each of the great branches of the genealogical

stud tree, are in the first class of turf patriarchs, although they are gradually giving way before younger rivals. Venison ranked amongst them; but his last lot of foals ran last season, and Kingston, the handsomest of his sons, and out of a Slane mare, is still untried. The fame of Irish Birdcatcher, whose stock are somewhat short and very speedy, has been rather on the wane for some time past; and the stouter and less curby blood of The Baron, which got a double stain of Waxy through his Economist dam, has brought out this chesnut family in still greater force, by its cross with Pocahontas by Glencoe, which made both Tramp and Muley kinsmen to Stockwell and Rataplan. To these two, seeing that the handsome Chief Baron Nicholson has departed, the honour of this blood will have to be confided; as even 3,000 guineas, or nearly twice the sum paid for him, has failed to tempt our allies to send us The Baron back. Still we are informed by a gentleman, who visited him at the *Bois du Haras* last February, that he was as rough and as uncared for as a bear, and that seeing how dirty and below par the whole establishment was, it was no wonder the young stock turned out ill. With the exception of Safeguard, who is out of a Selim mare, we believe that there is hardly a Defence horse left in England; and we have no worthy inheritor of the stag-like neck, long back ribs, and broad back, which Mr. Thornhill used to point out with such pride whenever he introduced his Riddlesworth visitors to Emilius. If Mr. Houldsworth, of whom it used to be said "that he could never lose over horses what he had made by mules," were living, he would find his magnificent Filho da Puta in the same plight; and Muley Moloch, the best living representative of the hero of the once-famed Underley stud, has of late been changing hands for £10 and £15! and resigning his honours to his good-looking son Galaor.



The honour of rearing a popular successor to Bay Middleton has so far been left to Barbelle; although Andover is to our minds the best stamp of horse to look at that has ever owned him as a sire. This dam of The Flying Dutchman is not nearly so powerful a looking mare as Crucifix, but short-legged and lengthy, and certainly not fifteen-two. She is very neat, and with that springy wire-hung action, which so far especially distinguishes the scions of the great "Rawcliffe Horse." This lack of size in Barbelle is rather telling on her descendants, and the young Dutchmen, like the Heroes, Chanticleers, and Vaticans, as a general rule, are as small as the Pyrrhuses, Cowsls, and Flatcatchers are big. Sweetmeat, whose stock are remarkably smart-looking and speedy for a mile, is no mean substitute for Gladiator, nor Cossack for Hetman Platoff. Whatever might also be the general opinion on the staying qualities of the Hetmans, Cossack's dam, Joaninna by Priam, was emphatically "a sticker;" and though she had only one pace, she could, when she had something to force the running, catch the majority of horses at the Duke's stand if they met her for a "Ditch Inn" plate. Though Crucifix has failed him on the whole, and thrown very infirm stock, the union of Priam's blood with Lottery's in the case of Weatherbit, has had a success which bids fair to be lasting. Vulture died from a kick at the Hampton Court Paddocks soon after Orlando, who was only her second foal, was weaned. However, she had even at that early date done enough for her name, as her speed has been transmitted in the highest degree to his stock, which are generally preferred to his sire's. He is very little above fifteen-two, and rather cloudy-eyed, but he is one of those finely-knit and strong-quartered horses who look as if they would answer to a pull and "come again" under any amount of distress, as only an English horse can, and Scythian and Ted-

Wington have not belied his promise. His yearling stock uniformly fetch the highest prices of the day, and stamp him as the most perfect racehorse-sire we have. As a general thing they are a little gaudy; and one of his present Hampton Court yearlings, with a white face and four long white stockings, is the breathing fac-simile of Vulture. Nat does not perhaps think him so good as Glencoe, but he was the horse of all others he loved most to ride. He used to say of him that he never knew him change legs either in a race or at exercise, and that his stroke as he watched it from his back, had all the wondrous precision of an engine piston; and he now adds that next to him he liked to feel himself on Rifleman. Bar Orlando, there is no son of Touchstone we prefer to the lengthy, short-legged Newminster, who has the honour of old Beeswing in his stud-keeping, and is not likely to disgrace her.

A successful blood sire has been as good as a long annuity to many an owner, and earned its special will-clause like "The Black Mare" *in re* Pettinghall, whose £50 per annum "Account" was so carefully considered by Sir Knight Bruce, in reference to the possible rise in hay and corn during her life. Matchem, whose galloping likeness, with his two hind legs on the ground and his two front in the air, still creaks on many a village sign-board in the north, produced no less than £17,000 to his owner. Eclipse realized nearly that sum; and Highflyer, whose stock were of every colour down to piebalds, an almost fabulous amount, during a much shorter career. Orville's fee was as low as ten guineas, but he was still worth 1,000 guineas a-year to Mr. Kirby during the four seasons he had him; and although in the course of eight-five years he never treated himself to that honour, that Father of the Yorkshire Turf laid out nearly £300 in having his favourite's picture taken and engraved. His Lanercost might, like Orville, be

said to have "received all Yorkshire" at his paddocks; and it was perhaps owing to this cause that he could not hold the place he won in 1847, with Van Tromp, War Eagle, and Ellerdale. In the spring of the preceding year Mr. Kirby had been sadly teased by the foreigners and their English agents to part with him for 3,000 guineas, the sum at which he had bought him at Newcastle, "stripped of everything but his shoes—not even the halter in;" but he stoutly refused to let him go under 4,000 guineas, and cleared £1,600 by him in 1847 alone. Six or seven years after, he was sold, when barely eighteen, with Hernandez and a couple of mares and a foal, as make-weights, for £1,500 the lot! The earnings of Melbourne, after Canezou made him the rage, were also something very enormous; and there must be at least a dozen sires on the stud-list at present which are bringing in £600 a-year and upwards to their owners. We have only heard of one stud horse being under suspicion of late years, as a counterfeit; and we believe that his owner had a hint given him, which answered its purpose. The trainer of the real Simon Pure, who was averred to have been thrown overboard in a storm in the German Ocean, looked him over, and said that the resemblance was very remarkable, but that one mark was about two inches too low.

When we find a little horse like Abd-el Kader, whose dam worked in a fast Shrewsbury coach, and a cast-off of Lord Exeter's, doing the four miles and a-quarter of the Liverpool Steeple Chase under ten stone in very little over ten minutes, we have no great reason to join in the elegies over the decay of our horses' stamina. Horologists assert that the five-year-old Sir Solomon and Cockfighter ran four miles at Doncaster under 8st. 7lbs. in 7 mins. 11 secs., and the most desperately run race of modern times was the Emperor's Cup in 1853, when Teddington,

5 yrs., 9st., and Stockwell, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lbs., covered the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles of a course where "*flat-racing*" is a mere euphemism, in 4 min. 33 secs. West Australian and Kingston are said to have done the distance in 6 secs. less, but the pace for the last three-quarters of a mile was not so severe. Velocipede, whom John Scott considers to be the best horse he ever trained, and Osprey, who beat everything of Lord Foley's, when he was out of training, for half a mile, were immensely fast, as were all the stock of Buzzard and his descendants. Vulture had perhaps the highest speed of any animal that ever trod the turf, but we do not know that her half-mile burst was ever timed. Serisieria and Queen of the Gipsies are said to have done a half-mile match at Newmarket in 37 secs., while 1 min. 46 secs. is a good general average for a mile, 2 mins. 46 secs. for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and 3 mins. 46 secs. for two. The slowest race we ever saw was the Ebor St. Leger of 1850, in which, owing to all three jockeys being afraid to begin, the first three-quarters of a mile was walked, and the two miles happily completed, after a slashing head and head race, in 14 mins. 17 secs. ! The last Newcastle Cup, when Dalkeith and King of Trumps fairly reeled past the post like drunken men, is also one "leading case" of distress; as Wanota's, in the Ascot Stakes, when Job Marson was three times compelled to indulge him with the lead, and then come and win at the fourth run, is of hard pulling.

With the exception of the Royal Whip and two Queen's Plates at the Curragh, The Queen's Plate at the Caledonian Hunt, and "The Whip" at Newmarket, there are no four-mile races left, and the massacre of cracks which has immemorially been enacted in the last-named race, is enough to drive "the beacon" out of fashion. West Australian was spared that public *autò'du fe*, while Wild Dayrell met his fate "in another place," a martyr to his owner's

too rigorous feeling of honour. Wild Dayrell is not quite so large as he looks, and only measures sixteen one and a-quarter. A more magnificent topped horse was never seen, but, like Ephesus, he is an inch too long in the leg for beauty, and rather light below the knee, and tapers so decidedly from his arm to the ground, besides turning his toes out, that his owner may thank the splendid mossy texture of the Weathercock Hill in Ashdown Park, that he kept on his legs so long. He inherits his size from his dam, Ellen Middleton, who is perhaps, with the exception of being a trifle straight in the hocks, as fine a brood mare as we ever saw. She was at Sweetmeat's paddocks on that occasion, and one of a long plato~~n~~<sup>on</sup> of mares standing under a hedge with their backs to the bitter east wind, among whom were the dams of Mintie and Sugarplum; while nearly the first of the Mountain Deer foals, with hair as long and rough as a billy-goat, stood defying the breezes hard by. West Australian's form changed so completely between the Derby and the St. Leger, that his stable felt sure he must be 10lbs. better, or 10lbs. worse; and we could hardly recognise in the smart well-moulded horse of the autumn, the sleepy-looking colt whom poor "Frank" mounted with anything but groundless apprehensions on the Derby day. This infirmity prevented the world from ever half knowing what "my hack" could do at four years old, although as a stayer, John Scott ranked him below Touchstone. Hence Teddington must, to our minds, claim the palm for the best modern union of speed, bottom, and weight-carrying power. His make was a brilliant exception to conventional racing rules, as he was a small short horse, in fact quite of the Suffolk Punch order, in his two-year-old season—low in the withers, straight in the shoulders, short, and upright in the pasterns, small footed, calf-kneed, and only sixty-three inches in the girth when he won the Derby.

With all these so-called racing defects, he looked a race-horse every inch of him. His head and neck were especially game and blood-like; but the great secret of his rare racing power lay in his high muscular loins, which sent him along the flat and up the hill like a hare. It was glorious to see Wells let Virago go at the Stand for the Great Metropolitan, but it was nothing to the style in which the little chesnut answered to the whip when "Job," with whip and heel, called on him to collar Kingston, who was then in his prime, for the Doncaster Cup, or the almost electric burst of speed with which he darted on to Stockwell, and then swerving from desperate distress while giving 9lbs. to a horse half as powerful again up the Ascot Hill, came a second time, and beat him a head on the post. Some how or other, when we see a horse strike well out with the off hind leg, we always fancy that he means going, and this peculiarity was an especial characteristic of Teddington and Rifleman.

It is a common excuse for horses of no great running powers, that they have failed in the stud simply for the lack of having picked mares put to them. Merit will, however, be generally served in this, as in everything else; and glancing over a twenty years' list of great winners, we do not recognise more than thirty of them as high-class stud names. Perhaps the most distinguished cluster of future stud cracks came to the fore in the Derby of 1836, when Gladiator, Venison, and Slane finished behind Bay Middleton; and in the St. Leger of 1829, when Voltaire, with Sir Hercules, at his quarters, all but reached Rowton on the post. The finish for the latter race in 1849, between the Dutchman, Nunnys-kirk, and Vatican, also showed us three elegant but very different types of "terribly high-bred cattle."

In point of what breeders emphatically call "quality," horses differ immensely. Orlandø has a great

deal of it, and so have many of his stock, as well as some of the Venisons. In Sultan, whose head might have beseeemed a Belvidere Apollo among horses, it was seen to very great perfection; and, noble savage as he is, Phlegon, out of Lucetta, shows perhaps as much or more of it than any animal of the day. His eye, and his whole attitude, as he arched his beautiful neck, and half fixed his eye on his box visitors on the Burleigh sale day, as if by a species of wild fascination trying to woo them within his hoof-range, was a study of animal nature such as we shall never forget. It was this temper which marred his racing career, and he would often stop suddenly in his exercise gallops, and then think better of it, and go off and catch his horses again like the wind. The court-yard at Burleigh, that lovely August afternoon, was a perfect carnival of blood sires of every type and hue. Midas, the blood pony of the day, was kept in strict limbo by wooden reins, and sent forth an indignant chorus of whinnies as his less favoured companions were led past him to the hammer. Stockwell came ambling out in his peculiar style, with his Roman head and massive muscular points wonderfully fined down since he all but broke Teddington's heart; Phlegon glared on the assembly like a tiger, and was led snorting away when no one would go beyond 190 guineas; and Nutwith, with his almost-matchless back and quarters, presenting a perfect line of beauty as you stood rather behind him, and did not care to query whether his shoulder was not slightly loaded, also returned to the place from whence he came for 1,600 guineas. Then the lengthy Woodpigeon arrived, whose gentleness well beseeemed his name, and was quite atoned for by the luckless Ambrose, who over and over again beat Stockwell in private, and yet could never win a race on his private account, though Camel and Priam have left their undeniable traces on his quarters and head. He seemed by no

means to feel his position, as, after clearing the Ring, and driving Mr. Tattersall with a Chifney rush from his box, he performed three or four distinct pas-seuls on his hind legs. He seemed like a great black fountain of animal spirits towering over everything, and was enough to make old Ducrow's dust "start and tremble" under his feet, and blossom in purple and red."

West Australian is not deficient in quality, though he is not indebted for that to his sire; and if you go into a paddock, and see a lengthy plain-headed foal with lop ears gazing at you, it may be safely set down as a Melbourne. The Bay Middletons are generally easy to pick out, by the black speckles on one of the front coronets; the Alarms by their flesh-coloured noses, and peculiarly indented-in-the-middle outline of head; the Orlandoes by their tapering heads, and tendency to white on the legs; the Cowls by ~~their~~ ~~green~~ ~~round~~ quarters; the Birdcatchers by their smart airy look, low-set-on tails, and rich golden chesnut; the Touchstones by their black-brown skins, intelligent white-reach faces, and peculiarly high-bred nostrils; and the Sweetmeats by their "clear-cut icily-regular" foreheads, which caused a trainer to exclaim last autumn, as he looked over Mr. Cookson's lot in the Salutation yard, "Dear me! I wish I showed half as much breeding about the head as you do."

The pervading fault of modern horses is, that they are as beautiful as a picture before the saddle, and lack substance and coupling behind it; while the long shoulders, which are so much talked of, may tend to send them down, but do very little towards helping them up a hill. No "jumped-up" horse ever does much; while a heavy shoulder or quarters, flat sides, light back-ribs, a light middle, legginess, a peacock forehead, straight weak hocks, and high withers, invariably denote an inability to stay.



Straight thighs, though they seldom get a horse well up a hill, and long pasterns, are as generally an indication of speed, as slanting thighs and a broad chest are of the contrary. We have also seen many coffin-headed horses great gluttons for a distance, and we do not dislike those which go wide behind, though such a peculiarity does not suit short quick races.

Still the types of distinguished runners vary most wonderfully. Hambletonian was a very lofty lengthy horse, with a fine back and big well-coupled ribs; while Priam, on the contrary, was rather light there, and though a splendid animal when you stood up to him, he looked remarkably narrow as you examined him from behind. Glencoe and Haphazard were both rather hollow-backed; and the latter had a way of poking his head straight out at exercise, which made him appear one long level from his ears to his tail. Surplice's fore-legs "look as if they grew out of one hole"; The Flying Dutchman was elegant and light in the middle; Blacklock had huge calf knees and bad forelegs altogether; Voltigeur's fore-hand is too massive; Plenipo was as thick as a bullock; and The Colonel had round heavy quarters and a general lack of liberty about him. Size has, after all, not much to do with success on the Turf, if a horse's lungs and loins are only firm and strong, and his machinery compactly placed for working. The eighteen-hand Magog rolled about hopelessly from distress before he had gone half a mile; and Wild Dayrell, Filho da Puta, and Birmingham, the latter of whom was about sixteen-three, are the largest horses that we remember to have run with marked success. The turf "ponies," from Milksop, Ancaster, Starling, Highlander, and Gimcrack, down to Midas and Mickey Free, have averaged fourteen-two, and yet no horses have been more fortunate at all distances from a mile to four miles, and at all weights from 8st. 7lbs. to 12st. Still, if the pace be

strong and true from the start, all horses have their distance measured out almost to a yard, and no reduction of weight, or training, or advantage in size, can get them beyond it. For power, combined with good size and speed, we never met with a finer unicorn than Stockwell, Longbow, and Lord George. "A ton," as the touts used to remark, was the latter's "game"; and it was Longbow's power of playing with weight which makes the Jockey Club persist in believing that 30lbs. is the proper weight for a three-year-old to give a two-year-old, over a mile in September, because he ran a moderately muscular animal, like Pelion, to a head, under it, in that magnificently ridden Eglinton Stakes finish between Charlton and Butler at Doncaster. There has too seldom been a sweeter mare to the eye than Beeswing; and though Recovery was thought handsome enough to model from, and Pantaloon was the *beau idéal* of hosts of Englishmen as well as foreign, we are inclined to think that there have been few more beautiful horses than Actæon, Kingston, or Envoy, and none more truly proportioned than little Rowton.

It is a very remarkable fact, that although before Touchstone's time, Pot-8-o's, Dr. Syntax, Sorcerer, Sultan, Sir Hercules, Catton, The Colonel, Taurus, Bay Malton, and Filho da Puta, were all first foals, such was the late Marquis of Westminster's prejudice against them that he always gave them away, and was only prevented from so acting in the case of the weakly white-faced firstling of Banter by despair of finding a thankful donee. Had the Marquis kept hounds, little Touchstone might have been popped into the kennel-copper, and not been the first of such Lilliputians who has furnished a dainty veal supper to the hungry spotted tribe of the Rum-magers and the Rallywoods. Since Touchstone's escape, Melbourne, Liverpool, Ion, The Baron, King-

ston, Elthiron, and a host of other good runners and sires, have trampled on this ancient theory. Touchstone himself has magnificent quarters; but his stock have too often heavy shoulders, which sadly baffle the trainer's art. His sire Camel's shoulders and withers were high almost to deformity; and his quarters were so cloven and large, and his tail set on so low, that as you looked at him from behind, and missed his fine blood-like head, he seemed as strong and coarse as a cart-horse. Mr. Theobald especially delighted in him, and refused an offer of £10,000 for him, Rockingham, Laurel, and Tarrare, who stood along with Caccia Piatti, Cydnus, and one or two others at his Stockwell stud farm. There has seldom been a greater enthusiast in horse-flesh than the old hosier of Snow Hill, and he perfectly worshipped Whalebone. If you called on him at his house of business, you were invariably told that he was so much engaged that he could see no <sup>one</sup> ~~man~~, but "*Perhaps you could say that I have come about some horses,*" was the unfailing picklock of an interview. In a few short minutes the hosiery points were settled out of hand, and his massive figure would be seen looming in the distance, in top-boots and buckskins, and a capacious blue gilt-buttoned coat *à la* Duke of Portland. If he did not carry you off bodily to Stockwell, you were beckoned forthwith behind the glass doors of his *sanctum*, and there you sat, with the nuttiest of sherry and the most venerable of port at your elbow, and heard of Whalebone, the little "Whalebone weed" (Spaniel), who was bought for £150 over the Petworth dinner-table, and won the Derby, with Mameluke, L'etherbourg, and "all the coltish chronicle," by the hour.

Dr. Bellyse, of Audlem, whose love of handicapping and cock-fighting was so infinitely in advance of that which he entertained for his pestle and mortar, that it used to be said he never would attend any case

during Chester races, was an equally remarkable racing character, though on the whole he preferred the cock-pit to the race-course. It was his great doctrine that the most incestuous eggs produced the strongest fowls; and so jealous was he of his breed, that when one of his noted "crow-alleys" was sitting on a nest of such eggs, and a great cock-fighting nobleman offered him a fifty-pound note for her, he lifted her off the nest, then and there, and broke all the eggs. "Why, sir! you sold me the eggs as well for the £50," was the indignant remonstrance; and "No, indeed, my lord, I didn't; I should have asked you a thousand for her and the nest," was the only rejoinder. To show how this daintiness about breed may be set at naught, we may call to mind how, after the memorable cocking match at Melton, which ended in a tie, one of the parties was actually so bare of birds, that he gave a lad ten guineas to scour the country and out of the eleven cocks that fortunate youth collected, no less than eight won their battles. The Doctor's abstract faith in man was not great, as he was occasionally heard to say to one of his "feeders": "I'll just tell you what it is, if you thought you had one ounce of honest flesh in you, you'd run straight away to a surgeon, and get it cut out." The memory of Parson Nanney Wynn will also long be green in his own country; and he was never more in his glory than when he started Banshee to cut down Birmingham, and help Velocipede's sister Moss Rose at Chester. "Howay—at him—Parson lad—tak' the shine out of Brummagem buttons!" roared a knot of burly Shropshire men who stood close beside him at the cords, as Birmingham went tearing past them at Banshee's girths, and pulling himself to pieces; and the "parson lad's" response of "Thank you, gentlemen, I'll take the running precious soon out of this Mr. Allhaste," was amply verified when they came round again. He

adopted the name of Wynn for some property ; but his horses, of whom he had a great many good ones, still ran in his brother's name. The sport was a perfect passion with him ; in a morning you would find him riding on his old white mare round the paddocks with the stud-groom, and as they used to have endless racing and pedigree discussions, the latter took care to arm himself, as he put on his hat and gaiters, with the Book and Sheet Calendar in either pocket. He also kept a pack of harriers ; and as soon as his racers, which always stood at home in the winter, had been attended to, the whole *posse comitatus* would sally out to find a hare, and there was no lack of good cheer in the servants' hall on their return. Never was any man so delighted as when his favourite mare Signorina beat Lord Darlington's high-priced *Memnon* for the Manchester Cup. After the race, he escorted her back to scale, and as her jockey was unsaddling, he gave her a slap under the tail, and said, "How much the *Leger* winner ? What do you think of the Welsh parson and his Welsh mare now ?—they are every one of you. Can't we, old girl ?" "What" was used to furnish an equally enthusiastic representative in the shape of Parson Harvey. He was always dressed in full clerical costume, though he was a sad sloven, and cared very little for his cloth, in the lowest sense of the word. He was perpetually to be seen riding his dearly-beloved *Phantom* in a hood in Hyde Park, and at one time he had this horse and three other sires in his Pimlico stables. No man had a happier knack of taming them, a talent about which he was remarkably proud and mysterious ; and few formed better opinions of running than he did, when he drew up his old gig by the side of the cords at Newmarket. He perpetually bought a sire out of the studs when he could get them cheap, at the October meetings, and might be seen at the close of the races driving

down the High-street with his new purchase tied behind him. In one of these strange processions, Canterbury, whom he purchased from Lord Grosvenor, especially figured; but its new owner had long ceased to have any terror of the Archbishop before his eyes. He used to say that the Archbishop might pluck off his gown, but he couldn't pluck out his heart for Tattersall's; and he was never more in his glory than when he stood there, clinging on to the tail of Vandyke junior, and holding forth to the gazers on the wondrous change in his temper, under his pastoral care.

## CHAPTER XII.

## BLOOD MARES.

"Give my horse to Timon :  
It foals me straight and able horses."  
SHAKESPEARE.

PO the Turf enthusiast, stud annals are as rich in information as the Fasti and Athenæus are to the scholar. They tell how Elden "drove Madcap" when she found herself bereaved, and took forcible possession of her foal; how Cœlebs drank down Dawson's poisoned trough, and was only saved by oceans of vinegar; how Milksop took fright at her foal, and flatly refused to suckle it; how Young Cypress was wounded in the Peninsular War, and a Bugle mare mysteriously spirited away from her paddock one night for ever and aye; how Languish was home-sick, and refused to breed under a foreign sky; how Vesta had her fourteen foals all greys, and Elis's dam was barren for ten out of twenty seasons; how Mrs. Candour broke her neck out hunting, and Altisidora died, heavy in foal to Blacklock, as she struggled to get out of a ditch; how Speed always made a point of killing her foals, while a Tuft mare could never rear one to live; how Resurrection was thrown away as a foal for dead, and revived on a warm dung-heap; how Wanderer spent his life in carrying his litter out of his box into the yard, and never let any one catch his eye or see him lie down from the time he was put out of training; and how

in the spring of 1825 nearly every brood mare and sympathetic she-ass on the Petworth estate cast full-grown dead foals from no apparent cause. Generations of Barnums might have made their market by watching stud-farms alone. The curiosities of breeding experience are, in fact, endless. Two foals are registered as having had five legs apiece; an Orville mare, after going thirty-seven days beyond her time, gave birth to one with no feet; and her half-sister, not to be outdone, had another, shortly after, with no eyes. Lord George Bentinck was very fond of breeding experiments. Monstrosity produced such a good foal in Ugly Buck, when she was only three, that he determined to steal another year, and sent Experiment to Venison when she was only eleven months old, but her colt barely lived twenty-four hours. The dam of Montreal was the most remarkable prodigy that ever passed through his hands, as she bore a foal only three times in 1842-47, and threw twins each time. In many instances mares have had twins their first season; but as a general rule it is hardly possible to rear one, much less both. The nurture of Tweedle-dee-dum and Tweedle-dee-dee was a strong instance to the contrary; and the strangeness of the "difference" between them consisted in the superior thriving of the one which was reared, like little Milkop, upon cow's milk. Occasionally a twin is put in training; but King Pepin is the only one, of late years, which has shown any form. Cedric, the Derby winner, may also be mentioned as a singular instance of a horse who never got a foal; and we remember one of less note which, season after season, refused to notice a mare, till he was left alone with one, and had sucked her dry. Launcelot was also, we believe, very troublesome at first, and The Magnet held out for three seasons, but Tom Dawson still hoped on, and Magnifier was the handsome result.



The Priam, Tramp, Lottery, Partisan, and Whisker mares are becoming very scarce. Sir Hercules—whose children, Brunette, Discount, Lady Langford, and The Trout have been so lucky amid the steeple-chase flags—was the last of the Whalebone horses, and we do not think there is a mare of the breed left. The Whisker mares are also reduced to three or four; and poor old Catherina, as she stood wasted and “weaving” in her stall at the Burleigh sale, and took the place of honour in the procession of brood-mares round the court-yard, seemed as if she would be only too happy to join Emma in the “Happy Hunting Grounds,” instead of being bought in for fifteen guineas! Priam only stood four seasons in England, and had great success with his fillies, and none with his colts; whereas Touchstone, whose blood is a union of Whalebone and Orville’s, generally reverses this order of things, and many of his stock, like Irish Birdcatcher’s (who is the sire of ~~several~~ winners), do not train on after their second season. He went through five seasons himself, although he was latterly under suspicion for a weak sinew; but still “the fearful duster” (to use his own fervent words) at which Macdonald sent Lucifer, in the Ascot Cup, down the hill and half way up the “Old Mile,” wholly failed of its object to find it out. This premier-sire of England is rising twenty-seven, and he has at least that number of his stock at the stud; but we are inclined to believe that his grand-children, as a lot, will prove a better generation than their sires. None of them have a reputation at all approaching Orlando, though the stock of Annandale is especially handsome and clever. Luckily his blood (from which, as it has been observed, there is now no getting away) is remarkably pliant, and crosses successfully with almost any other. It has suited especially well with that of Cotton, Pantaloon, Priam, Whisker, Dr. Syntax, Tramp, &c.; and West Aus-

tralian has tended to make the cross between it and Melbourne's highly fashionable. It is essentially a speedy blood; and though stout to boot, it requires a stouter cross, such as Melbourne's, to bring it out in perfection. Hence it failed for staying purposes, when it was crossed with Belshazzar's, although Mountain Deer certainly elicited, by his fine length and looks, more praise from the Newmarket trainers when "The Squire" led him out saddled for the Criterion, and made such a memorable demonstration on his return to scale, than any two-year-old within our recollection.

Without a very stout cross indeed, it would be almost hopeless to expect the Selim blood to stay. Lords Exeter and Jersey have held the two great branches of it; and while the Burleigh stud generally retained the gaudy face and legs of Crockford's horse, the "Jersey bays" approached nearer the whole colour of their dam Cobweb, one of the finest and most perfect mares that ever looked through a bridle. She always ran in flesh, and with the exception of a few half-speed gallops, she did no work for nearly ten days before the Oaks, for which Lord Jersey's coachman had £1,200 to £200 about her, and stood it out. Her own feet were very fine and sound; but her grandsire, Soothsayer, had a club foot, which compelled him to do a good deal of his work on straw. This defect, which slumbered for two generations, brought unsoundness into her stock (of which Achmet was perhaps the handsomest); and a slight contraction of one of the front feet is observable in many of the descendants of Bay Middleton. To see this horse go curling and twisting up to the post, as was his wont, one would have thought him rather weak-built and faint-hearted, whereas he was quite the contrary, and only kept from a great Gold Cup career by his leg infirmity. Lord George Bentinck always believed that his last lameness did not

result from a break-down in the back sinews, for which he was treated, but from the snapping of a small bone in the foot; and when his limping leg is at last at rest, that question may be put at rest as well. He was a very fine specimen of a cross between Selim and the Phantom blood, which was alike fortunately combined with Partisan's in Glaucus, and with Tramp's in Glencoe. It was equally well suited with Catton's in The Flying Dutchman, and with Paulowitz's in Wild Dayrell; while Pyrrhus the First and Andover are fine combinations of it with Defence, and tend to make the Defence mares exceedingly valuable. We remember hearing Mr. William Etwall say, that it was from a firm conviction that he could not fail to "hit the blood" that he sent his "Sister to Ægis" to Bay Middleton in 1850; and his idea of its being the proper cross was so much confirmed when he saw Andover as a yearling, that on the Derby day he had a foal and yearling brother to him in his paddocks, both of which fetched enormous prices in consequence. The late Duke of Grafton was nearly as fond of the smart Reubens' blood as he was of Waxy's; and in short, as a writer has well expressed it, "every page of the Calendar tends to fix this on the breeder's memory—that the Waxy blood, crossed with that of Selim, Reubens, and Castrel, invariably runs."

Penelope, Banter, a Canopus mare, and Gooseander have all thrown a brace of Epsom or St. Leger winners to the same horse; while Emma, Arcot Lass, and Barbelle have had equal success to different ones. Mandane has also quite a claim to rank with Prunella; and never was luck more strange than when Mr. Watt purchased her and her yearling, the St. Leger-winning Altisidora, along with Petuaria, Tramp, Manuella, &c., in one lot from Mr. Hewett. This prime daughter of Pot-8-os is not only credited with Altisidora by Dick Andrews, but she had also

Lottery by Tramp, and Brutandorf by Blacklock, when she was in Mr. Watt's hands. The great lines of Tramp, Blacklock, Lottery, and Brutandorf—which are represented in the present generation by Loupgarou, Voltigeur, Weatherbit, and Cossack—may all thus be virtually traced back to the stud farm at Bishop Burton. It was thought at one time that Physician would have done wonders for the Brutandorf blood; but his stock, although uncommonly smart and quick, were small and weedy, and sad cowards at three year old distances. In fact, we consider that for a time they did as much towards spoiling the stamp of thoroughbreds in Yorkshire, as Mountebank did that of the hunters in the Midland Counties. The Blacklock blood was kept up to the highest point in Voltaire, by a cross with a Phantom; and the dam of Voltigeur, who is coarser in his points than his sire, was a Mulatto. The Saddler blood is synonymous with stoutness; and "The Squire" was at one time as fond of it as he has latterly become of Touchstone's, but that of Comus does not stand now where it promised to do in Reyeller's day, when he and his two half-brothers—all from the Belle-Isle stables—were alone placed for the St. Leger; and even the great Lucetta did not sustain its *prestige*, when she ceased to bear the white banner of Sir Mark. One of the greatest racing bargains ever made was when Sir Charles Turner purchased Hambletonian, 3 yrs., Benningborough, 4 yrs., and Oberon, 5 yrs., from Mr. J. Hutchinson, with their engagements, for 3,000 guineas, at York August, and won every race but one with the two first at the very next Doncaster Meeting. Mr. Thomas Parr, the Turf Talleyrand, who is certainly one of the most remarkable studies of acute man nature that the world possesses, gave at intervals something between £500 and £600, in all for Weathergaze, Saucebox, Defiance, Clothworker, and

Mortimer, whose sales and stakes alone have so far produced him about £20,000. . How strangely this luck contrasts with the lamentation we lately heard from an owner's lips, as he looked at a little wretch, for which he had given very little short of 1,000 guineas in a straw-yard, and devoutly wished that any one would take it out of his sight. The dams of Crucifix and The Hero, with those great racers at their foot, and a Wildgoose mare in foal with Blacklock, did not average 20 guineas apiece; and the lovers of the "Herd Book" relate that Hubback, the great progenitor of the Durham shorthorns, was picked up for even less than the £3 which was given for the dam of Blacklock, by a farmer who was struck by its points as it grazed in its calf-hood on the roadside. The dam of Mr. Val Maher's wonderful grey hunter Leatherhead was bought for a guinea; and it may also be mentioned, that when the late Mr. Stephenson became tired of his brood-mares, he offered a friend the choice of Martha Lynn (heavy in foal with Voltigeur), Yarico, or a Cain mare, for £25, and that he chose the latter. Such is luck! which was seldom more exemplified than when Earl Zetland, out of compliment to his double victor, sent Castanette to Barnton, in 1851, who was merely serving half-breds, and had that thorough race-horse Fandango as the reward of his loyalty.

The luck of the best and most fashionable sires is especially fluctuating. Lancercost had the best mares in England in 1847-48, but without success. Irish Birdcatcher, on the contrary, had a wonderfully fine son in 1848, and his stock carried everything before them when they ran in 1851-52; but those of 1849 were of quite another stamp: and Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorne, although her Lord Fauconberg looked big enough to carry his half-brother Young Hawthorne, had again a most unworthy representative of her own prowess. Scarcely any sires have

run successfully after being once put to the stud. Even "Sammy King and Catton," who were almost invincible in their day, failed when they essayed it; and Jemicho's "revival" in The Flying Dutchman's Ascot Cup is the best modern performance of the kind.

Nature has no set laws, or at least no turf Newton can discover them, as to the best age for breeding from a mare; and, in fact, all our great runners have been born at hap-hazard, between three and twenty-three. A sire may go on for five or six years more; but a mare generally becomes very feeble after that age, and either misses or throws diseased foals. It is no doubt very desirable, as with greyhounds, to have youth on one side; and it invariably happens that if a mare is very old, or has been very much knocked about before she is put to the stud, she reproduces unsoundness, which may be slumbering in herself, and seems to lose all power of counterbalancing that or any other bad points in the horse. We remember a remarkable instance of a mare, who had hunted with fifteen stone, and driven and ridden on the road with little cessation till she was nearly twenty; and although neither she nor the young horse she was then sent to had ever been doctored for a curb, or shown any symptoms of one, her two foals had their hind legs as curved as scythes, and age only very partially removed their deformity. *Apropos* of the subject of hard work, which may have had its effect on the Crucifix stock, it is worthy of note, that Rebecca, the dam of Alice Hawthorne, Rowena, Annandale, and Fair Helen (the dam of Lord of the Hills and Lord of the Isles), never did a day's work in her life. In fact, we have it from her late owner, who leased her for several years before his death to Mr. Andrew Johnstone, that, to the best of his belief, neither she nor her dam, nor her grandam, had ever been broken in. Ellerdale is also having immense luck, as Ellermire and Ellington

were her first and second foals, and inherit through her the Lanercost power of staying.

Whether it be politic to breed from a roarer—or, politely speaking (with a fear of *Nisi Prius* before our eyes), “a high blower”—is still a fierce moot-point. This infirmity is unfortunately becoming more and more the rule instead of the exception; and if all the thorough-bred animals so afflicted were offered up a sacrifice to Æolus on Newmarket Heath, he would snuff the scent of at least two hecatombs a-year. We have met with many who assert that it has increased among hunters very considerably since the habit of turning them out for a summer’s run was abandoned—that in fact they have become roarers from stable idleness, and an inability to throw off, in that confined atmosphere, any throat ulceration they may have contracted. It has been gravely laid down as a great principle, that the throats of all “talking” blood sires should at once be cut; but we are strongly disposed to believe that the massacre should be confined to the other sex, and that the exterior conformation of the foal is for the most part derived from the sire, and the interior from the dam. As far as our observation goes, the foal of a roaring dam seldom fails to inherit it, while those got by a roarer very often escape it. A Northern veterinary surgeon has supported this conformation theory by the ingenious remark—that the produce of a horse and a she-ass always brays, while that of a mare and a jackass hinnies; but we cannot speak from ear on this point. Many odd stories are told about the enthusiasm of the tykes on mares and foals, and how a sly publican led an antiquary, who asked if there were any remarkable spots in the neighbourhood, to a paddock behind his inn, and pointing out a large elm-tree, informed him that “a winner of t’ Leger were foaled under it.” If, however, the Dryasdusts had the laugh against the

Cambridgeshire country people, who gathered round them (when they espied a lecturer and his pupils on an ancient fosse), under the idea that there was going to be a fight, a sporting waiter, according to the late Bishop Carr, quite got the pull of an antiquary at Worcester, who had come to visit that prelate on the strength of a general invitation, and found that he quitted Hartlebury for the sea-side. On this pilgrim's return to Worcester, he put up at the Hop-pole Inn, where he told his griefs to its Knight of the Napkin, a privileged man with the sporting gentlemen of the county, who, to soothe him, mentioned all the lions—the cathedral, the china and glove manufactories, &c. At the expiration of two or three days, he inquired how far from the city was the field of the celebrated “battle of Worcester.” The waiter replied, “A very short distance.” The pilgrim would pay a man half-a-crown to guide him to the place. The waiter said he was disengaged that morning, and would have great pleasure in accompanying him. Arrived at Pitchcroft (the race-course) immediately opposite the Grand Stand, the waiter said, “This is the exact spot.” The pilgrim was delighted; he then stood on the celebrated “field of Worcester!” He viewed the city walls, the cathedral, the bridge, the Severn, &c. After a few minutes spent in deep contemplation, he exclaimed, “It was a bloody fight!” “I believe you!” said the waiter: “Yes, indeed it was; and nothing but Spring’s wind could have brought him through it.” The pilgrim was so perfectly disgusted, that he immediately walked back alone to the hotel packed up, and was off for London. Bishop Carr used often to tell this anecdote with great glee to his friends, adding, for their information, that the waiter referred to the celebrated pugilistic contest between Spring and Langan.\*

\* Moore’s Memoirs.



. The calculations about blood-stock produce who are destined to fight the battles of Epsom and Doncaster are sadly imperfect, owing to the carelessness of non-racing breeders as to Stud-Book returns. The nearest approximation we can make to them is that about 1,550 mares annually bring about 1,150 foals to the birth in Great Britain, and of these about a sixteenth die either in foaling or before the ensuing 1st of December. Accidents and disease effect such a highly successful elimination in the next seven months, that only from three to four hundred are found in the Epsom and St. Leger entries; while perhaps two to three hundred more must be set down as the property of breeders who do not care to engage, or do not think them worth engaging, in these great stakes. As far as we can ascertain, there were 1,161 blood foals brought to the birth in England and Ireland in 1851, and certainly not 1,100 of them were alive on New Year's Day, 1852. Watching their further progress through the pages of the "Racing Calendar," we find that 574 of them ran in 1853. This number decreased, in 1854, to 516; but two seasons of training tell a fearful tale, and in 1855 the remnant of that high-bred band only numbered 280, as two-year-old racing lays the seeds of infirmity which even the "British Remedy" cannot baffle. —

Old-fashioned breeders, like Mr. Kirby, who kept a dozen mares and a first-class horse, whom they changed every four or five years, the moment his subscription began to lag, were wont to consider 150 guineas a good average price for their yearlings. As a general thing, the purchases above this figure do not prosper in proportion to the fine looks which have induced the outlay; and, absurd as it may seem, it is the worst luck in the world to christen a yearling by an outlandish name. Priam fetched 1,000 guineas as a yearling, and Sir Mark's executors had to thank the untried Camarine and Lucetta

for the wonderful success of their sale, where five yearlings brought 2,235 guineas, and four foals 1,181 guineas. If we add this latter amount to what Lord Durham got for eight foals in 1830, we have the absolutely apocryphal average of 350 guineas! Glenlivet, by Rowton or Cetus, out of Camarine, was the 1,040 guineas premier of Sir Mark's yearlings; and a colt by Jerry, out of Lucetta, the 640 guineas one of the foals. Such high prices for yearlings were, however, far from being as general as they are now, and bidders not unfrequently adopted the plan of not opposing each other, but of "tossing up" or "knocking out" afterwards. If our memory serves us, The Kedger and Weatherbit were bought on this principle, Lord George Bentinck losing the toss for both of them. Shortly before this, when Muley reigned supreme at Underley, sixteen of his yearlings plodded their weary way over the Yorkshire Moors by Skipton to Doncaster; but Mr. Nowell and the grooms came back rejoicing to the quaker-haunted Westmoreland with the astounding news that the lot had averaged 331 guineas a-piece! Snowstorm, a son of Rebecca's, gave Mr. A. Johnstone a foretaste of his stud success by realizing 710 guineas, and he also made 500 guineas at the same lucky spot, in front of "The Salutation," both with a Morsel colt and Johnny Armstrong, who died before he could publicly prove the truth of a very high trial. General Anson had also good prices for many years, and the average of his eight, including Hernandez, in 1849, was 344 guineas. Prices were very quiet in 1853, when Cavalier (520 guineas) was the premier; but the honour of being the *Anni Mirabiles* of the stud was reserved for 1854-55. The whole fourteen Royal yearlings, in the first of these years, averaged 441 guineas, six of the colts averaging 611 guineas, and a like number of the fillies 406 guineas. This one-thousand-guinea "Yellow Jack" epidemic soon

spread : The Salutation, true to itself, heard Mr. Tattersall's hammer fall that autumn to 1,020 guineas for Voivode, and before another year had flown we heard of two, if not three more 1,000 guineas private sales, two of 1,200, and another of 1,500 guineas. Last autumn, Mr. A. Johnstone averaged 311 guineas a-piece for his fifteen yearlings ; but the average was unduly swelled by the sale of Lord of the Hills, who ran the gamut from 200 guineas to 1,800 guineas, by a succession of rapid 50-guinea bids. Four commissioners were at work, one of whom left off at 800 guineas ; while a Newmarket trainer, who had come with a commission to that amount in his pocket, never got a bid at all. It was the general impression that Mr. Craufurd had as little intention of being beaten for this colt, as he had when he was wont to send out The Shaver to a favourite meet with the Quorn. The Royal Stud has averaged about 220 guineas for its fifty-three yearlings in 1851-55 ; but still if breeders could calculate on 100 guineas a-piece for every blood yearling they bring to the hammer, they would not do far amiss ; whereas the average of yearling prices, at public sales, in 1854, was 136½ guineas, and 117 guineas last year. The largest and most furnished yearling within modern trainers' memory, is Hunting Horn, who, but for his mouth, might have been any age to look at ; he was sold for 570 guineas last autumn, and his owner, who lives at Doncaster, and only keeps two mares, has averaged 428 guineas for three of his yearlings, since the autumn of 1849 : Fortune has, however, squared matters with him, as both his 1856 foals have died. Cyprian has also proved a golden mine to John Scott, with whom she may well be such a favorite, as his average is far beyond Mr. Sadler's, and for twice the number to boot. The Streatlam Paddocks are, after all, the El Dorado of blood stock. Besides "The West," they have sent Mundig, Cotherstone, Daniel

Q'Rourke, Hetman Platoff, Epirus, Springy Jack, and Fly-by-Night to, Whitewall, in little more than twenty years. Durham has, however, always been as renowned for thorough-breeds as for short-horns. For nearly forty years Lord Darlington bred his best winners at Raby, and Voltigeur and Virago were also "raised" there. Prices of sires are wonderfully variable, and if they are put up at Tattersall's in a dull time, they often make next to nothing. Co-ningsby and Tadmor, if we remember rightly, had to be bought in at 50 guineas, and not a soul would open his mouth to bid for Touchstone's own brother, Launcelot. However, Mr. A. Johnstone made a hundred-guinea bid the next Monday, and got him. Old England, on the contrary, was bought in on one Monday for 580 guineas, and sent again in the course of a month, when he had no bid beyond 300 guineas; and a Dutchman yearling, last summer, fetched only 14 guineas at the Rawcliffe Paddock sale, and 74 guineas at Tattersall's about two months after. So much for the fickleness of purchasers! Canary is perhaps the most furnished yearling we have seen for some years back at The Corner; Brother to Ban the most painfully deformed object; and a couple of Auckland foals, which squeaked like sucking pigs when they were separated, after realizing about four guineas each, the most shaggy and starved. Their sire had a most wonderful escape from being scalded to death, as a yearling, on the North Western, which compromised his burns and the death of his companion filly for, as it was said at the time, 3,000 guineas, in consequence of their heavy forfeits.

The Marquis of Exeter has often had forty brood mares in his paddocks at Burleigh, and has perhaps bred more foals annually, with the exception of Sir Tatton Sykes, than any other man. His fondness for the blood of Sultan has been quite as great as that of the veteran Yorkshire baronet's for Comus;

but of late years, although the Beirams have run stoutly, both have proved a somewhat unthrifty love. The stud at Sledmere has numbered about two hundred, taking one kind of blood-stock with another, and not unfrequently returns more than forty foals to the Messrs. Weatherby. Messrs. Stebbing and Morris have about thirty-six mares, and Lord Londesboro's number at Ulleskelfe is rapidly increasing. At present the Royal Hampton Court Stud consists of twenty-two brood mares, which have cost rather more than 200 guineas each, and stand along with nearly a score of Mr. Greville's, in a long range of paddocks, which extend nearly a mile down the London-road. Cawston Paddocks, which the loves of its present "dainty quene" Phryne, and her departed Pantaloon have made so famous, with its ivy-clad shooting lodge and the fox-covers of Elthron in the back-ground, and old Melbourne peeping coyly out of his mastiff-guarded box at visitors from beneath his black-bullock-head escutcheon, is as pleasant a sight as we know, on a summer's evening; but for downright business, and not mere breeding for the love or honour of the thing, Rawcliffe Paddocks quite bear the palm. The company was formed in 1850, and The Flying Dutchman went there direct the day after he won his York match. The capital is £25,000, and paid up within a few hundreds; and the value of the shares, three or four of which are for sale, is £100 each. Thirteen hundred and fifty acres on Rawcliffe Ings have been rented, and box accommodation has been built for 157 horses. The number of men employed at the stud alone is 11, and the cart mares are all used for breeding, although the last 10 guineas average for half-bred yearlings by Burgundy and Connaught Ranger was hardly encouraging. There were 53 lots sold in all at the last sale, which realized 4,762 guineas; and the 29, in 1854 (when several were sold by private con-

tract at York Spring), brought 2,716 guineas. The Flying Dutchman has been latterly a great hit for them, and so was Chanticleer; but Hetman Platoff died directly after he arrived there from Tickhill Castle. They reckon their casualties at two in five, and, on the whole, if they can only keep up a constant succession of fashionable sires, there seems every prospect, as the management is first-rate, of it proving a very fine speculation for the shareholders. We subjoin a list of their stock on the morning of their last sale:—Thorough-bred sires, 4; mares, 60; yearlings, 42; and foals, 38; half-bred yearlings, 7; and half-bred foals, 5. Hetman Platoff and a mare cost them £500; and while the rent of The Dutchman was this year raised from £800 to £1,000, the public sent him at his increased fee just twice as many mares as he had in each of the two preceding seasons.

While these great Rawcliffe Paddocks are instinct with life and enterprise, those at Bishop Burton, which once held the sway in the three Ridings, are all but tenantless. The walk to them from Beverley lost half its beauty in our eyes, from the melancholy associations it revived of the olden time, when Squire Watt, in his "truly British" blue coat and buff waistcoat, made thorough-breds his heart's delight. We left Beverley by the York road, and wended our way through the pleasant common-lands of Westwood, along the side of the race-course. The prospect from the hill opposite the Stand, on the morning we first climbed it, was one that would have softened an anchorite. Just in front of us was the Stand, whose silken jackets and burly crowd with their shouts of "Toud Squire wins," and "she'll give him ten pound and lick his heed off," had given way for the nonce, to "Siff," and a quiet group of scarlets, who were awaiting The Holderness, as, with their "many-twinkling feet" and sterns, they trotted

gently up the course. Pretty little Beverley, flanked by its magnificent gothic minster, and coloured here and there with the red-tile roofs so peculiar to this part of Yorkshire, just peeped over the undulating Westwood foreground, and we could not help contrasting its misty quiet, with the restless spirit of speculation, which went to and fro, month after month, the whole length and breadth of its republic, when Peter Simple—

“ With Cunning Tom upon his back,  
And half the tin of Beverlac”—

was the hero of English steeple-chasers, or when Nancy, the bay pride of Burton Pidsea, was luring it, as well as its neighbour Hull, to sell their very beds from under them to back her.

Following the footpath, we arrived at a high white gate to the left, the proscenium to an avenue of elms, which leads to the Hall, and the church in which Mr. Watt lies buried. Here, and at Bishop Burton Hall, which he left about three-and-twenty years since, the old man was always roaming among his paddocks, and watching his favourites with anxious care. The last of his brood mares, which still revels here, is a mare called Birthday, by Assault, out of Nitocris, who was foaled on his birthday. He never could find in his heart to have her trained; twice or thrice she was under orders for departure: but when the day arrived, he could not bear to let her go, as he said they would only break her down. There are not a few pictures in the Hall by Dolby and Herring. Blacklock by the former, and as large as life, faced us on the staircase; but Manuella, Altisflora, and Belsflazzar, were far more to our taste. Passing down the hill, and near the bachelor residence of Mr. Frank Watt, we crossed the road to the old Bishop Burton Hall, originally purchased by one Roger Gee, a Liverpool merchant, who rebuilt the place, and laid

down a two-mile gallop on the Wold in front of it. Its late owner took a dislike to it, and the very mantel-pieces and door-frames have been pulled down. A narrow walk, with one of the best yew-fences we ever yet saw in "merrie England," led us to the stables, on whose doors the plates of Memnon, Blacklock, Belshazzar, Barefoot, Rockingham, Altisidora, Muta, and a host of other winners, still hang, as silent tablets of the luck of other days. Blacklock's box is still pointed out with especial reverence; and as the housekeeper guided us, candle in hand, through the half-ruined Hall, we came on the skeleton room, where the coarse frame of the "terrible brown" is encased, side by side with Muta. The mare's off shoulder-blade still bore marks of the running sore, which no syringe could heal; and ere she died, it had eaten its stealthy way right through the bone. The strength of the pasturage and the beautiful combination of hill and dale make these paddocks a perfect paradise for blood mares and foals. The large field especially is dotted here and there with wide-spreading chestnut-trees, to shade them from the heat; and our attendant told us how of yore the mares and foals would come dashing wildly altogether down the hill, through the valley, and up the opposite one, like a charge of Cossacks, till Mr. Watt and his grooms fairly looked on trembling, lest some of their brave little bits of Tramp, Blacklock, or Lottery blood should be rolled head-over-heels down the steep. The short-horns of a neighbouring farmer quietly browse on it now; but we would fain hope that the thorough-bred traditions which still linger fondly round it, will ere long be potent to drive these intruders from the spot, and people it with blood-stock, not inferior to those on which John Jackson in the harlequin so often rode back in triumph to scale.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## BREEDING OF HUNTERS.

Sad and fearful is the story,  
Of the hunt in Leicestershire ;  
On that fatal field of glory,  
Met full many a dashing squire.'

"**D**O persuade Meynell to give up the chase : he has been hunting the fox these thirty years, but human glory has its limits." So wrote Sydney Smith to the mistress of Quorn Hall in the days of its highest renown, with about as much effect as when he preached the "sermon smelling of sulphur," in the training metropolis of the East Riding. Men, whose hearts are with the racer and the starting post, may sicken and tire as their years count up ; but the votaries of horn and hound fondly love on to the close, with all the constancy of the turtle-dove. They want, as a Yorkshire Colonel pithily expressed it, when he bade his annual good-bye to his Yeomanry troop, nothing all winter but twenty couples of leaders, and to keep no lines but their own. While, however, they agree on these great points, it is strange to note how almost every sportsman of experience seems to have a pet theory of his own as to the qualities of a hunter, and the precise plan of breeding them—a problem which, year after year, puts to confusion the hoariest spae-wives in paddock lane. The mythical cit who is popularly supposed to have met the Pytchley, and asked "Who is Old 'Ard? I've

heard the huntsman calling to him all day, and I've never seen him yet," would not be more baffled if he had to take Charles Payne's place, than breeders of racing stock have been in their most cherished fancies. Breeding for the turf has in fact become such a mere lottery, that many racing men trouble themselves very little as to whether a sire is perfect in the points where their mares are deficient; but if they fancy a horse or his running, they take a subscription, and leave the rest to fortune. "Everything can gallop a bit," was an old hunter-breeder's confession of faith to us, "with your eight stone seven of saddle and satin on his back; but it's not everything that can cheek hounds with twelve stone of scarlet!" One of them also assured us that he could never get the exact cut of a hunter he had set his mind on, till in despair he put his short-legged cart mare to a thorough-bred horse. Her first filly foal was laid up in lavender till she was rising five, and then crossed with a thorough-bred; and this union inaugurated a long line of fast, weight-carrying hunters, which have been the apple of his eye for years. Others, while they think that to carry weight nothing can beat the cross of a blood-horse with an active, high-shouldered cart mare, as firmly maintain that the second remove is never so good as the first. And on we might go through a perfect bed-roll of breeding specifics, alike plausible and speculative. The best instance of the first cross that we remember was a mare called Poll of the Vale, by Great Britain, who was bought at four years old out of a team for £28, with hair enough on her legs to stuff a moderate-sized pillow. After carrying a seventeen-stone man for two or three seasons, she was sold for 300 guineas to the Hon. Wellesley Pole, with a promise that she should be given back when she could hunt no longer; and although she passed through several

hands, this contingency was kept alive, and she died in giving birth to a colt by Vandyke junior, in her old owner's paddock. A Sir Joshua mare called Cashmere was similarly bred, and after being bought at Melton Fair for £38, passing through Mr. Maxt's hands, and making 350 guineas at Tattersall's, she became the property of the late Mr. John Moore, of the old Melton Club, for 300 guineas, and was in his stud when he died.

Our own impression is, that to secure a good hunter, the size should be on the side of the dam, and the breeding on that of the sire. A large roomy mare should be put to a small, compact blood-horse. Sir Harry Goodricke, whose courtesy and discrimination of character, both in man and horse, has never been surpassed, was especially particular on this point, and would not buy a hunter whose sire was not thorough-bred. Still, ideas of hunters differ so widely, that we can only observe that one of the very worst faults they can acquire is not to care for falling, and fall back ourselves on the following masterly analysis, with which we are kindly favoured by one of the finest horsemen and judges of the day. "Had I to choose a hunter," he says, "by seeing one point only, it should be his head; for I never knew one with a small, clean, intelligent face and prominent eyes to be bad. I like his neck also to be muscular, but not heavy; shoulders well back, with long arms; short from the knee to the fetlock; pasterns rather long, but not upright; his feet cannot well be described on paper, but they should be large and perfect, or all the rest is as 'leather and prunella.' His back should not be too short, and he should have stout loins and wide hips, and good length from the latter to his hocks, which should be rather turned inwards. Added to this, he should be large round the girth, but whether in depth or width does not

much signify ; and the higher he is bred, the greater his intelligence, and the speedier his recovery from the effects of a hard day."

We dare not attempt to decide the point of soundness between the advocates of large *versus* small feet ; but, as far as our own observation goes, no foot that is low and weak at the heel, will stand much wear and tear in the hunting field. If, too, there is one thing more than another to be avoided, it is a short-shouldered hunter : they may go well for a short distance, but the moment they get leg-weary, terrible is their fall. If they make the slightest mistake at a fence, they topple over, with their legs under them in a heap, without a hope of recovery, and down goes the rider before his horse. The long-shouldered ones have, on the contrary, so much more liberty about them, that they have always a leg to spare ; and if they do put down their riders, they do it like gentlemen, and give them ample notice. It is the mail-driver's old parallel over again between a road and a railway accident—"If the coach goes over, why, you're there ! but if *this 'ere steamer* goes over, where are you ?" Depth of girth is generally a sign of speed, as width is of endurance ; and the Melton men have for many years back declared that, to carry weight, their horses must measure at least six feet round. A noble lord was so tenacious on the point, that he used to carry a ~~six~~-foot piece of tape, in his waistcoat pocket throughout the whole season. On one occasion he went to look at a horse, with two friends, who, knowing his especial whim, contrived to get hold of his tape just before he went into the stable, and cut a couple of inches off it. "I've seen them measure more, and I've seen them measure less," was his remark, as he held up his tape to the light, and found that the horse was only two inches short of its full length. We don't know whether to this day he has found out the joke, but, he bought

the horse then and there, and rode him (although he only measured five feet eight) in the first flight for three or four seasons. The measurement should, we think, be got as much as possible 'by depth' rather than width, as most hunting men like a horse thin between their knees, which makes it nearly as difficult for him to get rid of them as to cast their own skin. Big coffin-heads generally betoken a bad mouth and a tendency to pull hard, and if they are not accompanied by a bold eye, the majority of hunting men will never look at them. Be the head large or small, it must always have plenty of meaning in it, or it is heavy odds that the purchase will be a sorry one, as far as jumping goes, and the rider be obliged to come out with a telescope in his pocket. The measuring mania rather brought the Melton men to grief in one instance, when a well-known Leicestershire sportsman, whose portrait on "Old Prince" appeared in the Royal Academy of 1844, imported a little brown horse by Cannonball, and marked exactly like his sire, out of Shropshire, to Melton, where he was originally bred. He was first offered to a noble earl for 200 guineas, but the reply was that he was "a sweet park horse, but has not length enough for Leicestershire." A similar answer arrived from another lord, and thirdly he was offered to the bearer of the white tape, who immediately whipped it out, and expressed his astonishment that so old a sportsman should recommend him "a mere weed." However, an afternoon fox of the right sort was found at Owston Wood, and the little fifteen-two "weed" took six gates in succession in one lane. Luckily, "The Squire" from the Pytchley had come to the meet, and as soon as they killed, he called out to his rider, "My man! £150 for your horse." And so the result was, that "the weed" had left for Northamptonshire in less than twenty-four hours, with 200 guineas on his head. During the following Croxton

Park races, as a main of cocks was being fought between Sir Harry Goodricke and Mr. George Walker, a letter written with a skewer, as were all "The Squire's," was put into Sir Harry's hands, and its hieroglyphics deciphered as follows, amid immense merriment :—

" Dear Goodricke :

" I can scarcely believe that you Melton men know a horse from a jackass. Old — offered to three of your noble lords the horse I bought from him, and I wish them to know that I am prepared to run any one of them, or any other Melton man, or any man in the world, four miles for £400 ! eight do. for £800 ! ! or ten do. for £1,000 ! ! ! 12 stone each, over Leicestershire, or any other county in England," &c., &c., &c.

Eight years after, the horse was in Lord Howth's stud at Melton, and went nearly as well at seventeen as when he was the subject of this dashing challenge.

The great nurseries of English hunters are the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, more especially on the Wolds, and the whole of Lincolnshire and Shropshire. The Lincolnshire hunters are still first-rate, but they are bred in fewer numbers than they were in Dick Burton's hunting prime, owing principally to the improved system of cultivation, which has caused much second-rate grass-land to be ploughed up. Hence the number of brood-mares is rather limited, and the farmers have to resort to Howden Fair, which is the largest market in the world for unmade hunters and carriage-horses. Scarcely any of them are tied in rows, but they are generally hidden or led about the town, whose long High-street is for four or five days one surging sea of animal life. Hosts of Lincolnshire farmers may be found there each September, picking up four-year-old hunters, at prices which once ranged from £80 to £100, but now more generally from £100 to £120. The hunting dealers also attend, not to buy, but to glean information about promising horses ;

they learn where they go to, and occasionally, if they take a very strong fancy, purchase a contingent interest in some of them. Their new owners aim at keeping them at least a year, but seldom more than two, and they frequently find them a temporary stable-mate at the great Lincoln Fair each April. The latter are expected to produce a profit of 28 to 25 per cent. for their three months' strong keep up to Horncastle, or else they hardly realize their new owners' sole idea of "paying for August." Dealers' payments, we may add, are obliged to be prompt and good, as the farmers are not "discount-men," although the reported prices at great fairs must be read with considerable mental discount. Sellers invariably state the prices they ask, not what they get; and we remember an instance where the actual price for three which were bought by a hunting-man, in one lot, was £380 below what appeared in the newspaper report of the fair! The most successful private sellers of horses we know, are that sly, half horse-dealing, half farmer race, who stick their hats into the nape of their necks, and talk, quite simply and softly, close into your face; men, in short, who are wonderfully clever fellows, but who deceive you by looking like utter fools. Their great dodge is to crab the good points of the horse they want to sell: "Varra fine horse, but don't you think he'se not varra good about the shoulders?" was the comment we heard one of them make, as he asked a rattling price (on the ground that he "didn't care to part with him for a bit") for an animal whose shoulders were faultless. Away went the intended purchaser to a friend, who knew the horse's points better than he did the owners, and was told to buy him directly, as "the fool doesn't know what a good horse he has;" and "the fool" grinned in his sleeve accordingly. Perhaps a northern breeder of hunters, some twenty years since, got rid of three in the neatest

way to a nobleman, who did not care so very much for two of them, but had set his whole heart on the third. "I always said I would not sell that horse," were the words in which the bargain was clenched, "and I must keep my word; but if you'll give me 900 guineas for the other two, I'll make you a present of him." The purchaser jumped at the offer; and although he found that the gift-horse for whom he ventured so much was a roarer and all but worthless, the terms of the bargain estopped him from complaining publicly, however much he might tell his grief in private. Mr. Mat Milton was, after all, one of the greatest originals that ever closed a horse bargain; and the American poet might with justice be supposed to have had him in his eye, when he wrote of a regular "Down Easter"—

"He'd kiss a queen till he raised a blister,  
With his arm round his neck, and his old felt hat on;  
He'd address a king by the title of Mister,  
And ask him the price of the throne that he sat on."

We have hinted at the terms of his equestrian invitation to the Prince Regent; but he is said to have been a man of deeds and not of words only to a noble lord, who returned him a horse because he considered it to be a roayer. When his lordship next came to his stables, the subject was renewed pretty warmly. Mat ironically asked him, after making four horses grunt successively by a sudden blow of the fist, if that was the roaring he meant, and wound up his discourse by giving him a dig below the waistcoat, and an adjuration of "*Why you're grunting now—hang it you're a roarer yourself—be out of the yard with you!*"—which caused him to fly swiftly.

The chief buyers of carriage horses at Howden Fair are the Messrs. Collins, Wimbush, Gray, East, &c., and the most paying colour is a brown or a "Jersey bay." This class of animal does not come



there so much from the county of Durham as formerly, but is principally bred in the neighbourhood of Howden and Holderness. The breeders of Durham horses confine themselves more to Northallerton and Newcastle fairs, which are also the great marts for the Cumberland men. The latter, although they kept the first and second hunting-sire prizes against all comers, with Ravenhill and British Yeoman, and made the other horse-classes considerably less of a dead letter than they had hitherto been, at the last Royal Agricultural Show, breed almost solely for the carriage, and hence it is next to useless to bring a chesnut horse, however fine his points, in the county. When Mr. Richard Ferguson, the owner of Ravenhill (who has been re-christened "Royal Ravenhill," in token of his triumph), introduced a coaching-sire some six-and-thirty years ago, he was assured by his neighbours that the climate was too cold either for pure short-horns or anything in horse's shape, that was more than half-bred; and it was only when he sold a pair of his four-year-old Candidates for £150, which shortly afterwards reached the King's stables for, as it was said at the time, £300, that a contrary conviction dawned on them. Candidate, Bay Chilton, and Grand Turk, who were all Northern Lights in their time, had very little blood, but were fine sturdy specimens of a species of Durham or rather Yorkshire coaching-horse, which is now almost entirely superseded by thorough-breds. In size they were a medium between Magog and Lord Fauconberg, and none of them were certainly up to more weight than Meteor; but decidedly the finest type of a coach-horse we ever saw was a brown one by Screveton. The light-boned Equator, the elegant little Royalist, and the flashy-looking high-tempered Corinthian did very little towards improving the breed, which was principally kept up by the travels of The Earl and Gregson, a remarkably fine

specimen of a grey hunter-sire. When his day was over, Mr. Richard Ferguson kept up the grey charter by buying Grey Wiganthorpe out of Yorkshire, and followed up this infusion of the Comus blood into Cumberland, with successive strains of Buzzard, Muley, and Venison, through Phoenix, Galaor, and Ravenhill. Lanercost was foaled in the west of the county (not far from the farm-house where old Velocipede died in 1850), and won his first victories under Harry Edwards (who was then a Carlisle V.S.), in the colours of Mr. John Ramshay, of Naworth. Barns, who owned his sire, Liverpool, and also bred and ran the iron-legged Naworth and Mosstrooper. British Yeoman, who is, to our minds, the best-looking Liverpool horse left, and won the Royal Agricultural blood-prize this year, still sticks to Cumberland, where his stock are so much prized, that his owner refused 400 gs. from an Irish breeder for him. Mr. Jas. Fawcett, of Scaleby Castle, as well as Mr. Ferguson, sends several young bay coach-horses to the Newcastle and Yorkshire fairs; and Mr. Chas. Philips, of Cracrop, in the same county, is indisputably the most successful English breeder of the pure Clydesdale cart-horses. One of his two-year-olds was so much prized when he arrived in Canada that he was sold at 4s. 8d. per pound, and realized upwards of £400 on his weight. This is the unhappy "Mr. Briggs's" qucrist over again, "How much a pound if I take the whole of him?" Merry Tom, who is about sixteen, three, is the best Mr. Philips ever had; and although he is only seven years old, he has already won four medals and about £240 in cash, and was selected by a Scotch club for three seasons, to travel in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, where the rarest Clydesdale horses are to be found.

The Shropshire men are rather short of hunter sires, and are more careful, both as to pedigree and style, in their hunter-breeding, than the Yorkshire-

men. In fact, many dealers maintain that the large bodies and the little heads come out of Shropshire, and the little bodies and large heads from Yorkshire. The probable explanation of this is, that the Yorkshiremen generally direct their attention to quick returns, and try to breed great slapping carriage-horses, to be sold at three years old for from £80 to £120, in the Howden market; and if they cannot get them big enough, they cut their tails and call them hunters. An allusion to the size of the head in the latter case would no doubt induce the venerable retort, "*What's the odds a horse don't go on his head.*" Shropshire, on the contrary, determines to have a hunter, and nothing but a hunter, and has bred accordingly, since the days of the celebrated Old Tat, who combined the Highflyer and Matchem strains, and made the Shropshire-bred horses especially famous, about the time that Mr. Meynell gave up hounds. Rugeley in June is a very great fair for hunters, Welsh and Shropshire, as well as troopers, but the prices are not up to Horncastle; and Stourbridge had also an immense repute, until Shrewsbury, which is fixed for two weeks earlier in March, dealt it a heavy blow. Rugby's horse fair, in November, includes all kinds, from the 300-guinea hunter down to the ten shillings' potter's steed, in which Rugbians were wont in old times to invest, for the glory of one afternoon's ride between the callings over, on condition that their old owners took them back at half-price if they lived, or gratis if they died.

The Yarborough, South Wold, and Button hunts are the great public schools, where the head, hands, and heels of a legion of Hard-Riding Dicks are ever at work (though the meets are not so great as they used to be) for five months of the year, in transforming the raw one-hundred-guinea Howdenite into the finished two-hundred-guinea candidate for Horncastle. It is however, to the dealers in this as in

every other county that they have to look for purchasers, as hunting men will scarcely ever buy from farmers, however well they may ride, and have to pay a handsome sum extra for their whim. Horn-castle fair has long been the great Lincolnshire Carnival of horse-flesh, and far the largest in England for made hunters. Sporting foreigners are *penetrés* with its fame, and rush to see it and the sales of blood-yearlings at Doncastere, with as much energy as their agriculturists demand to be led to "de beet-root," the instant they set foot from one of Ben Revett's chaises, on their Tiptree shrine. We have it, in fact, on "Scribble's" authority, that an elderly German Baron, not very long since, assured his English visitor, when they had drunk to the death and memory of their last wild boar, that if now he could only visit Horn-castle Fair, he could die happy! Dealers and foreigners begin to be rife in its neighbourhood about the fifth of August, and there are still some lingerers on the twenty-first. Baron Rothschild's agent rarely comes, but purchases young horses at all prices from £80 to £100, out of the best hunting stables in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The Welchmen bring nothing now; but the Irish-bred horses are to be found in numbers hardly equal to the demand. It takes a man some time to get accustomed to their buck-fencing style (which a clever, determined rider can soon modify); and when a novice tries, for instance, to cross the Essex Roothings on one, and finds it thrusting itself with its dainty heel-touch off those huge banks half way across the next field, he begins to fancy that he will never come to earth again. The great majority of them are called thorough-bred, but not exactly according to the English standard, which makes them about seven-eighths bred.

The hunting humour of the present day jumps very much with size. Hunting men, if they can possibly

afford it, like to ride with two or three stone in hand; and thus little horses, however clever, and up to ten or eleven stone, do not find ready purchasers as of yore, even among "the light division." The veteran Sir Tatton Sykes has never fallen in with this notion about height, and his friends always expect his pleasant "*Too big, Sir! too big!*" when he looks over anything much above fifteen two. Charles XII., in his very hey-day, did not please him at all. To show how tastes differ, Mr. Davis, the Queen's huntsman, who is a lighter man and rather taller than Sir Tatton, assured us that he had been carried equally well to his hounds by horses of all heights, from fourteen three to sixteen two; but that from fifteen three to sixteen two was his fancy size. Even on the subject of tails, the hunting men used to take issue, and it is not so long since a turfite inaugurated his brief racing career by docking his whole stud. In Mr. Osbaldeston's day it was all the fashion at Melton to keep long tails on the hunters, a practice which he held in very great contempt. "*Gallop on, long-tails, you'll soon come back,*" used to be his regular saying, if they got away before him; and "*Where are the fine long-tails now?*" was his sarcastic inquiry at the close of many a run.

Among great horse-dealers, Messrs. Elmore, R. Dyson, and Tilbury once held sway, but Mr. Collins, of Mount-street, Lambeth, has recently become by far the largest purchaser of hunters at Horncastle. The Lincolnshire farmers generally get into the habit of doing business with one dealer, and Mr. Collins will buy about seventy from them during the Horncastle month, the best of which range from £160 to £200, and occasionally higher. Many of these do not get to the fair to be sold, as formerly, but are purchased privately, and join the main string at a certain place of rendezvous; but scarcely half of them reach his London stables, as he now has a show of them both at

Newark and Barnet, where purchasers and brother-dealers attend to cull. He always buys according to what is required for the particular season; and if the dwellers in Mount-street were to lose sight of their almanacks and the swallows, they would know that spring had come again by the endless supply of stout cobs and park hacks which would, week after week, take up their fleeting habitation among them. Mr. Thomas Collins acts as London salesman for his father, who, along with his *fidus Achates*, James Webster, visits every great fair out of the 190 odd which the trade profess to frequent, not only in the midland counties and the north, but in Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and, in short, wherever he can get a wind-scent of a likely horse. He is a striking instance of what honesty and good judgment can do for a man. It is little more than fifteen years since we remember him driving his roan pony to Osborne's, in Gray's Inn-lane, to buy "machiners," and his rise since then, through the successive stages of Aldridge's and Tattersall's, to be the wholesale Leviathan of the trade, has been wonderfully steady and rapid. The pretty general belief among the initiated is, that he sells upwards of eleven hundred animals in the course of the year, at an average of £80 a-piece; and, as a type of the universality of his business, we may mention that, as we lately strolled through his stables, we espied a first-class hunter almost cheek by jowl with a spotted cob, who looked quite ripe for the jocular society of Tom Barry over the way. All the great London dealers purchase from him; and their French brethren, Bénédict, Crimeaux, Ancell, &c., are among his largest customers, and occasionally go as high as £170 for a riding horse. Mr. Joseph Anderson is also at the very top of the tree, and buys largely of first-class hunters and hacks; he has, in fact, long been to Piccadilly what Bénédict is to the *Champs d'Elysées*; and his brother,

Mr. John Anderson, has a very rising business at Green-street, Grosvenor-square. Mr. Quartermaine, who once "hailed" from Oxford, buys carriage-horses as well as hunters and hacks, and gives and gets, without exception, as high prices as any man of the day. He cannot rest if there is a good thing in the market, and has always "a particular reason for wanting it directly." We seldom give a passing peep down those trim corridor-sort of yards, which make one feel more than anything else the high dignity of the horse in England, and see those mysterious, knowing little knots of purchasers which are ever scanning him there, without calling to mind how the Duke of Queensberry was wont some fifty years since to test the paces of his running-footmen candidates, by seeing how they could run up and down that selfsame pleasant dip in Piccadilly, he watching them and timing them from his balcony.\* But our note must tell the rest. Mr. S. Cox, of Stamford-street, buys all sorts, from high-class hunters down to cart-horses, in which his uncle, the late Mr. George Cox, drove a very thriving trade among the brewers and distillers. Mr. R. Phillips, of Knightsbridge, assisted by his father-in-law, Mr. Tawney, buys very largely in Shropshire, and furnishes a great many entire horses and other thorough-bred stock to the foreigners. The Emperor of the French, who has been amongst his largest customers, christened one of his favourite riding horses "PHILLIPS," in his honour; and it was from his and Mr. Quarter-

\*.The running footmen drank white wine and eggs, and carried some white wine in the large silver ball of their tall cane or pole, which unscrewed. \* \* \* \* \* They put on the Duke's livery before the trial. On one occasion a candidate presented himself, dressed, and ran. At the conclusion of the performance he stood before the balcony. "You'll do very well for me," said the duke. "Your livery will do very well for me," replied the man, and gave the duke a last proof of his ability as a runner by then running away with it.

*Notes and Queries.*

maine's stables that the King of Sardinia made his selection in his recent visit to England. Along with Messrs. R. Dyson and East, Mr. Phillips holds the contract for the cavalry horses, nearly all of which pass through their hands, and are gathered from every part of the country, by the aid of upwards of twenty commissioners. Messrs. Wimbush and Deacon, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Joshua East (who has succeeded Mr. Dickinson, and is in partnership with Mr. Phillips), Mr. Withers, and Mr. Hetherington, are the largest purchasers of carriage horses, though some of them do so merely in their own job-master capacity, and not to sell again. They supply themselves not only from Mr. Collins and the other London and country dealers, but attend the great fairs in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland. It is a nice question, which probably the surveyor of taxes alone can solve, whether Messrs. Wimbush and Co. or Messrs. East and Co. keep the largest number of horses to let out. We believe that they run within three or four pairs of each other, and that at times each firm has owned not fewer than 1,400 pairs. The Messrs. Mason, who succeeded Mr. Elmore, buy their hunters and hacks from Mr. Collins, and the larger dealers, and not often out of the breeders' hands. Mr. Ibbs Brown—or Harboro' Brown, as he is popularly termed—is also in that line; while Mr. Saunders, Mr. Atwood, Mr. Greenway, Mr. Philipppo, and Mr. G. Waymark, &c., are what may be called general-purpose men. Mr. Pearl and Mr. Sewell draw, we believe, their supplies chiefly from Norfolk and Suffolk. Mr. Blackburn principally looks after black entire horses, for funerals, which he imports from Dunkirk and elsewhere; and Mr. Smith, of Whatton, makes his voyages of discovery into Germany and Denmark in search of cart-horses. Among the principal country dealers, Mr. John Payne, of Market Harborough, has done



a. first-class business for thirty years; and Discount, and a countless number of Quorn and Pytchley hunters have passed through his hands. He has, in fact, been to the Leicestershire side of the country what Mr. Kench has been to the Warwickshire; but he has now, we are told, almost given up business. Since his secession, Mr. John Darby, of Rugby, has become one of the most eminent country dealers in hunters and hacks; and Mr. Denham, late of Derby, but now of Kegworth—a first-rate judge, and a first-flight man to boot, in his twelve-stone days—must not be forgotten. Mr. Gething, of Orton, near Newark; Mr. Potter, of Ashby-de-la-Zouche (who used to supply Sir Richard Sutton with several of his Irish horses); and Mr. Stanton, of Grantham, are known for hunters far and wide in the midland counties: while Mr. Barker, of Roade, near Northampton, passes an immense amount of first-class cart-horses, besides carriage and riding horses, through his hands in the course of a year. The Messrs. Painter, of Bicester; Mr. R. Chapman, of Cheltenham; and Messrs. Haines, of Highworth, are also constant attendants at the great fairs, and ever on the look-out for likely hunters and hacks. Mr. Murray, of Manchester, generally takes a large string of hunters northwards from Horncastle, and, with Mr. George Garwood, does a large business in hunters, hacks, and carriage horses, in Manchester and Cheshire. These dealers, as well as Messrs. Ainger and Bretherton, of Liverpool, buy largely of Irish horses. In Norfolk, Mr. George Hill, of Serle; Mr. Robert Burt, of Rainham; and Mr. Coleman, of Norwich, have the leading business, which takes rather a first-class hack and not a hunting turn. Mr. Charles Symonds and Mr. Wheeler, of Oxford, deal exclusively in hacks and hunters, but the former seldom attends any other fairs than Horncastle and Lincoln. and purchases elsewhere through

a commissioner. He horses Jem Hills and his whips during the Heythrop season, and sends the horses they have ridden up to Tattersall's each May. His stables are well known to every Oxford visitor as one of the most perfect things of the kind, and are quite as orthodox in their management and appearance as the venerable *Alma Mater* herself. Reverting once more to the North, we cannot pass over Mr. Robson, of Newcastle, and Mr. John Woffinden, of Malton, who buy extensively from breeders. Like the *beau monde*, the turf, and the bar, the horse-dealing profession has its "D'Orsay," whom it is not our intention further to indicate. The Messrs. Colton, of Eagle Hall and North Collingham, and Mr. Rawlinson, of Brant Broughton, near Newark, are in a very extensive way, and the former perhaps sell as many horses as any firm in the course of the year, a large proportion of which are Irish, and specially imported by themselves. Mr. Nat. Welton, of Breadfield, in Suffolk, is, we believe, rather a middle-man than a dealer, and does business almost exclusively with Mr. Collins and Mr. Cox; and, as graziers of embryo Clinkers and Clashers, no names rank higher in Lincolnshire than Welfitt of Louth, Fowler of Kirton Grange, Greetham of Stainfield Hall, the Slaters of Commeringham and North Carlton; Bartholemew, of Goltho; Grantham, of Stixwold; Brookes, of Crayke; and Chambers, of Reasby Hall; nor in Yorkshire than Hall of Scarborough, and Wood of South Dalton. The first and last named, we believe, take out a license, and graze carriage horses as well as hunters. Mr. Hall is the master of the Holderness, and grazes upwards of fifty young hunters, and nothing else, annually in the neighbourhood of Beverley. At the York show, in 1853, he exhibited twenty hunters of his own grazing, valued at 200 guineas each, which were allowed even by his critical countymen to be perfect gems. Lord Henry Ben-

tinck has, exclusive of kennel hacks, about 55 horses at Lincoln during the hunting season, and not a few of them have an early remembrance of Mr. Hall's pasture land, from which, in some instances, they have been transferred for a 400-guinea consideration.

The lengthy short-legged stamp of hunter, slow over grass, but great over plough and strong fences, is gradually becoming very rare. No horses sell so well when they can be found, and their rarity may in a great measure be owing to the fact that blood-horses of this build are generally not successful in the T.Y.C. or one-mile races which are now in vogue, and are therefore cut, or sold to the foreigners very early in the day. They are not quick on their legs, and get quite upset if they are hurried in the first half-mile, though they have perpetual motion enough to "bring back" the majority of horses to them over a T.M.M. or a D.I. course. We have always regretted that The Ban, who was quite the "Admirable Crichton" of this type of horse, should ever have been sent abroad; Inheritor was cast in another mould, but was still a very good model for a hunter sire; Weathergage would have suited lengthy mares to a nicety; and Peep-o'-Day Boy, in spite of his bad pasterns, was after our own heart, as he had a very perfect, and not too lengthy a barrel, and presented to the eye that best of all combinations, a big deep horse on remarkably short legs.

Shropshire always stood high as a hunting county, when Corbet, Hill, Graham, Puleston, and Mytton were its scarlet kings; but its enthusiasm has been somewhat on the wane since the Hills gave up the hounds. Still, though the fields are not what they were, the breeders of hunters have lost none of their traditional renown. By the side of the gently-flowing Teme, and that pleasant Herefordshire Arcadia into which it leads, and in and about the mighty Norman fortress of Ludlow, the central point

of view from so many broad dales, and bare heathery hills, jostling and crowding one another right into the heart of Wales, some of the rarest hunters of the present century have been reared. They have always been especially prized by the dealers, and generally run from fifteen two to fifteen three. As a class they are long and low, and quick striders through dirt, and so sweet and clean about the head that "he's got the Shropshire head" is one of the most time-honoured phrases of the dealers' vocabulary. They invariably improve in this part as they get older, as the serum wastes, and nothing but muscle is left. In his day, Mr. Anderson, senior, used to be very fond of Shropshire hunters as a class, and he would get down before almost any of his brethren to Shrewsbury fair, invite fifteen to twenty farmers to breakfast at The Raven, and bring away fourteen or so of their best nags. The breeders in the Ludlow country owe not a little to the late Mr. Lechmere Charlton, for the carefully-culled sires he introduced. At one time, however, the Shropshire men grew more careless about pedigree, and just selected the cheapest sire that happened to travel their way, or flattered in ribbons through Shrewsbury market. The usual result took place: bodies grew less and less, and the beautiful heads or "bonnets" which Comus and Strephon brought into the county began to be replaced by a shapeless thing "as big as a sugar warehouse." The regular old Shropshire type of hunters, who pricked up their ears at the challenge of the Trojans, is derived principally from Black Sultan, Revenge, and Regulus, who flourished some forty years ago. Black Sultan, who was the property of Mr. Hiles, a miller at Shrewsbury, was far away the greatest of the three, and to this day the Shropshire men vow that almost every hunter with a black or chesnut skin bears kindred to the old horse, just as almost every ugly-

headed hunter, for the last quarter of a century, has been consistently fathered on Belzoni. An immense number of his stock, after a wondrous jumping career, went stoffe blind. The Yorkshire Comus, on the contrary (who seemed to get nothing but greys and chesnuds), went blind when he was rising four, and he was never known, that we heard of, to get a blind one. It is also a fact worth noting, that a well-known second-rate blood sire gradually went blind during his season, and, contrary to his usual luck, almost every mare that was served by him during that period threw a filly.

But we are not yet done with Shropshire. Planet, by Dungaunon, the property of the Clays of Wem, who never lacked a good horse; Driver, a three parts bred, and Rosario, by Ambrosio, a rather low-tailed horse; Mr. Gore's Hesperus, Pilkington, the maternal uncle of Ion, and the Clay's long and low Gimcrack, the sire of countless flashy fine goers, whom the dealers loved—also rank among their paddock worthies. Then there was Spectre, son of Phantom, who came from the Ludlow district, and with the then young Jemmy Chapple on his back, made very short work of the Newmarket horses in the Audley End. No wonder the Heath-men did not fancy him, as he was a thick lumpy horse, and could not get a real racer, with the exception of Sceptre, and he came off *second best* so perpetually, that he was generally known by that name. His stock were all a thick style of horse, but not one of them are left in the Ludlow hunt, or indeed anywhere else. Manfred, by Election, became Mr. Lechmere Charlton's property about the time he bought Sam, who failed at the stud as much as he did in his racing career after the Derby, and, with the exception of rather twisted fore-legs (a defect which was especially observable in Mr. Lindow's great Melton hunter, The Clipper, who always went to cover in boots), a

more gentlemanly blood-like style of horse never travelled, and his stock, although not big, preserved all his quality. Brigliadoro was also from the Ludlow sale; and Mr. Anderson, senior, as well as George Underhill, had always a great notion of his slashing hunters. It is on record of these two admirable judges of hunters, that they agreed to price seventeen which the latter had in his sale stables, and when they compared their estimates, Mr. Anderson's was actually the largest by £15, and he accordingly took to the horses in a lot. This story is perfectly authentic, and has scarcely a parallel in horse-dealing annals. "Old George's" especial fancy, however, was his own Strephon, by Reubens, and at one time this horse, who was bought in the evening of his days by Lord Hill, Champion by Selim, and Mr. Wheeler's Snowdon, who latterly became quite white, were the great county rivals. Strephon's fame has lasted the longest, and the hunting men still swear by his name, when the sprig-tailed, light-quartered, and thin-thighed Snowdonites are almost forgotten. The stock of this horse were always over-rated, and the best of them, to our mind, were a grey mare of Colonel Biddulph's, and a grey horse, whose flying jumps became so noted, that a hard-riding divine christened him "Jumping Jack." Mr. Joseph Clay, of Sutton, rode him in the front rank with the Shropshire for two seasons; and he was latterly in Mr. Smith Owen's hands when he divided the country with Lord Hill; and gained the reputation of being the best horse in the stud, by the style in which, despite of his lack of speed and not very sound legs, he carried the huntsman to the last. The Strephons were generally thick, weight-carrying nags, with magnificent backs and shoulders, first-rate in the field, but vile as hackneys, always knocking their toes against the ground, and inheriting a beautiful head, the outline of which may still be

traced at many a cover side. Stapleton, a contemporary of Pilkington, was one of his principal sires, and stood at Fryatt's of Melton for a time. The Champions were of a bigger stamp altogether, and with legs like waggon-horses, but they were rather loosely built, and seemed as if they had just one joint too many in their backs. In his hind-quarters their sire somewhat resembled Camel, though his tail was not hung so low; his face bore a huge white blaze, and his character in the country was to the effect that he was "a very determined devil." The county and the kennel stables were full of Jupiters, when Sir Bellingham Graham gave up Shropshire, and the triad of masters succeeded. This sire was the Belzoni of Shropshire, as his stock were great sprawling, high-tempered horses to begin with, and never at perfection till they were rising eight or nine. Lord Stamford bred him, and Will Staples, who had Jack Wigglesworth and Tom Flint (who died lately with the Duke of Cleveland), as his whips, adored him like a heathen of old. Among more modern horses, we may note The Steamer, by Emilius, out of Valve (the dam of Pussy), who was bred and sold by Mr. Price, of Bryn-Pys, for £50. His racing career was foiled by his bad legs, which gave way to such an extent that he could hardly bear walking exercise, and he was too strong a puller to let a light boy ride him. There is an immense quantity of good hunters out by him, though they are generally a little in at the elbows; and Hyllus, a hack of his get, was snapped up at a high price for the Royal stables. Necromancer has done something for his present and old owner's name; and breeders tell you that the thorough-bred Melibœus never failed to get a hunter, and are all on the alert when they hear of a Melibœus mare. The Greathearts are also especially fine goers, and very fair jumpers, neat, fifteen-three, and in fact quite "the good old style back again;" but their sire has

departed for Ireland. 'Smoker belongs to Montgomeryshire, where breeding has been rather flashy than sound for some time past. Its horses were but little tested at home, as their fine look attracted the dealers, who pounced on them, and made "swimmers" of them forthwith; and those that did stay on this side the Channel had their weak places found out. Montgomeryshire is the only county in Wales where hunters are bred in any numbers; whereas Cork, Limerick, Wexford, and Galway are the great nurseries of the Irish ones, whose fame is spread into all lands. The latter draw up in the largest numbers at the Ballinasloe fair, which commences on October 2nd, and lasts for an infinity of days. The Mullingar fair is of less importance, but still a great deal of business is done at it, as well as at Cahirmee, which is not very far from Buhallow, the Melton Mowbray of Ireland. Some hunter-fanciers speak with especial veneration of the "golden vein" of County Limerick, but we believe that the most perfect stone-wall jumpers come from County Galway. During the summer months, Irish-bred things, in very ragged condition, and of all heights, from ten to sixteen hands, are to be found in the Leicester market, and it was here that Mr. Pratt, of Shankton, picked up Shankton for £12 10s. at three years old. Perhaps, on the whole, the Irish breed of hunters was never better than it is at present; and, to judge from the capital sires which have gone over lately, they are not likely to degenerate. They have mostly light necks, fine oblique shoulders and blood-like heads, and that peculiar slope of the croup nearly at the same angle as the gaskins which invariably marks a clever horse. In fact, as a general thing, horses short and straight in the croup seldom manage a drop fence handsomely, or have good action with their hind legs, whatever they may have with their fore ones. Hunters used to be, and we believe are, still made in Ire-



land, by fitting them with a snaffle and sircingle when they take jumping lessons. One man leads and the other follows them with a whip over their fences, which are principally high rotten banks; and the result of this system is, that they cannot pitch on their heads, and learn to drop lightly on their haunches. Among hunter-sires in Yorkshire during the present century, Screveton, by Highflyer, is entitled to a very high place, and the blood of his half-brother, Sir Peter Teazle, has been as well-known in the field as on the turf, and most especially through the Sir Harry Dimsdales. The stock of the latter (who was named after the mock Mayor of Garratt) were much prized in Leicestershire, and their peculiar characteristics of a beautiful dapple-grey, broad backs, pointed Arab-like heads, and orange-shaped quarters, are still to be traced in the third generation. Some would have it that he was a bit of a roarer; but at all events Mr. Maxe rode 15 stone on him over Leicestershire for some seasons, and Dick Christian (who is spending the evening of his days at Rufford) had the handling of him occasionally. We looked carefully over a large field this season, and could find nothing of the hunting stamp of an almost superannuated President, whose stock, with their fine brown skins and still finer tempers, have jumped magnificently time out of mind. Camillus, who first spread the stud fame of Hambletonian, was also the sire of some rare talent in this line: Orville, Grey Orville, Grey Walton, Sandbeck, Emilian, Young Phantom, Cervantes, Catton, Catterick, and Cerberus, have all sent wiry representatives of their name from Yorkshire to Horncastle; and Lincolnshire has not been behindhand with Quicksilver, Hippomachus, Pilgrim, Negociator, Robin Hood, Darnley, and Maudeville. Don Juan, with his strong but somewhat inelegant stock, must not be forgotten, nor Orion, the sire of countless browns with especially

broad backs and plain tan-muzzle heads. Old Hummanby and Brilliant have also a claim to be remembered; and Fernhill and Humphrey are now the Lincolnshire representatives of the stout Venison and Sandbeck blood.

Vivalda got big bad-mouthed stock, but as stout as the day was long; and Cannon Ball was the Sire of a very gentlemanly class of brown and chestnut horses, which ran from fifteen-two to fifteen-three, and inherited almost universally his white face, round barrel, and short legs. He was himself a beautifully rich brown, with a white blaze and three white legs. Umbriel bears some strong general resemblance to him, as we remember an ex-jockey coming up to him as he took his last parade round the paddock, before the Derby, and apostrophizing Templeman with—"Why, Sir! there's old Cannon Ball back again!" If we are not mistaken, it was a young Cannon Ball which took Sir Tatton's fancy so much in one of his Leicestershire journeys, that he purchased him, and for fear of accidents, led him all the way back to Sledmere himself. This careful trait reminds us of one in his brother baronet Sir Charles Bunbury, who trained his horses in private almost entirely under his own eye, and fearing lest they might be nervous in public, frequently made the lads wear his colours when they cleaned them. Knight of the Whistle bid fair to tread in Cannon Ball's footsteps in Leicestershire, up to last season, when the Irishmen purchased him. The Knight's stock are principally roan chesnuts, white-legged and white-faced, like himself; and we doubt whether he ever got a bad hunter, although the whole of them are a little short in the back-ribs. Despite this defect, they are rapidly becoming favourites with the Melton men; and one of them, Mr. Angerstein's piebald The Rapid Rhone beat off everything in a very fast thirty-five minutes from Stanford Gorse, with a second

'fex, late on a March afternoon in 1855. We should fancy this horse pretty nearly if not the premier of the Knight's stock so far, and although he is about sixteen and a-half hands, he was out of a low, white-legged, black, pony sort of mare, which now runs in a carrier's cart, after acting for six years as hack to an eighteen-stone surgeon.

The Cure, rogue as he ran in the St. Leger, is a great favourite in the North Riding, and his stock invariably catch his finely-chiselled head and fiery eye. In the hunting classes at the last Catterick Horse Show, we find him the favoured sire of the "best colt foal for the field," while President, Voltigeur, and his brother Barnton, were alike honoured in the competition of yearling, two-year-old, and four-year-old "colts or fillies." Cardinal Puff's stock were rather few in number, but his hunters were much liked; and Melbourne's half-bred stock is generally coarse and overgrown. Windfall and Ratecatcher have been successful, and Theon's stock are generally very true-made and handsome, but we do not like the style of the Liverpools we have seen at the cover-side, as they rather partake of his tendency to weak loins, which is not observable in the second strain through Idas, whose stock are realizing high prices. Mundig's stock are nearly all chesnuts, many of them shot with white hairs, and have fine size and power, being in fact seldom below sixteen hands. Although their sire's temper was bad enough at times, they do not seem to share it, and some of the highest class ones have belonged to Lord Henry Bentinck. They take to fences, like all the stout descendants of old Catton, as naturally as ducklings to a pond, and Cranebrook has done little towards supplying their sire's stall in Northamptonshire, where Vortex is now in great force. The fashion of a landlord giving prizes to their farmers for the best hunting young stock might be said to have originated

in this county; and about sixty years ago, a Duke of Grafton not only gave them, but added a "fiver" for the farmer's son, under a certain age, who could ride best. The Duke, whose picture as he appeared in his "cock and pinch hat" on the Steyne at Brighton, at the beginning of the century, is well-known to old collectors, used to station himself about four fields ahead of that where the lads were drawn up in line, and mark their seat and hand as they raced to him; but few of that high-mettled corps are left to tell the tale. As on the turf, the blood of Derby winners is perpetually to be seen in the first flight. The late Sir Richard Sutton was especially fond of his White-nose, by Emilius, who has been shot and stuffed since the late Quorn sale; and when it was not Valentine's day, Mr. Savile Foljambe liked best to find himself on Playfellow, by Pan, out of a Waxy mare. Waxy carried 12st. capitally himself, and beat his old rival Gohanna at even weights for four miles under it. The form of these perpetual rivals was quite as near over the longer distances of that day as Celia's and Oakley's were of late, and it was computed, that if both were in form, Waxy would beat him at 3lbs., but could not give him 4lbs. We can scarcely remember to have seen a Sultan in the hunting-field, and they certainly had not much girth to inherit from him, however pretty their forehands might be; and one of the cleverest safeguards we know of is in Mr. Assheton Smith's stud, and the Harkaways have great substance.

White-nose, who is said to have carried Sir Richard over the greatest jump he ever rode at, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Barkby Holt, would have given us quite the idea of being a Touchstone horse and by no means a hunter-model; his thighs seemed almost as straight as Partisan's were, and his withers perhaps the highest we have ever seen. Sir Richard had three falls the first day he rode him, but he never gave

him another during the twelve seasons they enjoyed together. The Muley blood is well represented by Drayton, whose stock is getting very valuable, and Little Known; one of the latter's coits at Beverley Fair some three years back, struck us as a dainty model of a heavy-weight hunter; but after all said and done, dealers will tell you with truth that there are not more than six or seven *hunters*, so to speak, foaled in England each year. The Frencys, King David to wit, are very good, and have always a clean wiry look about them, without that temper which their sire used to show by perpetually snapping round at his jockey's legs. The judges at Malton, too, who gave the prize last year for the best hunting sire to Burgundy, had their fiat indorsed by every member of the great horse-flesh congress, who saw him aired up and down the High-street at Doncaster on each of the race mornings. Fencing has always been the *forte* of the Ishmaels, and although Burgundy's performances were confined to the turf, the tastes of the family have come prominently out in Switcher, Shmrone, Israelite, and Abd-el-Kader. The fact of his dam being an Ishmael also augured well for Augur, who is so wonderfully muscular, that at first sight he would seem to have a bend-sinister in his escutcheon. The inartistic application of Major's Remedy threatened at one time to strip every vestige of hair from his legs, and to eat off his hoofs as well, and he actually lived on his knees for weeks till they secreted again, the most extraordinary object that veterinary ever beheld. Racing (mares are, we fear, likely to claim his sole attentions in future, as well as Rataplan's, and the hunting interests will suffer accordingly. During his illness Augur might have been shown with advantage as "a frightful example;" and oddly enough, when we were last in his adopted Lincolnshire, we met with a pony in a park, which had run wild so long, that her coronets seemed to have entirely merged in the hoofs. In fact, she stood

to all appearance on her fetlocks, and the hoofs had become nothing more or less than long strips of horn curled up, and exactly resembling a Chinese boot. Several efforts had been made to pare them into shape; but nature had had her own sweet will too long, and would not be denied.

The Julius Cæsars, of which the late Sir Harry Goodricke's Limner was one of the very best, were very bad to beat over the Midland counties, in the days when "Frenchmen" and the multiplication of covers had not begun to produce so many ringing home-bred foxes. Sir Harry, who always rode very slow at his fences, except when he found a young horse careless at timber, and in want of a fall over something that would not break, liked Limner so much, that he went to Mr. Lynes, of Oxendon, from whom he had purchased him for 200 guineas, at six years old, and gave him a long price for the dam; but, with the usual ill-luck of all fancy purchases, she died very shortly after, during foaling. Limner is still remembered in the Quorn Hunt, as being the most perfect hunter that Sir Harry ever had in his stud. He was a golden-coloured lengthy fifteen-three chesnut, on short legs, immensely fast, and safe at his fences, until a very foggy morning after a frost seemed to make him a roarer, as if by magic. Owing to the mist, Sir Harry's groom had not found his master till after they had killed their first fox at the end of a mile run. The hounds had just broken it up, when Sir Harry said to a friend, "Listen—there comes a banging roarer;" and to his horror, his own favourite loomed slowly in sight from the next field. Julius Cæsar was up to fifteen stone himself, and regularly took his turn in the hunting-field, and even carried Earl Shesdale's post-bag on off-days between Cottesmore and Oakham. His lordship always spoke of this horse to the last, as one of the best he ever rode; and seeing that his devotion to

the chase once tempted him in desperation, after he had been hopelessly frozen in for three weeks, to have out his hounds and show his visitors one of the best runs of the season through six inches of snow; and to be perpetually led by his groom through a run, in the sad interval, which preceded his 1000 guinea couching operation by Alexander,—he was no mean judge of their abilities. Bishop Bathurst, who seized a gun out of his son's hands, and shot a cock-pheasant at eighty, was not more enthusiastic; and his ear, like that of Fielding the blind police magistrate, who knew the tones of three thousand pickpockets' voices, was marvellously accurate. In one instance, when he was quite "dark," he heard a gentleman, who had not seen him or hunted with him for twenty seasons, speak to Lambert at the meet, and he immediately hailed him by name, and gave him a most cordial welcome back to the Cottesmore. The leviathan stud at Cottesmore, where every horse had his price, was principally replenished by draughts from his tenants' paddocks in the North, who were never allowed to lack a well-selected hunter-sire, and Julius Cæsar, who would have been perfection if his feet had been quite sound, stood at Fryatt's Melton paddocks for many years, and had even a larger average of visitors than Belzoni. His stock were large, and had remarkably fine tempers—a eulogy which could not generally be passed on the pride of Lutterworth. This illustrious hollow-backed son of Blacklock, who was originally bought for 450 guineas, after he broke down at Northampton, spread his name broadcast over the hunting-fields of England, for about twenty seasons; he has not been dead more than five or six years, and his list of mares for one season alone, when he was in his prime, numbered about 120. They are generally after one type—big plain browns with soft tempers, and still sourer forger hammer heads; fine propelling quarters,

light and leggy at four, but "growing down" after that period, improving vastly between five and seven, and not in their prime till about eight. If Mr. Lucas had done nothing but buy Belzoni, he would have richly deserved the 500-guinea testimonial he received at Rugby, last December, from three hundred friends. The Belzoni stock have always a wonderful dislike to medicine, and it used to take Mr. Lucas nearly three-quarters of an hour to get a ball down the old horse, whose trick of always striking with his off front foot on these occasions, has been duly transmitted to his children. He died about five years ago, and the only relic we saw of him, after duly visiting Wickliffe's, at Lutterworth, was a pair of slippers, which had been made for the groom out of his skin, in honour of their eleven years' intimacy.

While a thousand guineas for blood-yearlings is becoming an every-day occurrence, the rage for giving that price for hunters has quite died away; we have not heard of such a figure since it was refused both for Harlequin and Limner. Up till 1770-80, such a figure as 200 guineas was hardly dreamt of, and the first hunter we can find any trace of as having fetched that price, was one sold about that period by Mr. Valentine Knightley to a Mr. Alexander Small, the son of a well-known Buckinghamshire rector. Stubbs has preserved the outline of this favoured horse, Monarch, in a pleasant Fawsley shooting picture, where he stands "steady" behind his master, but he gives one much more the notion of an animal ready to screw and creep through any kind of fence on a cold scutting day, than one which meant going. Prices perhaps reached their culminating point in Lord Plymouth's time. If we remember rightly he gave 700 guineas for Little John, and the same sum for a very soft mare, which he fancied from the style in which she



went along with Mr. Peter Allix in a single run. He also gave 600 guineas for the sixteen-hand Cervantes horse, off which Mr. Osbaldeston broke his leg for the second time in the Atherstone country, and out of which he had already had six years' work. This mania has died away, and although a racing man has at present three two-year-olds in his stable, which averaged 1,200 guineas as yearlings, it is very rarely that a hunter fetches more than 400 guineas. Confidence was sold three or four times over for all prices from 750 guineas to 600 guineas, and emulous of his first and last owner, Mr. Lockley, who died from a fall he received out hunting at four score, he lasted for nearly nineteen seasons. Lord Alvanley, who now rests after his hard-riding and hard-dining days, in a pleasant little grave of bay and cypress near the north entrance of the Brompton Cemetery, also stuck at no price; and whenever he had given a very long sum for one, he was always excessively hard upon him for the first few days. A friend once asked him what on earth could have made him go out of his line to have a shy at the widest part of the Whissendine, and all his reply was "Whath is the uth of giving 700 guineas for a hoth, if he's not to do more than other hoths?" After losing £20,000 in St. James-street, he gaily spoke of himself as being only "a little crippled;" and it was in the enthusiasm of a steeple chase home to Melton, after hunting, that he declared "*what fun we should have if it was'nt for these — hounds.*" "Dick Gurney" refused 800 guineas for Sober Robin, from Mr. Maling, of Bath. This horse was originally purchased by Mr. Anderson, Senior, for £80, at Lincoln fair, when he was four years old, and was sold to Mr. Gurney for 100 guineas. He was then put into the hands of a Norfolk farmer, to ride with harriers for a year, before Mr. Gurney took him into his own stable. He was a handsome

short-legged brown animal, perhaps a trifle, under sixteen one, and his power even under such a fearful handicap as twenty stone for twelve seasons was incredible. One of the very few horses of that time which equalled him in substance was Mr. Edge's Gayman; but as Mr. Edge was a Quorn man, and Mr. Gurney invariably hunted with the Pytcheley, the Mammoths were never fairly laid alongside each other in a run.

It was a royal sight to see Mr. Gurney go pounding along on Robin, with a pound-weight of gold and silver jingling in his waistcoat, and if he did not jump through a gate, out would come half-a-crown and a very forcible sanitary recommendation to any old stick-gathering lady who had the luck to open it for him. In spite of his always getting so forward, he sat like a sack, and could never be said to have any hands on a horse. Old Prince was also another of these thorough-bred waggon horses, so good in fact, that the late Lord Forester and Sir Robert Leighton posted a thousand guinea challenge at Tattersall's about the year 1813, for him and his owner to run against any or all comers over Leicestershire at sixteen stone for 1,000 gs. One morning, just as the hounds found at Whetstone Gorse, Sir Robert said to his owner—"For goodness sake don't ride to-day, Canning's brother is here to get your measure, and make the match;" but the reply was "You are too late, the horse would break my neck if I tried to stop him now." So away went "the heavies," side by side, till they reached a brook which the old horse, pricking his ears as was his wont, took in his stride, while his companion floundered, fell, and was no more seen; and thus ended the hopes of the match; but the old horse went on through the fifty minutes without a check, and Mr. Assheton Smith was only second on that day.

Mr. Payne's sale, about thirty years since, was the

Greatest ever known, and twenty-six hunters and hacks realized 7,500 guineas. An odd incident occurred at it, in consequence of a noted horse, called Cottager, having had his name changed, when he entered Mr. Payne's stud, to distinguish him from another Cottager, which was there already. Hence a gentleman at the sale, who knew of the greatest of the two Cottagers by report, and had never seen either, bought the one in the list for 400 guineas, and found that he had got the wrong horse after all. The sales of Discount might form a chapter of themselves. He was a short-topped chesnut horse, with the most utter contempt for everything in the shape of weight; but so slow on the flat, that the racing world doubt whether he has really come in for the Goodwood Cup yet, and fancy he must be still working his way home near the T.Y.C. post. His original price was £70, and then he sprung to £150 and £200, and springing a curb about the same time, we next heard of him at £150 and £170. His triplet of steeple chases at Liverpool, Worcester, and Coventry, soon caused 1,000 guineas to be refused for him, and he was sold at Tattersall's, where he was put up with three others of Mr. Quartermaine's, whose sale he would have injured if the private offer had been accepted, for 820 guineas to Mr. Anderson, who made, *it was said*, 1,100 guineas for him, and the public heard of him no more. The ups and downs of horses are passing strange. Not so many years since, a great Meltonian went down with an eminent dealer to see two which stood at Tring. After he had marked one of them over a few fences, he asked the price, and was told 500 guineas for the one, and 1,000 guineas for the two. "I'll give pounds," and "Nay, Mr., I can't take it," was all that passed between them till the deer-cart hove in sight. When the time for throwing off arrived, the Meltonian gave in, and vowed when the stag was taken that he wouldn't take 5,000 guineas

for the horse. Two seasons, with fifteen stone over Leicestershire, took the steel completely out of him; and when his first owner bought him back at the hammer for 50 guineas, and took him once more to meet The Baron, he fell at the first fence. Hunters sold very well at Tattersall's last May, when eleven out of one stud averaged 283½ guineas; and we believe that a Crimean officer gave 565 guineas for one there, shortly before he left England. Thirteen at the Quorn sale just averaged 294 guineas, thanks to the frost. We have seldom seen a lot of horses with better backs, quarters, and shoulders than the late Sir Richard's stud, but many of them seemed to have remarkably plain unintelligent heads. The 360-guinea Shankton was originally sold by Mr. Pratt to Sir Richard for £80, when he was rising six, and a five-pound note extra if he turned out well. He is an Irish horse, perhaps a trifle short, and with not very nice legs, but very fine in all his other points. Somerby was so great in his jumping, that his old Leicestershire friends predicted of him that "he would jump two fields at once" when he was once set going across Cheshire, and we have perhaps never stood behind a horse in that stable with greater pleasure. Freney was also after our own heart, while Malakhoff was a magnificent sixteen-one fellow, and quite the fastest and finest-actioned animal in the stud. He was, like Shankton, Irish bred, and was bought at York for £130 in 1854, and gradually rose the gamut to 400 guineas, at which price he passed into Sir Richard's hands, with the assurance that he only wanted a couple of falls to make him perfect; but his lamented owner was never on his back in a run. Beandy-face was also sold originally by Mr. Richard Sutton to his father for 400 guineas, but he became touched in his wind, and hence the hammer fell for 65 guineas. As far as we can hear, the horses, with the exception of Mr. Richard Sutton's (the average

for whose five best only, fell from 328 guineas to 298 guineas, when they came up to Tattersall's last June), have as a lot turned out anything but well in their new owners' hands, in comparison to what their prices warranted. It must have been the anxiety to have a relic of Quorn which forced the prices at least thirty per cent., at that eventful sale. The thermometer was below freezing point; and as we looked round at the old Hall, so rich in hunting recollections of Meynell, Bellingham Graham, and Osbaldeston, with its dingy yellow walls, its frozen ponds, and its sad front-door escutcheon, we could hardly realize that the master spirit of Leicestershire had but six short weeks before sallied forth from it, with his horn at his saddle-bow, and his sons at his side, to open his ninth Quorn season at Kirby Gate.

The most fortunate sale we remember, of the produce of one hunting mare, was in the case of the dam of Panza, Clipper, and Clinker, which noble leash averaged 633 guineas a-piece. The latter of these "dauntless three," along with his great rival Clasher, Assheton, and Jack-o'-Lantern, may be as justly considered the heroes of the Homeric age of hunting, as Moonraker, Grimaldi, Vyvian, and Lottery were of steeple-chasing. He was a lengthy thorough-bred bay horse, of great power, between sixteen and sixteen-one, up to fourteen stone, with a long lean head, long in his pasterns, and very fast, but rather high-tempered, as all the Clinkers were, and, like Lottery, a very nervous water-jumper. Good judges differed a good deal about him; and while many, including Mr. Osbaldeston (who ranked him with his hound Vaulter), thought him bordering on perfection, others have told us that he by no means came up to their notions of a first-class hunter. His sire Clinker was by Sir Peter Teazle, and he and his two half-brothers were bred by a Lincolnshire farmer of the name of Wagstaff, out of, we believe, a Sancho mare. It was

from his High Sheriff's seat in the York court that "The Squire" forwarded his challenge to Captain Ross, to run his bay invincible with Clasher, who was a very good-looking sixteen-hand brown horse, well up to thirteen stone, and able to live in the front rank in those jealous days, when it was all the fashion to "ride at" his owner. Ride as they might, "The Squire" was not to be caught, even with second horses, when he was on Assheton, of whom he fondly avers, "*he was the very best horse I ever had in my life, or ever saw in my life.*" He was a complete racer to look at, and barely measured fifteen one-and-a-half; Dick Burton rode him for three seasons before his master took to him for three more, and he was never known to tire in the longest day, or to give either of them a fall. He originally belonged to the Rev. Mr. Empson, who bought him from his breeder, Mr. Brackenbury, in the Spilsby neighbourhood, for 200 guineas, and then found that he could not ride him. He was always falling at his fences, and his constant practice was to get rid of his groom, when he was out at exercise, and jump all the white gates back to his stable. Things became so bad with the two, that Mr. Empson told Dick Burton he must have a try with him; and, accordingly, when the Quorn met at Owthorpe Knotts next day, the little whole-coloured blood bay arrived with two snaffles and a martingale on. The groom had led him sixteen miles on foot because he dared not get on him, and he looked such a picture that Beau Brummell might have tied his cravat in the reflection of his coat. Dick fowed, before he mounted, that he had never yet seen such a beautiful animal. Once on, he found it was hopeless to try and hold him, and was obliged to let him lead from then to end, over heavy plough and blind fences, in a run of an hour and thirty-five minutes; and at the end of a run with a second fox, only a quarter of an hour less, the little horse was

neither "sick nor sorry." To the groom's query, Dick only replied, "He carried me middling;" but he did not rest till "The Squire" had bought him next day for 120 guineas. Perhaps his greatest feat was when the latter rode him in a tremendous run with a second fox, from Billesdon Coplow to Whis-sendine, and stopped his hounds from running a fresh one, with only two out of some 170 scarlets, nearly all of whom were on second horses, up at the time. The Quorn have seldom had as fast a thing, except when they gave a shepherd's dog a burst of a mile, or when they ran Burgess's black and white terrier four miles without a check, and finally earthed it under some of the large lumps in its owner's coal-hole. "Have you seen the fox?" roared the puzzled huntsman to a ploughman on the line, and "Noc, but I seed a little bit of a hound, a hundred yards ahead, *leading 'em beautiful*," was the still more puzzling reply. Even Mr. Meynell would quite have condoned such an offence; as, when a gentleman once complained to him that he had been out on a very wild-scenting day, and that the hounds "had commenced with a fox, had a turn at a hare, and wound up with a polecat," he replied, very much to his friend's surprise, that he "wouldn't give a fig for hounds who wouldn't run riot on such a day." The words were scarcely out of the great maestro's mouth, and he had resumed his conversation, when a hare jumped up before his own hounds, which were reputed the steadiest in the world, and away they went. "Lucky for me, ———, I an, erred that morn, as I did," were his first words as he returned with the rioters, after a hard two miles' gallop. There have, however, been few better five minute things than the porters at the ——— ——— ——— had with a bag-fox about four seasons since, and when they at last ran into it, yapping frightfully under a book stall, one of them put to the master of the hounds, who

sat in boots and scarlet in the train, the painful question as to whether it was his fox. The answer was lost in the *melée*; and Assheton's pedigree has been lost as well. He was christened after his owner's distinguished predecessor at Quorn, whose name will always be associated with his gallantest of chesnuts, Jack-o'-Lantern. Jack was a wonderfully compact horse, of moderate substance, not much over fifteen-and-a-half, and a very handy and quick jumper of every description of fence. He not only cleared the locks near Leicester backwards and forwards, over and over again, with Mr. Smith on his back, but carried him for the greater part of a capital run with no bit in his mouth, and only guided by the whip at intervals, in the same fashion that William Peirse won his celebrated four-mile race against Buckle, by a head, on Archduke, at York. There used to be a sort of magic sympathy between the two. Mr. Smith would trot along with the reins carelessly held in his left hand, and waving with his right to the hounds at a cast, and Jack would take him over fence after fence, as they came, such as would have stopped nine-tenths of a field in a run, while he never once seemed to take his eye off the hounds. He was one of the most careless of roadsters, and though generally so gentle that a child could have ridden him, he was at odd times, if he was at all ruffled, perfectly ungovernable. It is on record that just as the fox broke away from Burbage Wood, he took the bit in his teeth, and dashed off for a couple of miles in exactly the opposite direction, before his owner could get a pull at him. This he did with quite as much apparent gusto as the late Mr. Musters, who has been known, whenever he did not like the "thrus, rag-soundrel" look of his field, to blow his hounds down cover, and to go as straight as a crow for another, some five miles off; thus not only shaking off three-fourths of his field for the day, but deluding several of the rest into a belief that they



had had a very fast thing. ' An anecdote is told in illustration of Jack-o'-Lantern's gentleness. When Mr. Lindow had broken his collar-bone, and was quite unable to hold The Clipper, even with the " Clipper bit," Mr. Smith changed horses with him for the day. The meet was at Scolding's Gorse, near Melton, which has long since fallen under the plough. Mr. Lindow rode Jack with one arm in a sling, and The Clipper was brought out with bit-checks some eight inches long, and the huge attendant curb-chain. Every one thought Mr. Smith bewitched because he would not mount till the curb-chain was taken off; and after pledging themselves that he would never be able to pull him up till he reached the sea-coast, they heard early in the afternoon that " Mr. Smith had run away with The Clipper." Clasher was bought by " The Squire " from a farmer in Lincolnshire; and both Lottery and Jerry were picked up at Horncastle Fair, each, if we remember rightly, for £180. The former was beaten shamefully in his first race, but James Mason soon taught him his work; and it is stated that till the day of his death, when he was working as leader with Carlow and one or two other ex-steeple-chasers in Mr. Hall of Neasdon's team, he was ready to fly open-mouthed at his old " light-blue and black cap " confederate, whenever he caught a glimpse of him. George Dockeray had the use of him as his training hack for some time at Epsom, and his head (which we duly visited at the stuffers) is still preserved at Neasdon, over whose meadows Mr. Bean often flies with his four, and a-half couple of hounds in full cry, after one of his two deer, as straight as he was wont to go across Leicestershire, in Lord Plymouth's day. Jerry, by Catterick, changed hands much oftener. He was an idle and by no means a brilliant horse, but if he began quietly he could go on for ever. Three hundred guineas was the

highest figure he ever reached, and that sum, or £250, was given twice or three times over for him, by Lords Suffield, Uxbridge, and Messrs. Elmore and Anderson. Of all horses to go in dirt, the Uxbridge-born British Yeoman was the premier; but although wonderfully steady, he was rather too slow at his jumps for the present light-weight steeple-racing.

Peter Simple's steeple-chase prowess is still fondly remembered in Lincolnshire, and we have often been amused with the habit which prevails there, of comparing the points of every grey hunter, by "Old Peter," as he is familiarly termed. He was a grey light-fleshed varmint-looking horse, not very big, but all muscle and wire; and, be the fence what it might, he would, like his more modern namesake from the Holderness country, have it some way or other, and without a mistake: such light perfect action as his is rarely seen, and this knack of moving was peculiar to all the stock of Arbutus. The Greyling, Cigar, and Grimaldi were also the incarnation of "gallant greys," and the latter was a fifteen-three horse on short legs, and at least half a hand less than his leggy steeple-chase rival, Moonraker, whom, with "The Squire" up, he cleverly disposed of in their great 1,000-guinea match. Moonraker was originally bought for 20 sovs. at Birmingham Fair, and won the steeple at St. Albans, whose tutelary saint he quite ousted for the time being. He never reached a higher figure than 200 guineas, as his speed was far inferior to his great raking style at a fence, and he was fared and very tender on both his front legs. Cigar was also full sixteen hands high, and won, in Mr. Anderson's hands, the only 100 guinea sweepstakes ever run across the country. Fourteen stone was about his mark, but Lord Southampton gave Mr. Anderson 300 guineas for him after he retired from the steeple-chase world, and rode seventeen stone on him for three seasons. He then came into his old

owner's hands again, but he never mounted him, and had him mercifully shot soon after, rather than let him down in the world, after such faithful service.

The greatest riding period with the Quorn is generally allowed to be that of Lord Jerséy, Germaine, Smith, Lindow, &c. Of Mr. Lindow and his half-brother, Mr. Rawlinson, who was as famous over Leicestershire on Spread Eagle as he was on the turf with Coronation, it used to be said that the latter's riding was better for his horse, but that the former sold his horses better. One well-known character used to come out of the fen district at intervals, with his horses in the primest order, and only attend the picked meets, for the purpose of riding them for sale, in which he was eminently successful. During the summer months he did a little quiet touting; and we think it was Lord Charles Somerset who, after drawing all the covers bordering on the B.M. unsuccessfully, caught him lying in a crop of coltseed, close by the spot, where a great trial was to come off. This break-up of the Meltonian outsider's touting habits long ranked with the story of how the spy who laid in the loft over Dick Andrew's stable (which was let separate from it), was deceived into believing that the horse had no cough, by changing him out of his usual stall for a couple of days; and how Sam Chifney was put on the worst of the two horses (about whose relative forms there was some mystery, at the Ditch stables, and was transferred to the other, who had only a groom "up," the moment the long odds were "got" about it. This was certainly the sharpest piece of practice in the Heath affairs; and only a few horsemen, who followed the field as they walked down towards Cloakade, saw it done.

There have been many modern horses in Leicestershire little if at all inferior to those whose fame Nimrod made European some five-and-twenty years ago. Since then, Mr. Little Gilmour has gloried in

his cow-hocked, or, as some style him, sickle-hocked horse, Vingt-et-un, who was, nevertheless, only a shade better than his present grey. The latter has no name that we ever heard of; and with his owner's sixteen-stone hamper on his back, he beat every one out last season in a very fast thing from Sproxton Thorns to Harby. Lord Gardner, who still adheres to his great axiom of never racing to catch hounds, has never been better carried than by his king of the hog-manes, Dun Clown by Amadis, and besides Brush, Asmodeus, Pilot, Gipsev King, and Varnish, &c., he has gone especially well on a Whalebone chesnut and three bays by Mulatto, Brutandorf, and Jack Spigot. Mr. Green has had three especial favourites, the grey mare who was popularly known as the Timber-mare, from her wonderful cleverness in that department of hunting science, Mrs. Caudle, and Piccolo; and although the latter was only fourteen-two, he was not to be beaten over a strong country. Lord Cardigan's best horse was The Dandy, but he died on the banks of the Wreake after swimming it, just as Grimaldi dropped dead after passing the winning steeple-chase flags. It was on this magnificent black that his Lordship led the field from Lord Aylsford's cover in the Six Hills country to Ranksborough in the Cottesmore—thirteen miles as the crow would fly—in an hour and five minutes, and never drawing rein but for three minutes, when the hounds checked in Stapleford Bark. Lord Waterford killed his 300 guinea, but somewhat underbred, Dusty Miller in his second or third run, and never went better in his Melton days than he did on The Sea, who won one steeple-chase match under him "without touching a twig." Lord Wilton's cracks have included successively Bijou, a bay half-bred mare; Brilliant, a thoroughbred chesnut, with a flaxen mane and tail (who originally belonged to Sir Francis Holyoke); Long-

twelves; Prince, the horse on which he appears in the Melton Hunt picture; Roland the Brave; and Pigeon, who as now found a grey stable rival in old Wanderer, from the Quorn sale. Prince was fifteen years old when his Lordship bought him, and his manner was to gallop over his fences. Great things were vowed in Flacrow's name when he went to meet Vyvian and Jerry in the Leamington country, after his victory of the previous year (in honour of which Mr. William Coke presented Mr. Thomas Haycock, of Owston, the best "brown coat" in Leicestershire for twenty-five years, with a silver shield); but as a steeplechaser none of the modern Leicestershire horses have performed so well as Mr. Stirling Craufurd's sherry-bay horse, The Shaver. He was rather high and round in his action, but he could go on till he almost made his opponents lie down. Lord Forester has also had a long succession of good horses under him, from Jack and Justice down to Whitelips, Conrad, and Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Half-bred Arabs are often very clever in the hunting-field, and we hear that breeding hunters between an Arab sire and English mares is about to be commenced on a large scale by a gentleman in Hampshire. They are generally very enduring horses, with lumpy shoulders, and too fond of going with their heads and tails up. Still Mr. Childe, of Kingley could beat almost everything across Leicestershire on one of them, by Lord Clive's Arabian, in Mr. Meynell's day. Mr. Charles Davis also rode one got by an English horse out of an Arabian mare for nine seasons, and considers him the stoutest and best horse he ever had; and he went through many a fast day on another by an Arab out of an English mare, which was hardly so handsome or so good. The pedigree, and even the birth-place of his celebrated grey horse, Hershir, has always been a disputed point. It is allowed on all hands that he is by Grey Skim, but while

some will have it that he was out of a Trumpator mare, others equally strongly assert that he has a more martial origin, and is out of a trumpeter's mare!

As regards leaping, one of the cleverest things we remember, was done some years since by a Belzoni-bred hunter who had never been known to refuse a fence before. A lad of about fifteen was riding him as straight as an arrow to hounds, and put him at an apparently easy bank and rails, when he suddenly closed up in his stride about twenty yards from it, and refused to face it. On examination, there proved to be an old stone quarry on the other side; the lad thought it a good joke, but the horse lost all his jumping nerve from that hour. One of the haudiest animals we know of, at present, is an old bay horse of Lord Gaiway's, who seems to have the power of a cat in crawling down or up any bank, and leaping any fence, however crabbed, with or without his rider. In fact, he may almost take rank with Captain Evan's noted retriever, "Sam," who could act either as huntsman or valet as well as a y Christian, with the exception of shaving his master, a point on which Wychwood authorities still differ respecting him. An immense deal of talk was made about King of the Valley clearing thirty-three feet with Dick Christian on his back over the Billesdon Brook during a steeplechase, in 1829; but an authenticated thirty-four feet was jumped twelve years afterwards by Vanguard, at Rugby, and he does not, we believe, stand alone. Worcestershire claims a similar feat for Vainhope, and we have heard that a Warwickshire horse, Potiphar, lately covered that distance. Meiton Mowbray used to say that the little piebald 22 gpie could clear any bar she could walk under; but the Beyerley men have, after all the most wonderful leaping legend about Euryalus, who jumped out of his box at the Rose and Crown yard, through a window only thirty-

three inches by twenty, and four feet and a-half from the ground, without leaving a hair on the window frame. His stock did not belie him in the field, and if any one doubts this feat, let him seek the descendants of the ostler, and he will doubt no longer. It was also the extraordinary style in which he cleared a hurdle on a hedge that induced Mr. Mytton to take entirely to Oliver, whom he had only borrowed from his whip, who rode up when his own mare had given him a header in a brook; and it is recorded in Shropshire that he did really take a lane flying on his one-eyed Baronet, a feat which is generally thought to have been confined to Moonraker. Will Goodall, in a moment of inspiration, once attempted to do the same, and excused himself, when the master wiggled him for giving Cold Port such a cropper, by declaring that he "thought it was a *bruk*." Sir Charles Knightley's leap of thirty-one feet over a fence and brook, just below Brixworth-hill, has ever since gone by the name of "Knightley's leap." It was accomplished, we believe, on his celebrated black horse Benvolio, but he was on his nearly as famous bay Sir Marinel when he leapt Mr. Gurney on Sober Robin over a gate, such as a twenty-stone man has never yet jumped, and never will again. The Pytchley had a fast thing from a gorse of the baronet's, at Dodford, and ran to the Nen, near Heyford village, where there is a bridge across the river, and a high locked gate in the middle of it. The hounds were just running into their fox, about 200 yards a-head, when Sir Charles, with Mr. Gurney, about as far behind him, reached the gate. Finding it locked, he turned his horse round and went over it, and to his amazement, as he glanced back, the Norfolk-weather and his horse were in the air. Fortune favoured them; and although Robin rapped it like thunder with every leg, they landed safe. "What do you think of that?" was the question put to Parson

Walker, who wouldn't have charged a hurdle for a bishopric, at a county table that evening—and "*Why, that my friend Dick has more guts than wit!*" was the prompt reply. This leap made quite a "sensation," and was visited by hundreds for many a week.

Benvolio and Sir Marinel were a very different style of horse, and while the former was bigger and better through dirt, he was not so uniformly to be depended on for temper. At first he would not fence at all, and it was only after a very long coaxing match at Pytcheley, commenced before luncheon and concluded after, that he was induced to take his maiden fence. Even in his zenith, he would suddenly decline a fence, after leading the first flight for a quarter of an hour, and the two were left alone. In spite of this drawback, which lost Sir Charles several good runs, when he had to give him up (after eight seasons), he always said that he could never find real pleasure in riding another. He was bought out of Robson's stable at Newmarket, where Sir Charles often repaired during the meetings, to look among the rack in a race for a thorough-bred hunter to his mind. Frank Buckle had ridden him on one occasion, and it was by his advice that he was purchased in the spring of 1811 for 300 guineas, or 100 guineas less than the smarter-looking, and higher-priced Sir Marinel. Northamptonshire was distinguished in after years as the birth-place of Maneluke and of Harriet, the dam of Plenipo, both of whom saw the light at the paddocks of Mr. Elwes, who was long confederate with Lord Jersey; and it was from the blood of Boadicea, own sister to its great hunting cock, that Touchstone sprang. Sir Charles's riding of Benvolio had become such a household word during their first 1811-12 season, that General Grosvenor, through whom he had originally bought the horse from the late Lord Wilton, happening to be at a sale in Cheshire in the spring of



the latter year, gave 150 guineas for her, and sent her to Sir Charles, with we believe a filly at her foot. Her new owner had some foals out of her, and then got her into condition; but although she became very handy, she was hardly up to his weight, and he accordingly gave her away to Lord Spencer, whose huntsman, Charles King, she carried splendidly for four seasons. Eventually she went to Tattersall's with Lord Spencer's other horses, and Lady Westminster ordered her to be bought for her for 100 guineas, in consequence of having been bred by her father. She was a mean little mare, with none of the appearance of the thorough-bred, about fifteen hands high, tail low set on, extraordinarily wide in the hips, and in at the elbows. Except when in constant work, and rather fine in condition, she carried her saddle on her shoulders, and her action was perfect both with fore and hind legs. She was about twenty years old when she threw Banter to Master Henry, who was bred by Mr. Lechmere Charlton in the Ludlow country, and through this foal she became grand-dam to Touchstone and Launcelot, and great grand-dam to Satirist. Camel, the sire of the two former, was supposed to be the quickest of the Whalebones, but he was generally lame, and his real form was never known. Whalebone was sold at Tattersall's for 500 guineas to the Duke of Grafton after Lord Egremond's death, and he was generally thought a plainish-looking horse with decidedly small feet.

For the comedy of errors in crossing a country, amateur steeple-chasers are worth watching. We saw one of them lately so desperately flurried at taking the lead and winning, that he stuck to it, when he went to scale, that there had been no brook in the race; and another, after giving his antagonist such a cannon at a fence, that the two came down together, sailed away over a couple of fields, and then found out that he was on a bay horse instead of his original

brown mare. The strongest piece of horsemanship we remember, was James Mason, that emperor of steeple-chase riders past and present, recovering Lansquenet when he made a mistake in a Hippodrome steeple-chase; and we have heard that Mr. Allen McDonogh was equally great in a similar difficulty, when he rode Sir William for a Cheltenham steeple-chase. It was curious to note the difference of temperament of Mason and poor William McDonogh when they jumped into the corner of the last field, at the Dunchurch Steeple-chase of 1839, at the same instant. The latter in hot Irish haste drove The Nun slantways across ridge and furrow, the nearest cut to the winning flags, pumping the wind out of her at every stroke; while Mason cantered along the bottom furrow till he got to the one running straight up to the flags, and then sent Lottery out like a shot, and beat the mare a good two lengths. Lord Waterford's Blueskin, however, should not be forgotten among steeple-chasers, as with his owner "up," at all weights from 13st. 7lbs. to 12st., he won three four-mile steeple chases successively against fresh horses, at Eglinton Park, in 1843. But with Leicestershire we began, and with Leicestershire we must end. More and more of its pasture-land is being gradually laid under the plough, and the fencing has not decreased in severity since the days when that splendid horseman, Sir James Musgrave (the owner of those two peerless fifteen-three greys, which he scarcely knew from each other), used to declare that he never rode at one of its fences, however big, that, feeling sure of getting over it, he was deceived. Those who watched Mr. Richard Sutton leading the field on Brandy-Face, from Vowes Horse to Stoke New, with even more than his usual power over the terrific Keythorpe country two seasons ago, can make affidavits by the dozen about fences which they dare not look at on their own account; while Vartnaby's

farm, near Clipston, with its spiked gates and mortised rails, still exists to take the conceit out of the present and the rising generation, and "pound" them, as it did their fathers before them. "They're all welcome to ride over it if they can," was its late owner's boast; and he always maintained that "There never were but two men fit to come out hunting—Lord Alvanley and 'Gumley Wilson'—they were the only men that ever rode straight across my farm."

And so our history of horn and hound, the racer and the starting-post, and their countless devotees of every shade and hue, has come to an end at last. A moral would be out of place; and failing that, we cannot sum up better than with the following characteristic combination of precept and anecdote, which one who was foremost among the best of the scarlets of his day, has kindly dashed off for our use.

"Go where you will, you always find some one who wants a good hunter or a good hack; but although every one wants either one or the other, few will take the trouble to breed one. Many have not the conveniences, and many think they may not live long enough to ride one they do breed. The wonder is, not that there are so few riding horses, but that there are so many. All people in these days look to a quick return; and as a riding horse is at least five years old before he is worth anything, they think it a bad spec, and too long to look forward. There are plenty of race horses, cart horses, and coach horses bred; and the why and wherefore is, because they come quickly into use. A racing colt is put into training at 18 months old; a good cart colt is worth at least 35 guineas at a year old; and the London coach horses, by thoroughly-bred horses out of Clydesdale or Cleveland mares, are bought by the dealer at three years old at an average price of 100 guineas. As regards the two latter descriptions, the mares are

put to the horse before they are three years old, and don't 'lie rest' more than two months in the year, and being young, throw strong healthy foals.

"With respect to breeding hunters or hacks, no one thinks of putting a good mare to the horse, as long as she has a leg to stand upon; and experience proves that old mares which have done much work will not breed first-rate foals. It is the case with the great majority of racing mares, and it must consequently be the same with half-bred ones. The late Lord Westminster, when Lord Grosvenor, had three of the best mares which probably were ever in the possession of one man at the same time—viz., Metcra, Plover, and Violante—not one of which bred a colt worth a shilling; and Lucetta, Camarine, and Alice Hawthorne, three of the best mares that ever ran, never bred a good one. Hundreds of mares of the first caste, and which have been long in training, will be found probably to have bred with the like ill success. The stallion which has poisoned the breed of horses, as far as soundness and usefulness goes, was Sorcerer. His stock had great speed, and he got very many of the best racers of the day, but most of them were infirm after a certain time. He was upright in his pasterns and light in his ancles, and never, that I heard of, got a hunter worth a farthing. Soothsayer was one of this unsound family, and had the most beautiful top in the world, but feet no bigger than a mule's. The produce of the Sorcerer mares were many of them of the first class; but by reference to the Stud Book it will be found that they were chiefly young when put to the horse, at four and five years old. Some of them, it will appear, were never trained, probably from natural infirmity. I mention these facts to prove that you must look to young mares generally to breed superior stock.

"So much for breeding. Now let us have a few words on the hunting department. Let a man, by

dint of money, good judgment, and good luck, get together a prime stud; let him have the best of grooms, and get them into the best form:—there is one material requisite, which is to know how to ride them. It is related of the late Lord Forester that he sold a man a horse which was very difficult to ride. The first time he got on him he could do nothing with him, and he rather remonstrated with Lord F. for having sold him a horse he could not ride. ‘He carried you very well, but he won’t carry me.’ ‘And why, sir?’ responded Lord F.; ‘I sold you a horse, but I did not sell you horsemanship.’ Independent of being a good horseman, it is necessary that a man should know what condition his horse goes best in. A gross horse must have a deal of exercise, whereas a light feeder and a hot washy horse hardly wants any.

“A friend of mine told me an anecdote in point. He had a hot jady horse, which was stubbed so badly that the sole of his foot was quite bare, and he did not stir out of the stable for upwards of a fortnight. At the expiration of that time he rode him to covert, which was a short distance, for exercise, intending to send him home. He was rather late, and before he could get on his other horse, a fox jumped out of a small patch of gorse, and away he went. They had a most brilliant run of nearly an hour, and he went in the first flight, and better indeed than he had ever done before.

“It is almost as nice a matter to bring a hunter to the post in his best form, as a racer. Referring again to racing, there are instances of the speediest horses that ever ran never having a gallop. Sir Charles Bunbury’s Fair Star and Mr. Vansittart’s Currycomb could beat almost anything over the Two-year-old Course; Lord Foley’s *Cesprey*, it is said, lay in a straw-yard, and was never galloped except when he ran. There is only one mode of riding a jade, which

is to hold him, and try to persuade him he is pulling against you. If once you either urge him or abandon him, you are done. A slug, after all, is generally the best hunter. He takes nothing out of himself, and is always going in his natural action. Old Sam Chifney says, in his book, 'On Riding a Race,' that you should ride as if you had a bit of silk in your hand, which you were afraid of breaking. The same may be said of riding a run: you must not let a horse run away with you, and you must not let him go absolutely on his head. But there are two ways of obviating both these faults: one is, by a strong curb and a rough hand; and the other by a fine hand and a snaffle. Much is to be done with the snaffle, but the fine hand must be combined with it. Still it would be absurd to lay down as a general rule that all horses should be ridden in a snaffle. Some horses get their heads up, and cannot be rounded without a curb. Some will over-reach, some go on their heads; but what I mean to say is, that no horse should be ridden on the curb, but that it should only be used as an auxiliary, and when it cannot be dispensed with. Mr. George Talbot, who formerly managed Lord Vernon's hounds in the days of Sam Lawley, never allowed a curb bridle to be used; and Dick Knight, Lord Spencer's huntsman, and the finest of horsemen, never rode in any bridle, but a snaffle. If a horse runs away with you, you can't stop him with the curb, and must have recourse to the snaffle.

"Many horses by ill treatment become jades, when by good management they would be the contrary. A good horse should never have a second sweat, and never go out without a nurse; in short, he should never know distress. A horse does not come to his best till he is eight years old; and many a young horse is condemned for want of pluck, when in fact it arises from want of power. Heavy men

are generally the best judges of a horse; they find that nothing but "even horses" can carry them, and if they go beyond a certain pace, they are beat.

The late Lord Sefton's father, when he hunted Leicestershire, had the finest stable of horses that ever man possessed: they were most of them thorough-bred, and as strong as day horses. He had always three, and sometimes four out in a day, and although nearly twenty stone, he used to ride with the light weights. The consequence was, that no horse could go longer than ten minutes. A man who never goes fast has always the character of having the best horses, and always sells them for the most money. A horse will carry any weight, if you don't go beyond a certain pace; but no horse can both go the pace and carry beyond a certain weight.

"Some horses are supposed to be ill-tempered because they won't jump, but it is often want of power rather than want of will. The following is a very curious instance of the effect of weight:—The late Lord Spencer had once a thorough-bred horse called Brocklesby; a finer horse could not be seen, but nothing would make him jump: they took him to the bar, and he would go over it at almost any height; they then weighted him with twelve stone of lead, and he would not rise at it, and was used as a carriage horse ever after. Give a horse fair play—put him in the best condition, study his temper, his constitution and power, and use him well. And he will repay you twentyfold for all the money you have spent and all the attention you have bestowed upon him."

THE END.















